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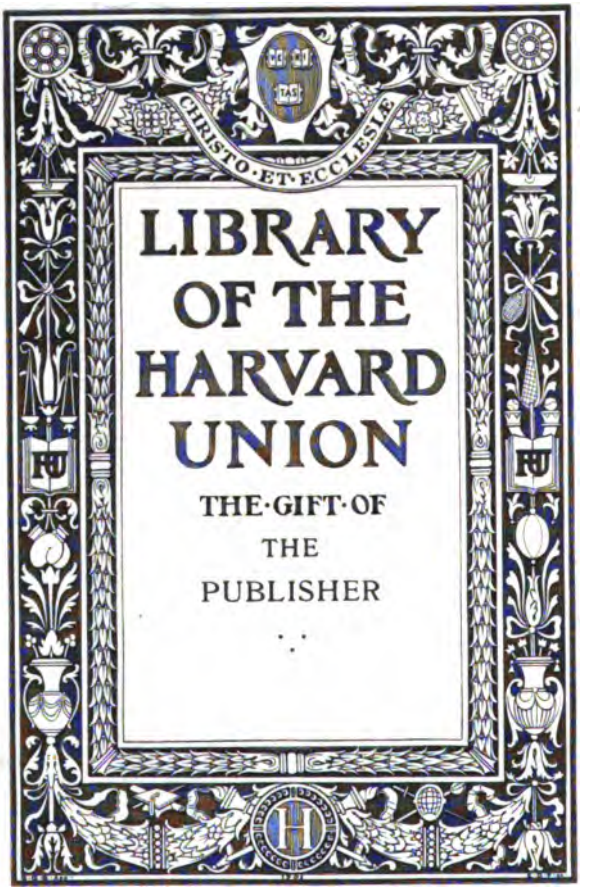
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JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART, the only son of James the Second by his second wife, Mary of Modena, was born at St. James's Palace on the 10th of June, 1688. The event, in proportion as it was hailed by James, and by the Roman Catholic portion of his subjects, as a peculiar boon from Heaven, excited the terror and suspicion of the majority of the English nation; it took place, moreover, in the midst of those oppressive and unconstitutional acts which, only a few months afterward, lost him the sovereignty of three kingdoms. Already the arbitrary conduct of the misguided monarch — the revival of the ecclesiastical

commission, the suspension of the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, the attempt on Magdalen College, and the arrest of the seven bishops — had excited a formidable spirit of opposition on the part of the English nation; indeed, at the time when the Jesuits and courtiers who surrounded the throne were celebrating the birth of the infant prince, their rejoicings might almost be heard to intermingle with the revilings heaped by the excited populace against the court, and with the prayers and benedictions which they offered up for the seven bishops, as they followed and encouraged them in their triumphant passage to the Tower.

At such a crisis, therefore, — when the country was in a general state of ferment from the domineering spirit of aggression displayed by the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and, on the other, by the devoted resolution on the part of the rest of the nation to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in defence of their civil and religious liberties, — we can scarcely wonder, however we may regret the fact, that every expedient should have been adopted by the enemies of James to heap odium on his name, or that party zeal should have invented even the most improbable falsehoods for the purpose of injuring his cause.

Among these unworthy expedients was one which, at any other period of our history, would have been treated with the contempt it deserved, but which, in the existing state of extraordinary

excitement, was swallowed with greedy delight. From the time when the young queen had been first declared to be pregnant, a report had been sedulously spread by the enemies of the court, that the king, in order to transmit his dominions and his bigotry to a Roman Catholic heir, had determined to impose a surreptitious offspring on his Protestant subjects. As early as the month of January, five months before the queen's delivery, we find Lord Clarendon inserting the following curious passage in his diary: "Jan. 15th. In the morning I went to St. James's Church; this is the thanksgiving-day appointed for the queen's being with child; there were not above two or three in the church who brought the form of prayer with them.[1] It is strange to see how the queen's being with child is everywhere

[1] Among other circumstances which gave rise to some disagreeable comment at the period, was the fact that the form of thanksgiving was drawn up, not by the proper person, the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by three bishops who were in favour at court, and who were consequently selected for the task. These persons were Thomas Spratt, Bishop of Rochester; Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Nathaniel Crew, Bishop of Durham.

"Two Toms and a Nat
In council sat,
To rig out a thanksgiving,
And made a prayer
For a thing in the air,
That's neither dead nor living, etc."

This ballad, which appears to have been highly popular at the period, affords additional proof how early suspicions were entertained as to the queen's being really with child.

ridiculed, as if scarce anybody believed it to be true; good God, help us!"

Neither was the disbelief in the queen's pregnancy confined to the vulgar and misinformed. Men of the first rank and intelligence either believed, or affected to believe, that an imposture was contemplated; and even the two great historians of the period, the Bishops of Peterborough and Salisbury, unequivocally give utterance to their suspicions on the subject. "It had been for some months uncertain," says Bishop Kennett, "whether Windsor, Hampton Court, or Whitehall, was to be the place where the queen designed to lie in. But on the sudden, her Majesty had this week given orders for the fitting up of an apartment for that purpose in St. James's House, and sent many repeated commands that it must be finished by Saturday night. Accordingly, her Majesty, on Saturday, June 9th, was carried in a chair to St. James's, after she had played at cards at Whitehall till eleven o'clock at night; and the next morning, between the hours of nine and ten, people were not a little surprised to hear that she was brought to bed of a prince; nay, the news was told with as much confidence before the delivery as after it,[1] as if it were a secret com-

[1] As I went by St. James's I heard a bird sing,
That the queen had for certain a boy for the king;
But one of the soldiers did laugh and did say,
It was born over night, and brought forth the next day.

mitted to some people who could not keep it." Bishop Burnet, also, among other specious arguments in support of a supposititious birth, observes: "The queen, for six or seven years, had been in such a wretched state of health that her death had been constantly anticipated; she had buried all her children shortly after they had been born, and her affairs were managed with a mysterious secrecy, to which none had access but a few papists." And the bishop afterward adds, "What truth soever there may be in these reports, this is certain, that the method in which this matter was conducted from first to last was very unaccountable. If an imposture had been intended, it could not have been otherwise managed."

The following may be briefly mentioned as the principal arguments adduced at the period in support of the accusation brought against the royal family, of having imposed a surreptitious Prince of Wales on the nation. It was alleged that, in consequence of his early irregularities, and from other private reasons, the king had become incapable of having children; that the queen was not only in a very delicate state of health, but had been more than six years without bearing a child; that her sudden removal from Whitehall to St. James's, on the eve of her delivery, was equally mysterious

This bantling was heard at St. James's to squall,
Which made the queen make so much haste from Whitehall.
— Song sung by two gentlemen at the Maypole, in the Strand.

and unaccountable; that the event took place on a Sunday, during divine service, when most of the Protestant ladies of the court were at chapel; that neither the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Princess of Denmark, nor the Dutch ambassador (the latter the representative of the Princess of Orange, the nearest Protestant heir to the throne), were in attendance at the birth; that, previous to her delivery, the queen permitted neither the Princess of Denmark, nor any of the Protestant ladies of her court, to satisfy themselves of her pregnancy; that, during the labour, the curtains of the bed were drawn more closely than was usual on such occasions; and lastly, in order to account for the manner in which the child was imposed on those who were in attendance at the birth, it was insisted that an apartment had been purposely selected for the queen's accommodation, in which there was a door near the head of the bed which opened on a back staircase; that though the weather was hot, and the room heated by the crowd of persons who were present, a warming-pan had been introduced into the bed; and finally, that the pan contained a new-born child, which immediately afterward was presented to the bystanders as the offspring of the queen.

Such were the principal features of the celebrated "warming-pan story," which, however improbable and even ridiculous it may appear to the sober judgment of a succeeding generation, con-

tinued to obtain credence for more than half a century, — a story which first entailed on the son and grandson of James the Second the famous and invidious title of "Pretenders," and which, in a word, had the effect of undermining, far more than any other circumstance whatever, the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts. In regard to the arguments which have been brought forward to refute this remarkable fiction, there can be no necessity to dwell on them at length. It is sufficient to observe that, at the time of the queen's delivery, there were present in the royal apartment, besides the nurses and medical attendants, forty-two persons of rank, consisting of eighteen members of the Privy Council, four other noblemen, and twenty ladies, including the queen-dowager, all of whom, as far as circumstances would allow, were witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales. By the desire of James, the solemn depositions of these persons, twenty-four of whom were Protestants, were taken down on oath before the Privy Council, and may still be seen among the archives of the council office.[1]

[1] So anxious was James to clear away the doubts which hung over the birth of his heir, that he condescended to order the publication of the several declarations made before the council, with all their indelicate details. They were printed in the shape of a small pamphlet, which I have now before me, entitled "Depositions Made in Council, on Monday the 22d of October, 1688, Concerning the Birth of the Prince of Wales," and is stated to be published "By His Majesty's Special Command."

The evidence of the ladies, who were of course permitted a nearer approach to the royal bed, though of a nature too delicate to be recapitulated, is sufficiently decisive. The officers of state, moreover, and other male persons who were present (and among these were the lord chancellor, the lord president of the council, the lord chamberlain, the lord privy seal, and the secretary of state), deposed that they had seen the royal infant immediately after the queen's delivery; that they perceived it to be a prince, and that it had all the signs of having been just born. No individual, indeed, who was introduced in after years to the exiled representative of the Stuarts, — supposing him to have been previously acquainted with the features and person of his misguided father, — ever for a moment questioned that he was the legitimate offspring of King James.[1]

[1] It is a remarkable fact that, as early as 1682, when the queen, then Duchess of York, was declared to be pregnant, the same rumours were propagated as on the present occasion, that an imposture was intended to be obtruded on the nation. Fortunately, on that occasion the infant proved to be a female, or doubtless some improbable fiction would have been invented similar to that which obtained credit in 1688. In the *Observator*, No. 194, printed August 23d, 1682, is the following curious passage: "If it had pleased God to give his Royal Highness the blessing of a son, as it proved a daughter, you were prepared to make a Perkin of him. To what end did you take so much pains else, by your instruments and intelligences, to hammer it into the people's heads that the Duchess of York was not with child? And so, in case of a son, to represent him as an

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs, and the general suspicion which prevailed that the king's bigotry had induced him to impose a spurious offspring on his people, the court thought proper to celebrate the birth and baptism of the young prince with the usual splendour and rejoicings. The king knighted the royal accoucheur, Sir William Waldegrave, by the queen's bedside; he distributed magnificent presents among his ministers; and gave large sums of money to different charities. With his usual imprudence, James had obtained the consent of the Pope to become one of the sponsors of the child, the ceremony of baptism being performed according to the rites of the Romish Church. The customary congratulations were received from foreign powers, who despatched ambassadors on the occasion; and among these came, from the court of France, the celebrated Count de Grammont, who, a quarter of a century before, had carried off la belle Hamilton from the gay court of Charles the Second.

The tidings of the birth of a Prince of Wales was naturally received with unequivocal satisfaction by the French court, who not only trusted to

impostor; whereas, you have now taken off the mask in confessing the daughter. I would have the impression of this cheat sink so far into the heads and hearts of all honest men as never to be effaced or forgotten. For we must expect that the same flam shall, at any time hereafter, be trumpt up again upon the like occasion."

see the throne of Great Britain transmitted to a Roman Catholic prince, but were elated at seeing the Princess Mary, and, with her, their arch-enemy, the Prince of Orange, thrust aside from the prospect of succession. On the 16th of June, Sir Bevil Skelton, envoy extraordinary at the court of France, writes from Paris to the Earl of Sunderland: "On Thursday morning, about six o' the clock, the courier which came to the cardinal nuncio brought me the happy news of the birth of a prince; for which greatest of blessings Heaven be praised! I immediately therefore went to Versailles, where M. de Barrillon's courier had brought the news at twelve the night before. I found so general a joy in all people there as I never yet saw upon any occasion. His most Christian Majesty, at coming from council to go to mass, called me to him, and, with a satisfaction in his face not to be expressed, told me that, next to the king, my master, no man had a greater joy than he for the news of a prince being born; 'and,' says he, 'I am the more pleased, that Barrillon writes 'tis a strong and healthful child.' And the Dukes de la Tremouille and Rochefoucault, with M. de Croissy, who were at his waking, at which time the news was brought him by the latter, told me they never saw any man so joyful. Madame la Dauphine is indisposed, and in bed; yet she sent for me, and said, though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me

upon account of the great news, — and expressed great joy. And the little Duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to Madame la Maréchale de la Motte, of his own accord told me that he would that night, for joy, order threescore fusees to be fired. Madame la Maréchale intends, in October next, to give me something to send to the queen, to be hung about the prince's neck, which prevents the inconveniences that commonly attend the breeding of teeth. The same has been used to these three young princes, with good success."

The birth of an heir to his throne was not destined to be long a subject of congratulation to the unfortunate James. Six months had not elapsed from the period of the queen's delivery, when the increasing disaffection among his subjects, the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the near approach of the invading army to the metropolis, determined the king to secure, by any means that might offer themselves, the escape of the queen and her young offspring to a foreign and more hospitable shore. Fortune for once favoured the unhappy monarch. There happened to be lying off Gravesend a yacht, that had been appointed to convey to France the gay and gallant Count de Lauzun, the especial favourite of Louis the Fourteenth. Accordingly, without betraying his intentions to the queen, the king sent a messenger for Lauzun, who, entering enthusiastically into his

views, guaranteed, within a short time, to provide every requisite for ensuring the object they had in view.

The king, harassed and distressed, then retired to bed, but had slept only a short time when he was awakened by the Count de Lauzun and M. de St. Victor, who acquainted him that every preparation had been made for her Majesty's flight. James instantly rose from bed, and repaired to the apartment of the queen, who no sooner was made to understand the part which she was so unexpectedly called upon to take, than she threw herself at the king's feet, and, in a passion of grief, implored him to allow her to remain with him, and share his dangers or his flight. But James turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and almost coldly gave directions that the Marchioness of Powis, the prince's governess, as well as his two nurses, should be instantly awakened. His sensations, perhaps, at this particular moment, — occasioned by the wonderful reverse which had taken place in his fortunes, and the prospect of parting, perhaps for the last time, with a wife and child whom he so tenderly loved, — were such as were little to be envied. Nevertheless, he preserved his usual coldness of manner till the moment when the infant was brought into the room, when his feelings suddenly got the mastership of him, and, affectionately embracing his child, he enjoined the Count de Lauzun, with a tremulous

voice, to watch carefully over his invaluable charge.[1]

It would be difficult to imagine a position more distressing than that in which the young and beautiful queen found herself suddenly placed in this extraordinary crisis. At three o'clock on a December morning, bearing her infant son in her arms, and accompanied by her trembling attendants, she stole in a close disguise down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the water's edge, dreading every moment lest a cry from her beloved charge should attract the attention of the guards. The weather, too, was peculiarly inclement, even for the month of December; the night was extremely dark; there was a high and piercing wind; the rain fell incessantly, and the river which she had to cross was unusually swollen. On such a night, the Queen of Great Britain crossed the Thames in an open boat to Lambeth, where a hired coach had been appointed to meet her, but the arrival of which had by some accident been delayed. "During the time," says Dalrymple, "that she was kept waiting, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth,

[1] On the day of the queen's flight (the 10th of December), the king writes to the Earl of Dartmouth: "Things having so very bad an aspect, I would no longer defer securing the queen and my son, which I hope I have done; and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away." — *Macpherson's Orig. Papers*, Vol. I., p. 297.

turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who, upon that account, raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence."

While the unfortunate queen remained in this distressing situation, an incident occurred which very nearly led to her falling into the hands of her enemies. "The queen," says Father Orleans, "was waiting in the rain under the church wall for a coach that was being got ready, when the curiosity of a man who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making toward the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as, the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologised, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth the queen journeyed by land to Gravesend, where, in the character of an Italian lady returning to her own country, she embarked with her infant charge on board the yacht which was waiting for her. The precaution, it seems, had been taken of securing the services of three Irish officers who remained

near the captain during the voyage, ready to perform any desperate action in the event of their interference being required. The queen, however, was allowed to remain unmolested in her cabin, and, after an expeditious voyage, arrived safely at Calais, from whence she was conducted to St. Germains with all the honours befitting her rank.

Within a few weeks from this period occurred those memorable events in England which terminated in the expulsion of James the Second, and in his infant son being thrust aside from the succession. That the unhappy king, by the violation of those fundamental laws which he had sworn to uphold, and by his endeavours to subvert the constitution of the country, had deservedly forfeited the power which he had so grossly abused, there are few who will be inclined to call in question. But, in deposing the guilty father, we cannot but be struck by the injustice of that act of arbitrary power on the part of the legislature, which at the same time took upon itself to punish the innocent son, — an act which for more than sixty years continued to embarrass and distract the three kingdoms; which poured forth the blood which flowed in Ireland during the following year; and from which resulted those massacres, proscriptions, and executions which followed the suppression of the insurrections of 1715 and 1745.

In order to give a colouring of justice to the proceedings of the legislature, and perhaps to ad-

vance the views of the Prince of Orange to the throne, the old story of the prince's supposititious birth was confidently insisted upon. The result was that a mere party lie had in the end a far greater effect in changing an ancient dynasty than even the errors and the bigotry of the deposed monarch, or the advance of the Stadtholder at the head of his victorious troops. The revolution of 1688 should have stood on higher grounds. All sense of justice, however, had been lost in the exultation of the moment; and while the nation hastened to worship the rising sun and to follow the Prince of Orange in his triumphant progress to the palace of the Stuarts, it was natural that the claims of an exiled and powerless infant should be completely forgotten by the majority and advocated only by the few.

It was not till the English people found themselves encumbered by a race of foreign sovereigns, ignorant alike of their language and their customs; it was not till they discovered themselves to be perpetually involved in continental wars on account of a petty German electorate, nor till the horrors of repeated civil insurrections discovered to them the inconvenience of a disputed succession, that they began to reflect on the misfortunes which had been inflicted upon them by the overzeal of their predecessors, and on the injustice of making the child responsible for the misconduct of the father.

What offence, indeed, had the young prince been

guilty of that he should have been deprived in so summary a manner of his legitimate rights; or what policy was there in transferring the succession to his sisters, in whose veins the blood of the ill-fated Stuarts ran as plentifully as in his own? Exiled from his country, and deprived of his splendid birthright even before he was acquainted with the meaning of the term, as yet his infantine mind could have received no dangerous impressions from the precepts or example of his misguided parent. Amiable and tractable, indeed, as he afterward proved, there can be little doubt that, had he been educated under the eye of a careful regency, he would at least have proved as respectable a sovereign as either of the German electors who subsequently filled his place. It may be argued, and certainly with sufficient reason, that, had an offer been made to the deposed monarch of educating his son in England, the same bigotry (which in the words of a dignitary of his own Church had caused him "to lose three kingdoms for an old mass"[1]) would equally have induced him to surrender on the part of his heir all claim to the throne. Nevertheless the proposition ought unquestionably to have been made; or, at

[1] "The king's intemperate zeal was ridiculed even by the court of Rome. And how must he have been mortified if, upon his first appearance at Versailles after his abdication, he had heard Cardinal —— say to the person who stood next to him, 'See the man who lost three kingdoms for an old mass!'"

least, some precautions might have been taken for preventing the removal to a foreign land of the heir to the throne, who was thus certain to be impregnated with the most pernicious doctrines.

It is remarkable that William the Third should apparently have been the first to feel alarm at the dangerous precedent which had been created in his favour, and to anticipate those convulsions and disasters which subsequently resulted from the succession becoming a disputed one. It is a fact, indeed, of which our ancestors appear to have been ignorant, that, after the death of his queen, William actually took upon himself the responsibility of signifying his assent to the exiled court at St. Germains, that if the young prince were sent to England to be educated in the Protestant faith, he would give his personal consent to his succeeding him on the throne. James, however, as might have been anticipated, turned a deaf ear to the unpalatable proposition.

Of the early history of the young prince no particulars of any interest have been handed down to us. He continued to reside with his parents at St. Germains, till the death of his father on the 16th of September, 1701, at which period he had attained to his thirteenth year. According to the "Stuart Papers," the dying monarch, in his last moments, "sent for the prince, his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the king with a pale and dying countenance, the bed all covered

with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bedside, the king, with a sort of contentedness in his look, stretched forth his arms to embrace him; and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that better suited with his zeal than the weak condition he was in, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, let what might be the consequence of it, and be faithful in the service of God; to be obedient and respectful to the queen, the best of mothers; and to be ever grateful to the King of France, to whom he had so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired the prince might withdraw; which the king being troubled at, said: 'Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing, at least;' which when he had done, the prince returned to his apartment, and the little princess was brought to his bedside, to whom he spoke to the same effect, while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the king, her father, was in."

Shortly afterward, the French king, Louis the Fourteenth, was admitted to the presence of the dying monarch, when an affecting interview took place between the two sovereigns. When Louis entered the apartment, James, who was engaged

in inward prayer, was lying on his back, with his eyes shut, while his servants were performing religious services on their knees around him. When the French king approached the bed, James, who was now unable to articulate, pressed his hand tenderly, and dropped over it a tear or two of grateful affection. Louis, on his part, is said to have been deeply touched by so affecting a sight of humbled greatness, and even to have burst into tears. He did his utmost, however, to cheer and console the dying prince, and, having given him his solemn promise to protect and hereafter acknowledge his heir, he retired weeping from the melancholy scene. As he passed to his coach, he called for the officer of the guard, to whom he gave orders to proclaim the young prince immediately after his father should have expired. Accordingly, as soon as James was known to be no more his son was proclaimed King of Great Britain, by the title of James the Third, amidst the flourish of trumpets, the pomp of pursuivants and heralds, and all the ceremonies usual on such occasions. In due time, his rights were also acknowledged by the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy.[1]

[1] Charles Lyttelton writes to his father, Sir Charles Lyttelton: "Paris, 27th of September, 1701. The next day the young king went to Versailles to return the King of France's visit, who treated him with the same ceremony and respect that he was used to treat his father, but with a great deal more tenderness, as considering he is very young. When he met him

a-top of the stairs, he took him in his arms, and embraced him with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his own son. He conducted him into a room where there were two armchairs for the two kings; the King of France always gave him the right hand. When the visit was ended, the King of France conducted him back to the top of the stairs. They have given him the same guards that the late king had."

CHAPTER II.

JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART.

Death of James II. and William III. — Hopes of the Pretender from the Accession of Queen Anne. — Project of Louis XIV. for His Restoration. — Failure of the Expedition. — The Chevalier's Letter to His Sister. — Death of the Queen, and Accession of George I. — Unpopularity of the Hanoverians. — Projected Rising of the Pretender's Friends.

AFTER the death of his father, the young prince (or, as he was henceforward commonly styled, the Chevalier de St. George) fixed his court in the ancient Château of St. Germain-en-laye,[1] where he assumed the empty title of king, and surrounded himself with the usual but hollow pageantry of a court. He is described, at this period, as tall in stature; of a handsome and even noble expression of countenance; courteous in his manners, and of a kind, tractable, and amiable disposition. With these qualities, had

[1] A century and a half before the château of St. Germain had afforded an asylum to the chevalier's great-great-grandmother, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage to Francis the Second of France. The room in the château in which James the Second died is still shown.

his fortunes and his education been different from what they were, we have a right to presume that he would have figured in as respectable a light, and have proved as popular a monarch, as the majority of his predecessors. But, on the other hand, his natural abilities could scarcely be said to have kept pace with his exterior accomplishments; and moreover, when we take into consideration the unfortunate precepts which had been instilled into him by his father, and the bigotry which had conducted his education, we must certainly pronounce him to have been disqualified to struggle successfully for the recovery of a crown, or to act with any great credit the difficult part which he was called upon to play.

On the 8th of March, 1702, only six months after the death of King James, died his son-in-law and oppressor, William the Third. In the course of the year which had preceded these events, the English legislature had passed the celebrated Act of Settlement, by the provisions of which the male line of the Stuarts was excluded from the succession, and the crown entailed on the Protestant heirs of Sophia, Electress-Dowager of Hanover, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James the First. This act was followed, after the death of James the Second, by another, which formally abjured and denounced the Chevalier de St. George, and to

which William gave the royal assent only a few hours before he breathed his last.

If these important events had the effect of damping for a time the sanguine hopes of the Stuarts, those hopes were shortly afterward revived by the accession of the chevalier's half-sister, Queen Anne, who (as in all human probability she would die without issue) it was confidently hoped would be induced, from feelings of natural affection, to alter the succession in favour of her brother. But whatever may have been the intentions of that princess at the close of her life, it is certain that, in the early period of her reign, she gave not the slightest hope of being prevailed upon to take such a step. Four years had already elapsed since the hopes of the Jacobites had been raised by the accession of Queen Anne, and, as their accomplishment still appeared to be as far off as ever, Louis the Fourteenth at length yielded to the earnest solicitations of the exiled court, and entered into a serious project for restoring the Stuarts by force of arms. The project was the less displeasing to him, inasmuch as by sending an armament to England he would compel Queen Anne to withdraw some of her troops from the Netherlands in order to defend her own shores, and would thus arrest the victorious progress of the Duke of Marlborough's arms in the Low Countries.

Accordingly, in 1706, Lieutenant-Colonel Hooke,

an Englishman of good family, who had been a faithful follower of James the Second in exile, was despatched by the French king with proper credentials to Scotland, with instructions to ascertain the disposition of the people of that country toward the chevalier, and the means which they possessed of successfully resisting the arms of Queen Anne. As many as eighteen years had passed away since the expulsion of James, and with them had departed much of that bitter and indignant feeling which he had justly provoked by his bigotry and his errors. Among a people so essentially aristocratic in their prejudices and feelings as the English, there could not fail to be many who took a deep and chivalrous interest in the misfortunes of an ancient dynasty, who for so many centuries had given sovereigns either to England or Scotland, and who were now about to be put aside for a race of German sovereigns, whose names were unassociated with their annals, and to whom there attached neither that charm nor veneration which antiquity alone can impress. Many there were who forgot the misconduct of James the Second in their compassion for his unoffending son; many who conscientiously believed that the Church was in danger under a Whig rule; and many who, though they had concurred in the act which had deposed King James, were yet averse to permit so extraordinary an innovation on the constitution of the country as

to sweep away entirely the legitimate line, in order to make room for a foreign intruder. Such, at this period, were the frequent, if not the general, opinions of the landed gentry and of the High Church party in England; and to these we must add the powerful body of the Roman Catholics, as well as the original Jacobites, — the remains of the old cavaliers, — who had continued true to their principles through every change.

Neither was it alone from these and similar well-wishers that the exiled prince looked for that aid and succour by means of which he hoped to regain possession of the throne of his ancestors. There were also many persons of high rank and influence, who, imagining that their services had been ill requited, and looking forward to a counter revolution as the means of personal aggrandisement, had secretly tendered their services and allegiance to the court of St. Germains. Among these discontented individuals were many of the leading statesmen of the day; and when we find such men as the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Marlborough, Lord Danby, Admiral Russell, and the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, holding a treasonable correspondence with the exiled court, can we wonder that the chevalier and his friends should have been tolerably confident of triumph and success?

Such were the pleasing prospects on which the

Jacobites rested their hopes of success in England; while in Scotland the reviving attachment of the people to the representative of their ancient kings had taken a far wider and a deeper root. In the Highlands the great majority of the chieftains were quite as eager to throw away the scabbard in the cause of the Stuarts as they had formerly been in the days of Montrose or Dundee; while in the Lowlands the disgust felt by the recent passing of the Act of Union had led to the secession of thousands from their allegiance to the government. So obnoxious, indeed, was this celebrated measure to the Scottish people, so detrimental was it considered to their interests, and so dishonourable to them as a nation, that all distinctions of religion and party were laid aside, and not only the Presbyterians, but even the morose and bigoted Cameronians, forgot the persecution to which they had been subjected under the rule of the Stuarts, and, forgiving the chevalier even the crime of being a papist, expressed their readiness to receive him back as their king. "God," they said, "may convert him, or he may have Protestant children, but the Union can never be good." At this period, Jacobitism was openly professed in the principal towns of Scotland, and his birthday celebrated with the same rejoicings as if he had been the reigning monarch.[1]

[1] The abhorrence of the Scotch people to the Act of Union is displayed in many of the Jacobite songs, which were enthusias-

Under these circumstances it may be readily conceived that the report made by Colonel Hooke on his return to France, of the number and zeal of the chevalier's friends in Scotland, was such as to induce the French king to lend his powerful

tically sung at the period. The following has considerable merit:

1

"It was in old times, when trees composed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow;
It was in a field, that various did yield,
A rose and a thistle did grow.
In a sunshiny day, the rose chanced to say,
'Friend Thistle, I'll with you be plain;
And if you would be but united with me,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again.'

2

"Says the Thistle: 'My spears shield mortals from fears,
Whilst thou dost unguarded remain;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I'd wish to turn Thistle again.'
'Oh, my friend,' says the Rose, 'you falsely suppose;
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain!
You would take so much pleasure in beauty's vast treasure,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again.'

3

"The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
And now are united the twain.
But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon!
'Oh, were I a Thistle again!

4

"'For then I did stand on yon heath-cover'd land,
Admired by each nymph and each swain;
And free as the air, I flourished there,
The terror and pride of the plain.
But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
Nor dare I presume to complain;
Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
Oh, were I a Thistle again!'"

aid to carry the threatened invasion into effect. Accordingly, early in 1707, a squadron was assembled at Dunkirk, under the command of the Comte de Forbin, on board of which were embarked between five and six thousand men, commanded by the Comte de Gassé, afterward better known by the title of Maréchal de Matignon. Supported by these auxiliary troops, it was determined that the Chevalier de St. George, now in his twentieth year, should proceed in person to his ancient kingdom. He was furnished by the French king with magnificent services of gold and silver, with splendid liveries for his servants, with rich clothes for his life-guards, and all the glittering appurtenances of a court. At parting, Louis presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was studded with diamonds, at the same time making use of the same words which he had addressed to the chevalier's father previous to the battle of La Hogue, — "Adieu! the best wish I can make you is that I may never see your face again."

The result of the expedition, which sailed in the month of March, 1707, is well known. After repeated delays in quitting Dunkirk, the French squadron at length put to sea, and, having proceeded several miles up the Frith of Forth, were engaged in making the signals which had been agreed upon to acquaint their friends of their approach, when the sound of cannon in the direction of the mouth of the Frith gave notice

that the English fleet which had followed them from Dunkirk were advancing to attack them. As the French squadron was far inferior to that of the English, the Comte de Forbin had no choice but to relinquish the enterprise and to put to sea. Accordingly, taking advantage of a land breeze, he bore away with all the sail his ships could carry, followed in close chase by the English admiral, Sir George Byng. Night shortly afterward set in, when De Forbin altered his course and was soon out of reach of the English fleet, one of his ships only, the *Salisbury*, a slow sailing vessel, being boarded and taken.

The failure of the expedition and the consequent disappointment of his fondest hopes seem to have been deeply felt by the young chevalier. Unwilling to return to France without having struck a single blow, it was no sooner intimated to him by De Forbin that the fleet had received orders to put to sea, than he resolutely demanded that he might be put with his attendants on board a smaller vessel; expressing his determination to land on the coast of Fifeshire, where the ancient castle of Wemyss (belonging to a devoted partisan of his family, the Earl of Fife) would afford him, he said, a place of refuge and the means of assembling his devoted adherents. To this proposal De Forbin could by no means be induced to listen. "Sir," he said, "by the orders of my royal master, I am directed to take the same pre-

cautions for the safety of your august person as for his Majesty's own. This must be my chief care. You are at present in safety, and I will never consent to your being exposed in a ruinous château in an open country where a few hours might put you in the hands of your enemies. I am entrusted with your person, and am answerable for your safety with my head." The chevalier then expressed a wish that the squadron might proceed northward, and that he might be landed at Inverness. This second request De Forbin seemed at first inclined to comply with; but the winds shortly afterward veering around, and blowing directly in their teeth, he declared the project to be an impossible one, and gave orders for his ships to make the best of their way to Dunkirk.

By these untoward means, the chevalier missed a more favourable opportunity of regaining the throne of his ancestors than was ever likely to occur again. We have already seen that the reaction which had taken place in England in favour of the exiled family, and the disaffection caused by the Union in Scotland, were circumstances greatly in favour of the success of his enterprise. Moreover, the war in Flanders had drained the country of troops. In England there were not above three thousand men under arms, and in Scotland scarcely more than two thousand, while the castle of Edinburgh, in its present unde-

fended state, must have surrendered at the first summons, as well as its stores, ammunition, and artillery, and the public money which was kept there for the purposes of the government. Throughout the kingdom, but particularly in London, a consternation prevailed which would scarcely be credited. It was imagined that the chevalier would never have ventured on a landing unless he had received promises of support from individuals of the first rank and influence; the nation in general believed that they were on the eve of a second and perhaps a bloody revolution; and among other evidences of the panic which prevailed at the time, it may be mentioned that such was the demand made on the Bank of England, that it was only by the most extraordinary efforts that the public credit was maintained.

Disappointed in his hopes of being permitted to draw his maiden sword in defence of his rights, the young chevalier joined the French forces in Flanders, where he subsequently served with credit at the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. On the latter occasion he charged twelve times with the household troops of the King of France, and in the last onset was wounded by a sword in the arm.

Hitherto, Louis the Fourteenth had conscientiously adhered to the promise he had made to King James on his death-bed, of affording protection to his orphan son; but the time had now

arrived when, in consequence of the repeated defeats which his armies had experienced in the Low Countries, he found himself no longer in a condition to assist the son of his old friend. Doubtless, it was one of the bitterest moments in the life of that ambitious and once all-powerful monarch, when, agreeably with the conditions which had been forced upon him by the treaty of Utrecht, he found himself compelled to intimate to the chevalier that he could no longer afford him an asylum in his dominions. The latter accordingly broke up his court at St. Germains, and fixed his quarters for a time in the dominions of the Duke of Lorraine.

Deprived of all present prospect of regaining the throne of his forefathers by force of arms, the chevalier determined to make a last appeal to the better feelings of his half-sister, Queen Anne. Sick in mind and body, harassed by the constant dissensions which divided her ministers and personal friends, the unhappy queen had seen the grave close over the remains of her numerous progeny; and, in addition to the dislike which she was known to have conceived for the Electoral family, it was confidently believed that she had been overtaken by feelings of remorse for her filial disobedience; and, commiserating the condition of the Chevalier de St. George, the last male descendant of her ancient line, it was thought that she would gladly seize any safe opportunity of

making amends to the son for the wrongs which their father had experienced at her hands.

Satisfied, apparently, of his sister's favourable intentions toward him, we find the chevalier addressing to her an affecting and admirably written letter, in which he implores her to bear in mind the ties of blood which united them, and to assist him to the succession after her death. "The natural affection," he writes, "which I bear you, and that which the king, our father, had for you till his last breath; the consideration of our mutual interest, honour, and safety; and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible for me to come to a perfect union with you. And you may be assured, madam, that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land, yet I am most desirous rather to owe to you than to any living the recovery of it. It is for you that a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; the promises you made to the king, our father, enjoin it; the preservation of our family — the preventing of unnatural wars — require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils; which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion

till the succession be again settled in the right line. I am satisfied, madam, that, if you will be guided by your own inclinations, you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the Duke of Hanover, the remotest relation we have; whose friendship you have no reason to rely on, or be fond of; who will leave the government to foreigners of another language, of another interest; and who, by the general naturalisation, may bring over crowds of his countrymen to supply the defect of his right, and enslave the nation."

The reasons which induce a belief that the queen was secretly disposed to nominate the chevalier as her successor, the author has elsewhere detailed at some length. If such, however, were her intentions, her unlooked-for and almost sudden demise prevented her carrying them into execution; and, moreover, such were the prudent and skilful precautions of the Duke of Shrewsbury and the friends of the Hanoverian succession, that, on the death of the queen, George the First succeeded to the throne in the same quiet and undisputed manner as if it had descended to him by hereditary right. Of the numerous persons — including men of the highest rank and authority — who had been previously engaged in intrigues in favour of the chevalier, Bishop Atterbury was the only individual of exalted station who had the

boldness to advocate his cause and to propose a rising in his favour. Among others whom he urged to take this dangerous step was the lord chancellor, Simon, Lord Harcourt. According to the statement of the chancellor himself, as related in "Birch's Papers," Atterbury paid him a visit shortly after the queen's death, and gave it as his solemn advice and opinion that the chevalier should be immediately proclaimed as King James the Third. Atterbury further added, that they had only to give him a guard, and he would put on his lawn sleeves and head the procession. "Never," he afterward exclaimed to a friend, "was a better cause lost for want of spirit."

Although the tacit approbation shown by the people of England to the accession of George the First had greatly damped the hopes of the Jacobites, they soon discovered fresh incentives to intrigue and exertion in the increasing unpopularity of the new king and his ministerial advisers. The dislike with which the Whigs were regarded at this period by the landed gentry and by the High Church party, — a dislike which was greatly increased by the undue and extraordinary favours shown them by the king, — the virulent animosity with which they persecuted the ministers of the late queen, and the revival of the cry that the Church was in danger under their rule, had gradually fomented a spirit of discontent and disaffection, which continued daily to gain strength throughout the king-

dom. Already Scotland was ripe for revolt, and in England the alarming riots which were constantly taking place showed how disgusted the people were with their new rulers. In London, those who celebrated the king's birthday were insulted by the populace, while on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth the mob paraded the streets, breaking the windows of those who refused to illuminate, and burning William the Third in effigy at Smithfield, in the midst of shouts of "High Church and the Duke of Ormond for ever!" [1] In Whitechapel Church, the populace violently assaulted the Rev. Joseph Acres for preaching a sermon in favour of the House of Hanover. In several of the largest towns of England, the popular cries were "Down with the Roundheads!" "No Hanover!" "No foreign government!" At an election at Leicester, the mob spoke openly and contemptuously of the king as "the gentleman who keeps the two Turks," [2]

[1] One Bournois, a schoolmaster, who was committed to Newgate for shouting through the streets that King George had no right to the throne, was afterward whipped through the city with such severity that he died a few days afterward in the greatest torture.

[2] These were two Turks, named Mahomet and Mustapha, who had been taken prisoners at the time when George the First, then electoral prince, was serving in the Imperial army. It is to one of them that Pope alludes in his "Essay on Women:"

> "From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
> To draw the man who loves his God or king;

and very nearly murdered the high sheriff for refusing to return the Jacobite candidate. At Oxford, the gownsmen, uniting with the towns people, made a furious attack on a party of noblemen and gentlemen who were met to celebrate the king's birthday; for a time the town was in their hands, — windows were broken, the houses of the Whigs were pillaged, a Presbyterian meeting-house was pulled down, and a bonfire made of the pulpit and pews; the mob all the time shouting, "No Hanover!" "No Roundheads!" "No Constitutionists!" The sprig of oak was again publicly displayed on the 29th of May, and the white rose worn on the chevalier's birthday. At Philips-Norton, Marlborough, Warrington, Leeds, and other places, the chevalier's birthday was

> Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
> From *honest Mahomet* or plain Parson Hale."

They are also referred to, though with little honour, in "Geordie Whelp's Testament," a Jacobite lampoon of the period:

> "Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
> For that wad my last turney hinder;
> For baith can speer the nearest gate,
> And lead me in, though it be late;
> Where Oliver and Willie Buck
> Sit o'er the lugs in smeeky muck;
> Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare,
> They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there."

On the accession of the king to the throne of England, the two Turks received the appointments of pages of the back stairs, and, as appears by a letter from Count Broglio to the King of France, obtained considerable influence over their royal master.

ushered in with ringing of bells, and his health publicly drunk as King James the Third. At Manchester, the mob triumphed for two whole days, destroying a Presbyterian meeting-house, and pulling down several houses belonging to the Whigs. In Lancashire it was found necessary to raise the militia, while at Newcastle-under-Line, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Dudley, Stourbridge, and other places in Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Shropshire, the populace, encouraged by many of the magistrates and country gentlemen attached to the cause of the Stuarts, perpetrated the most daring acts of violence and outrage.

Neither was it in the general disaffection alone, which prevailed at the period, that the chevalier rested his hopes of succeeding in the new attempt which he was determined to make for the recovery of the throne. The Tories, oppressed by the Whigs, whom they both hated and despised, and deprived of all prospect of obtaining any share in the administration, and in the patronage of the Crown, had begun earnestly to wish for a revolution, and responded heartily to the overtures which were made to them by the Jacobites. The impolitic severity of the Whigs had driven to despair and desperation more than one of the most influential and gifted noblemen in the realm. The Earl of Mar, disgusted by the contemptuous reception of his offers of allegiance by the new monarch, hurried indignantly to Scotland to use

his powerful influence to incite his countrymen to revolt; Bolingbroke, — the gifted and brilliant Bolingbroke, — "with the smart of a bill of attainder," to use his own words, "tingling in every vein," had flown to Commercy and accepted the seals under the chevalier; while the Duke of Ormond, one of the most powerful, and certainly the most popular nobleman in England, impeached of high treason, and with little expectation of having a fair trial, had also withdrawn himself from the kingdom, and entered the service of the chevalier.

In addition to these inducements to make a fresh effort to regain the crown, earnest entreaties and arguments were used by the friends of the chevalier in Great Britain to induce him to place himself at their head. Colouring their statements according to their own eager feelings and sanguine hopes, they implored him not to lose a moment in coming over. The flame of enthusiasm, they said, had been raised in his favour, which, if once damped, might never be rekindled; they assured him that defeat was impossible; they insisted that the Tories would join him on his first landing, and that his presence alone was wanting to ensure a successful revolution.

Nevertheless, promising as was the aspect of the chevalier's affairs at this juncture, it was evident to more dispassionate observers that, unless the rising in England and Scotland were simul-

taneous, and, moreover, unless they received powerful assistance from France, success was, to say the least, very far from being reduced to a certainty. Accordingly, the chevalier again applied himself to the French king, who secretly supplied him with money, and even paid the expenses of fitting out the vessel which was to transport the chevalier to the shores of Britain. It is possible that a willingness to fulfil the promise which he had made to King James in his last moments, and an ambitious desire to give a sovereign to England, might have induced Louis the Fourteenth to extend still more valuable assistance to the son of his old friend. Unfortunately, however, at the very crisis when his aid and countenance were most required by the chevalier, that haughty and magnificent monarch breathed his last. "If the late king," writes Lord Bolingbroke, "had lived six months longer, I verily believe there had been war again between England and France. This was the only point of time when these affairs had, to my apprehension, the least reasonable appearance even of possibility: all that preceded was wild and uncertain; all that followed was mad and desperate."

"When I arrived at Paris," adds Bolingbroke, "the king was already gone to Marly, where the indisposition which he had begun to feel at Versailles increased upon him. He was the best friend the chevalier had; and when I engaged in this

business my principal dependence was upon his personal character; this failed me in a great degree, — he was not in a condition to exert the same vigour as formerly. The ministers, who saw so great an event as his death to be probably at hand, — a certain minority, an uncertain regency, perhaps confusion at best, a new face of government, and a new system of affairs, — would not, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the public, venture to engage far in any new measures. All I had to negotiate — by myself first, and in conjunction with the Duke of Ormond soon afterward — languished with the king. My hopes sunk as he declined, and died when he expired."

Although Lord Bolingbroke's famous letter to Sir William Wyndham was written after his quarrel with the chevalier, and when his feelings toward his old master had become those of bitterness and indignation, yet the account which he gives in that letter of the state of the prince's affairs, and of the persons who formed his court, must always be regarded as a valuable and interesting one. "The very first conversation I had with the chevalier," he says, "answered in no degree my expectations. He talked to me like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but did not very well know for which. . . . I found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes, — no subordination, no order, no concert. Persons concerned in the

management of these affairs upon former occasions have assured me this is always the case; it might be so in some degree, but I believe never so much as now. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible: every meeting-house which the populace demolished, every drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations; and there was hardly one amongst them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about without him in a very few weeks. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. Those who could write and read had letters to show; and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition, — they had their secrets to whisper. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you must have seen in England, kept her corner in it; and Olive Trant [1] was the great wheel of our machine."

Disappointed in their hopes of being carried in triumph to the shores of England by a French fleet, and of being supported by French armies and foreign gold, the only question which was now discussed in the court of the chevalier was as to the practicability of bringing about a revolution by their own energies and resources, and those of their friends. By those who took a gloomier view of the aspect of the chevalier's affairs, it was insisted

[1] Mistress of the Regent Duke of Orleans. She afterward married a brother of the Duc de Bouillon.

that the favourable moment for action had been allowed to slip by; that, by the indiscretion of some of their own friends, their plans and intentions had been whispered about at half the tea-tables and coffee-houses in Paris, and had consequently been reported to the English government; that, instead of surprising their enemies, which was the true policy, they had sounded the alarm in their ears; that, whereas only a short time since England had no fleet at sea, and only eight thousand troops in the whole island, but that now she was prepared and defended on all points; and lastly, it it was urged that Scotland could effect nothing, unless the English Tories and Jacobites rose at the same moment; and that, without foreign succours, it was unlikely that the latter would take so hazardous a step.

But if such were the arguments adduced by the few sensible men among the chevalier's advisers, there were others which were far more likely to have their influence at his little court, composed, generally speaking, as it was, of men of confined understandings, whom a distance from the scene of action rendered but incompetent judges; and who, wearied with poverty and exile, were biassed far more by their own ardent wishes than by conviction, when they promised themselves success. By these persons it was argued that so favourable a conjuncture would probably never occur again; that the chevalier's honour and his interests equally

called upon him to make the attempt; that his gallant partisans in Great Britain had already proceeded too far to retreat with safety; and, lastly, they laid the greatest stress on the constant advices received from their friends at home, who, seemingly becoming more confident and energetic as their affairs wore a darker aspect, persisted in urging the chevalier to take his immediate departure for England, in which case they unequivocally promised to place the crown on his head.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART.

The Earl of Mar and Other Nobles Swear Fealty to James the Third — Publicly Proclaimed King in Scotland — Inactivity of the Earl of Mar — Battle of Sheriffmuir — Retreat of the Chevalier's Forces — Arrests of His Adherents in England. — Defeat and Surrender of His Army at Preston — Arrival of the Chevalier from France — His Journey to Scoon.

WHILE the chevalier and his council were still engaged in deliberating on the important question of peace and war, the tidings suddenly reached them that the irrevocable step had already been taken, and that the Earl of Mar was actually in arms in the Highlands at the head of the Jacobite clans.

Repulsed in the overtures of service and allegiance which he had made to George the First, believing that his enemies were resolved on his ruin, and thirsting for revenge, Mar had flown in disguise to the Highlands, where, on the pretext of a grand hunting party, he invited the principal Jacobite noblemen in Scotland to meet him at his castle of Braemar, in Aberdeenshire. "The lords," says Sir Walter Scott, "attended at the head of

their vassals, all, even Lowland guests, attired in the Highland garb, and the sport was carried on upon a scale of rude magnificence. A circuit of many miles was formed around the wild, desolate forests and wildernesses, which are inhabited by the red deer, and is called the tinchel. Upon a signal given, the hunters who compose the tinchel begin to move inwards, closing the circle and driving the terrified deer before them, with whatever else the forest contains of wild animals, who cannot elude the surrounding sportsmen. Being in this manner concentrated and crowded together, they are driven down a defile, where the principal hunters lie in wait for them, and show their dexterity by marking out and shooting those bucks which are in season. As it required many men to form the tinchel, the attendance of vassals on these occasions was strictly insisted upon. Indeed, it was one of the feudal services required by the law, attendance on the superior at hunting being as regularly required as at hosting, — that is, joining his banner in war, or watching and warding — garrisoning, namely — his castle in times of danger."

Among the noblemen and chieftains who swore fealty at Braemar to the exiled heir of the Stuarts were the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Atholl; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk,

Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts of Kilsythe, Kenmuir, Kingston, and Stormount; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvy, and Nairne; and, among the chiefs of clans, the powerful Glengarry, and Campbell of Glendarule. Animated by an eloquent and elaborate speech addressed to them by the Earl of Mar, they all took the oath of allegiance to James the Third, and swore to be faithful to each other. At the conclusion of their sport, they dispersed to their several estates for the purpose of assembling and arming their vassals.[1]

[1] The hunting-match of Braemar is celebrated in one of the most spirited of the Jacobite songs of the period:

"The auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again,
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The auld Stuarts back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds?
We'll wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

"There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic scawed and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or 'auld Stuarts back again.'

"Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out-oure the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

The celebrated "hunting-match of Braemar" took place about the 26th of August, and on the 6th of September the noblemen and chiefs of clans again assembled with their retainers at Aboyne. The same day the ceremony of raising the standard was performed by the Earl of Mar, and the chevalier was solemnly proclaimed, in the midst of the assembled clans, as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The standard, which was said to have been worked by the Countess of Mar, was of blue silk; having on one side the arms of Scotland wrought in gold, and on the other side the Scottish thistle, with the ancient motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" It had also two pendants of white ribbon, on one of which were the words, "For our wronged king and oppressed country," and on the other, "For our lives and liberties." The standard had scarcely been erected, when the ornamental ball at the top of it fell off, — an incident which is said to have depressed for the moment the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who considered it as foreboding misfortune to the cause in which they had embarked.[1]

"Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors back again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again?"

[1] But when our standard was set up,
So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', Willie.

Within a few days after the raising of the standard, the chevalier was solemnly proclaimed at many of the principal towns in Scotland, — at Aberdeen, by the Earl Marischal; at Inverness, by the Laird of Borlum, better known as Brigadier MacIntosh; at Dunkeld, by the Marquis of Tullibardine; at Brechin, by the Earl at Panmuir; at Castle Gordon, by the Marquis of Huntly; at Montrose, by the Earl of Southesk; and at Dundee, by Graham of Duntroon. The flame of rebellion flew from fastness to fastness; the white cockade was adopted by clan after clan; and within an incredibly short space of time Lord Mar found himself at the head of an army of nearly ten thousand men.

To enter into the various details of the insurrection of 1715, further than as they throw light on the fortunes and personal history of the chevalier, would be foreign to the character of the present work. It is sufficient to observe that an enterprise so spiritedly commenced was allowed to languish in consequence of the inefficiency of those

> Then second-sighted Sandy said,
> We'll do nae gude at a', Willie;
> While pipers play'd frae right to left,
> Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
>
> Up and waur them a', Willie,
> Up and waur them a', Willie!
> Up and sell your sour milk,
> And dance, and ding them a', Willie.
>
> — *Jacobite Song.*

who directed it. At the very outset of the insurrection, a well-concerted plan for seizing Edinburgh Castle — which, had it succeeded, would probably have given to the insurgents the at least temporary mastership of Scotland — failed in consequence of the reckless imprudence of those selected to carry it into execution. The Earl of Mar, moreover, though he had displayed extraordinary spirit and address in raising the Highland Clans, was entirely deficient in military experience, and, indeed, was possessed of few of the qualities required to conduct an enterprise of so hazardous and peculiar a nature. Damping the spirit of the impetuous Highlanders by his ill-judged delays, and giving time for dissensions and jealousies to take root among their chieftains, he allowed the crisis for action to slip by him, and instead of sweeping down on the Duke of Argyll and the royal forces, and driving them headlong over the Tweed, he allowed the duke time to be joined by repeated reinforcements. In the meantime, he himself remained for weeks inactive at Perth, waiting for an event which was never destined to occur, — the general rising of the Jacobite party in England. "With far less force," says Sir Walter Scott, "than Mar had at his disposal, Montrose gained eight victories and overran Scotland; with fewer numbers of Highlanders, Dundee gained the battle of Killiecrankie; and with almost half the troops assembled at Perth, Charles Ed-

ward, in 1745, marched as far as Derby, and gained two victories over regular troops. But in 1715, by one of those misfortunes which dogged the house of Stuart since the days of Robert the Second, they wanted a man of military talent just at the time when they possessed an unusual quantity of military means."

It was not till the 10th of November, more than two months after the raising of the standard, that Mar marched his impatient army from Perth. Three days afterward was fought the celebrated battle of Sheriffmuir or Dumblaine, in which both generals claimed the victory. [1] As Mar, however, retired from the neighbourhood of the scene of action, while Argyll, on the contrary, retained his position, — thus securing the passage of the Forth, and arresting the progress of the insurgents into the Lowlands, — the latter had certainly the

[1] There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.
So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
Frae ither they ran,
Without touk o' drum,
They did not make use o' a paw, man.

greater reason to boast of success. The result, indeed, of the battle was in every respect unfavourable to the insurgents. The Highlanders, as was their invariable custom after an engagement, retired in great numbers to visit their friends, and to deposit with them any booty of which they might have possessed themselves; while more than one of the chieftains, — including Lords Huntly and Seaforth, — despairing of a rising among the English Jacobites, and disheartened by the dilatory conduct and evident incompetence of the Earl of Mar, took their departure with their numerous retainers, on the pretext of being summoned to the protection of their own country. Thus the insurgent army, which on the morning of the battle had numbered ten thousand men, was reduced the following day to less than half that number. For Mar to have attempted to force a passage into the Lowlands at the head of five thousand men, — a measure which he had found himself unable to accomplish with an army double in number, — would have amounted to little less than an act of madness. He withdrew accordingly to his old quarters at Perth, where he continued to pursue the same inactive policy which had already proved so fatal to the interests of his master.

In the meantime, the chevalier's affairs in England wore even a worse aspect than in Scotland. The government, anticipating the designs

of the English Jacobites, adopted prompt measures for frustrating them. The titular Duke of Powis was sent to the Tower; Lords Lansdown and Dupplin were taken into custody; a warrant was issued for apprehending the Earl of Jersey; Lieutenant-Colonel Paul, an officer of the Guards, was imprisoned in the Gatehouse for enlisting men for the service of the chevalier; and, with the consent of the Lower House, warrants were issued for seizing the persons of Sir William Wyndham, Sir John Packington, and other members of Parliament. In Cornwall, Sir Richard Vyvian, the most influential Jacobite in the county, was sent to London in custody of a messenger; and in the north of England, Mr. Howard, of Corby, and Mr. Curwen, of Workington, two of the most powerful partisans of the Stuarts, were arrested and confined in Carlisle Castle.

In addition to these precautions, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by the Parliament; liberal supplies were voted for the service of the Crown; six thousand auxiliary troops were sent for from Holland; and a reward of £100,000 was offered for seizing the chevalier, either dead or alive. A large body of troops was sent to overawe the University of Oxford, which was then the hotbed of Jacobitism, and about the same time the government was so fortunate as to discover a plan which had been concerted for surprising the city of Bristol; the arms and artillery of the conspir-

ators — of which they had formed a depôt at Bath — were seized by the officers of the Crown, and all the principal persons supposed to be engaged in the enterprise were taken into custody. In the West of England, the government had been no less successful in defeating the plans of the Jacobites. At the outset of the insurrection, the Duke of Ormond, with about forty officers and men, had sailed from the coast of Normandy for Devonshire, where he confidently expected to find the landed gentry and their tenants in arms to support him. On his landing, however, he had the misfortune to find that he had been betrayed by his own agent, Maclean : not a single individual came to welcome him ; many of his friends, he found, had been arrested, and the remainder were dispersed ; consequently he had no choice but to abandon the enterprise, and to effect, if possible, a safe retreat to France.

It was only in the North of England that the English Jacobites presented in any degree a formidable appearance. Proscribed by the government, the young Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, the member for Northumberland, had taken the field with a body of only sixty horse, — "a handful of Northumberland fox-hunters," as they are styled by Sir Walter Scott ; and having been joined by Lord Widdrington, and by other gentlemen near the borders, proclaimed the chevalier at Warkworth, Morpeth, and Alnwick.

From hence they proceeded northward to Rothbury, where they were met by the Earls of Carnwarth, Wintoun, and Nithsdale, and Viscount Kenmure, who had recently proclaimed the chevalier at Moffat, and who were now advancing southward in order to unite their forces (amounting to about two hundred horsemen) with those of Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater. Thus reinforced, the insurgents withdrew to Kelso, where they awaited the arrival of Brigadier MacIntosh. This officer had recently performed a gallant and hazardous service in forcing his way across the Forth in the midst of the royal cruisers, and now formed a junction with the English Jacobites at the head of fourteen hundred Highlanders.

After a lengthened discussion among the leaders of the party, it was at length decided that they should push forward into England by the western border, by which means they hoped to unite themselves with the powerful body of Jacobites in England, who it was confidently expected would rise in a body at the approach of their friends. But there existed an important obstacle to the adoption of this measure, in the superstitious aversion entertained by the Highlanders to marching out of their own country. If they were to be made a sacrifice, they said, they were determined that at least it should be on their own soil. At length, however, though with great difficulty, a large body of them were prevailed upon to

advance; while the remainder, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of their general, returned to their friends in the Highlands. The insurgents entered England on the 1st of November, and passed the night at the small town of Brampton, where they proclaimed the chevalier with the usual ceremonies. Here also Mr. Forster opened his commission as their general, which had been sent him by the Earl of Mar.

The force under Mr. Forster at this period consisted only of nine hundred Highlanders, and about six hundred Northumbrian and Dumfriesshire horsemen. The fate of this gallant but ill-fated body of men is well known. They advanced without interruption to Penrith, where the *posse comitatus* of Cumberland — headed by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle, and amounting to ten or twelve thousand men — were drawn out to arrest their farther progress. These peaceful men, however, had conceived such terrible notions of the character of the insurgents, that they dispersed themselves in the utmost confusion at their approach. Mr. Forster, accordingly, pushed forward through Appleby and Kendal to Kirby Lonsdale, in all which places he proclaimed the chevalier, and levied the public money. It was not till he entered Lancashire that he received any important additions to his ranks. At Lancaster he released several of the partisans of the Stuarts who were confined in the county gaol,

and from thence advanced to Preston, where a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Colonel Stanhope, and another of militia, withdrew at his approach. Here he was joined by several Roman Catholic gentlemen, who brought with them their servants and tenantry, to the number of twelve hundred men.

In the meantime, General Wills had collected the royal forces which were quartered at Manchester and Wigan, and advanced to Preston to give the insurgents battle. For some reason, which it is impossible to reconcile not only with military experience but with common sense, Forster had neglected to defend a most important post, — the bridge over the Ribble, by which road alone the enemy could have reached him, — and drawing his men into the centre of the town, contented himself with causing barricades to be formed in the principal streets. Expressing much astonishment at finding the bridge at the Ribble undefended, General Wills pushed forward, and attacked the insurgents at two different points of their temporary defences. The attack is described as a highly spirited one; but they were received with at least equal gallantry, and, night shortly afterward setting in, the royalists were compelled to withdraw, after having suffered considerable loss. The slight success, however, obtained by the insurgents proved of but little service to them. Early the following morning General

Carpenter, who had followed them by forced marches from the south of Scotland, made his appearance with a reinforcement of three regiments of dragoons. Immediately the town was invested on all sides, and it became evident to the besieged that further opposition was out of the question. The Highlanders, indeed, expressed their determination to sally out sword in hand, and cut their way through the king's troops; but with some difficulty they were prevailed upon to listen to the arguments of their leaders, and, accordingly, the whole of the insurgent force laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves at discretion.

Among the persons of note who fell into the hands of the government, in consequence of the surrender at Preston, were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Nairn, besides several members of the first families in the north of England. The noblemen and principal leaders of the insurrection were sent prisoners to London, and, after having been led through the streets pinioned as malefactors, were committed either to the Tower or to Newgate. The common men were imprisoned chiefly in the gaols of Liverpool or Manchester. Major Nairn, Captain Lockhart, Captain Shafto, and Ensign Erskine were tried by court martial, and executed as deserters; and Lord Charles Murray was also sentenced to death for the same offence,

but reprieved. It is remarkable that the surrender at Preston took place on the same day on which was fought the doubtful battle of Sheriffmuir.

It was in this gloomy crisis of his affairs, — when there scarcely remained the faintest hope of another rising in England, and when Mar was remaining inactive at Perth, overawed by the superior army of Argyll, — that the last of the Stuarts landed, a proscribed adventurer, in the ancient kingdom of his forefathers. Having made several vain attempts to obtain a passage from St. Malo, and having lurked for several days in the dress of a mariner along the coast of Brittany, he at length made good his way to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small privateer, ostensibly laden with brandy, but well armed and manned. After a voyage of seven days, he landed at Peterhead on the 22d of December, 1715, attended by the Marquis of Tynemouth, son of the Duke of Berwick, Lieutenant Cameron, and four other persons, the whole party being disguised as naval officers.

The chevalier passed the first night at Peterhead. The next day he came to Newburgh, a seat of the Earl Marischal; and on the following one, passing through Aberdeen, proceeded to Fetteresso, the principal seat of that nobleman. In the meantime, Lord Mar, having received intimation of the chevalier's arrival, hastened with the Earl Marischal, and a train of about thirty gentlemen,

to pay their respects to him at Fetteresso. James was in his bedchamber at the moment of their arrival; but he immediately dressed himself, and on entering the apartment they kissed his hand, and paid him the homage usually awarded to royalty. The chevalier subsequently proceeded to name a Privy Council, by whose advice he issued six proclamations, in the name of King James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England, in which he appointed a day of general thanksgiving for his safe arrival; commanded prayers to be offered up for him in the several churches; called upon all loyal men to join his standard; and named the twenty-third of the following month for performing the ceremony of his coronation. He assumed to himself all the authority and attributes of a sovereign prince; conferring titles of nobility, knighthood, and ecclesiastical honours. Among others, he advanced Lord Mar to a dukedom, and knighted Bannerman, the Provost of Aberdeen. The Episcopal clergy of Aberdeen presented him with an address; and shortly afterward he received another address from the magistrates, town council, and citizens of that ancient burgh. It is necessary, however, to observe that the magistrates and council were of the appointment of the Earl of Mar.

The arrival of the chevalier in Scotland had the effect, for a time, of raising the hopes and rekindling the enthusiasm of his zealous but unre-

flecting partisans. "At the first news of his landing," says one of his followers, "it is impossible to express the joy and vigour of our men. Now we hoped the day was come when we should live more like soldiers, and should be led on to face our enemies, and not be mouldering away into nothing, attending the idle determination of a disconcerted council." But the feelings of the chevalier himself seem to have been very different from those of elation, or even of hope. From the moment of his first interview with the Earl of Mar, — when he learned from the lips of that nobleman, that at the advance of the Duke of Argyll he must abandon Perth, and either disperse his forces or content himself with carrying on a fruitless and desultory warfare in the Highlands, — from that moment he seems to have relinquished the idea that his career would be one of triumph, or his recompense a crown. Though he endeavoured to assume a confident air in his intercourse with others, yet in the first speech which he addressed to his council, his words are evidently dictated rather by despondency than by hope. "He had come among them," he said, "merely that those who were backward in discharging their own duty might find no pretext for their conduct in his own absence. For myself," he added, "it is no new thing for me to be unfortunate; since my whole life, from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortune; and I am

prepared, if it so pleases God, to suffer the extent of the threats which my enemies throw out against me."

In consequence of a severe attack of the ague, the chevalier was detained at Fetteresso till the 2d of January. On that day he proceeded to Brechin, where he remained till the 4th, when he advanced to Glammis, where he passed the night,[1] and on the following morning made a kind of regal entry into Dundee, attended by a retinue of three hundred mounted gentlemen, — the Earl of Mar riding on his right hand, and the Earl Marischal on his left. At the request of those about him, he remained about an hour in the market-place, during which time the populace thronged around him, and kissed his hand. This night he passed at the neighbouring residence of Stuart of Garntully. The next day, the 6th, he

[1] On the 5th of January, we find Lord Mar writing from Glammis Castle: "The king, without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, setting aside his being a prince, is really the finest gentleman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles Charles the Second a great deal. His presence, however, is not the best of him; he has fine parts, and despatches all his business himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw anybody write so finely. He is affable to a great degree, without losing the majesty he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is every way fitted to make us a happy people, were his subjects worthy of him." The letter, from which this extract is taken, was printed by order of Lord Mar, and circulated over Scotland, with a view of giving the people a favourable impression of the chevalier.

dined at Castle Lion, a seat of the Earl of Strathmore, and at night took up his quarters at Sir David Threipland's.

On the 8th, the chevalier arrived at Scoon, and his feelings may be more readily imagined than described, when he was conducted through the apartments of that ancient palace, which was associated with so many of the most interesting events in the annals of his native country, and which for centuries had been the residence of his forefathers, and the scene of their triumphs, their misfortunes, or their joys. The next day he made his public entry into Perth. He had previously expressed his strong curiosity to see "those little kings with their armies," as he styled the Highland chieftains and their mountain followers. To have indulged him, however, with the pageant of a review would have had the disheartening effect of exposing the extreme weakness of the insurgent army, and consequently he was obliged to content himself with inspecting a few of the troops quartered in the town, which were drawn out for the purpose. He expressed himself much pleased at their romantic costume and gallant appearance, but when privately informed of the scantiness of their numbers he was unable to conceal his disappointment and concern.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART.

Advance of the Duke of Argyll — Dejection of the Chevalier — His Retreat to Montrose, and Flight to the Continent — His Arrival in France, and Dismissal of Lord Bolingbroke — Proceeds to Rome — His Marriage with the Princess Sobieski — Project of Charles XII. for His Restoration — His Visit to Madrid — Project of Alberoni for the Invasion of England — Its Failure — His Character toward the Close of Life — His Death, and Funeral Obsequies.

THE chevalier remained at Scoon till the 28th of January, when the unwelcome news reached the insurgent camp that the Duke of Argyll was on full march to give them battle. For Mar to have awaited the approach of his formidable adversary, with the small and undisciplined force under his command, would very nearly have amounted to an act of madness. The gallant Highlanders, however, thought far differently. Their desire to be led to battle seems to have increased with the fearfulness of the odds which were against them; the chiefs are said to have embraced, drank to each other, and congratulated themselves that the long-wished-for day had at length arrived; while the men called upon the pipers of their clans to strike up

the inspiriting tunes to which they were accustomed to march to battle, and displayed by their words and actions how ardently they longed to be led against the foe.

The chevalier, though certainly not deficient in personal courage, was far from imbibing the enthusiasm of his Highland followers, while, in the breasts of any other men less loyal and less devoted, the impression left by his habits and personal demeanour must inevitably have damped the ardour felt for his cause. "His person," says one of his followers, "was tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean rather than to fill as he grows in years. His countenance was pale, yet he seems to be sanguine in his constitution, and has something of a vivacity in his eye that perhaps would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances; which, it must be acknowledged, were sufficient to alter the complexion even of his soul as well as his body. His speech was grave, and not very clearly expressing his thoughts, nor overmuch to the purpose; but his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed. What he was in his diversions, we know not; here was no room for such things. It was no time for mirth. Neither can I say I ever saw him smile. I must not conceal that, when we saw the man whom they called our king, we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more

so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongst us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise. Some said the circumstances he found us in dejected him; I am sure the figure he made dejected us; and had he sent us but five thousand men of good troops, and never himself come amongst us, we had done other things than we have now." When the news of the Duke of Argyll's approach was first communicated to the chevalier, he is said to have shed tears; observing that, instead of bringing him a crown, they had led him to his grave. When this incident was afterward related to Prince Eugene, "Weeping," he said, significantly, "is not the way to conquer kingdoms."

After a protracted and angry debate among the leaders of the insurgent army, it was at length determined to retreat to the Highlands, — a measure which gave them the option either of protracting the war, or, in the event of the worst happening, presented many and more favourable opportunities for dispersion and escape. This resolution was taken in council, on the 29th of January; and on the following day, — the anniversary of the execution of the chevalier's grandfather, Charles the First, — the Highlanders, sullen, dejected, and in-

dignant, took a melancholy leave of their friends in Perth, and, crossing over the frozen waters of the Tay, defiled along the Carse of Gowrie to Dundee, and from thence continued their march to Montrose.

On his arrival at this seaport town, the chevalier was earnestly entreated by his secret advisers to seize the opportunity of there being a French vessel in the harbour, and to seek safety in flight. At first he indignantly refused to listen to the proposition; and when at length he gave a reluctant consent, Lord Mar assures us, in his narrative, that it was in consequence of its being clearly explained to him that the only chance for his followers was to retreat among the mountains; and that his remaining among them served only to increase their danger, in consequence of the eagerness of their adversaries to seize his person.

Accordingly, every arrangement having been made for his flight, on the 4th of February the clans received orders to march at eight o'clock the same night for Aberdeen; the sentries were placed as usual before the door of the chevalier's lodgings; and in order still further to lull suspicion, his baggage was actually sent forward with the main body of the army as an earnest of his intention to accompany it. But before the hour arrived which had been named for the march, the chevalier, attended only by one servant, slipped out of his lodgings; and having first called at the

apartments of Lord Mar, who was to accompany him in his flight, took a by-path to the water's edge, where a boat waited to carry him on board the small vessel which had been prepared for his reception. His companions, besides Lord Mar, were the Earl of Melford, Lord Drummond, Lieutenant-General Bulkley, and thirteen other persons of distinction, most of whom belonged to the chevalier's household. The whole party having been safely embarked, in order to avoid the English cruisers, they stretched over to Norway; and, after coasting along the shores of Germany and Holland, arrived, after a voyage of five days, at Gravelines, between Dunkirk and Calais.

With the flight of the Chevalier de St. George terminated the insurrection of 1715. It was an amiable trait in his character, that his last act before his embarkation was to address a letter to the Duke of Argyll, in which he enclosed the remnant of the money which he had brought from France, desiring that it might be distributed among the poor inhabitants of some villages which the necessities of war had compelled him to set fire to on the retreat from Perth. He also left behind him a commission, appointing General Gordon commander-in-chief of the insurgent army, with full powers to make the best terms he could with the government. On this officer devolved the painful task of conducting the gallant but now disheartened Highlanders to Aberdeen. Here

General Gordon produced a letter from the chevalier, in which the latter intimated to his devoted followers that "the disappointments he had met with, especially from abroad, had obliged him to leave their country; that he thanked them for their services, and desired them to advise with General Gordon, and consult their own security, either by keeping in a body or separating, and encouraged them to expect to hear further from him in a very short time." "A general burst of grief and indignation," says Sir Walter Scott, "attended these communications. Many of the insurgents threw down their arms in despair, exclaiming that they had been deserted and betrayed, and were now left without either king or general; the clans broke up into different bodies, and marched to the mountains, where they dispersed, each to his own hereditary glen." Advancing up Strathspey and Strathdon, they dispersed themselves in the wild districts of Badenoch and Lochaber; while the majority of the Lowland gentlemen, making a sally from the hills, and crossing the county of Murray, reached Burg and other seaport villages, from whence they obtained passages in open boats to the Orkneys, and afterward to France. The fate of such of the insurgents as fell into the hands of the government we shall elsewhere have occasion to record.

Immediately on his landing in France, the

chevalier repaired to his mother, Mary of Modena, at St. Germains. Almost his first impulse was to commit one of those unaccountable acts of imprudence which we must attribute either to some peculiar disorganisation of the mental faculties, or to the fatality which hung over his unfortunate race. This remark, it is scarcely necessary to observe, refers to the sudden dismissal of Lord Bolingbroke from his counsels, — a step so impolitic and so uncalled for, that even his partisan and half-brother, the Duke of Berwick, has left on record his astonishment at, and disapprobation of, the measure. "One must have lost one's reason," says the duke, "if one did not see the enormous blunder made by King James in dismissing the only Englishman he had, able to manage his affairs; for whatever may be said by some persons of more passion than judgment, it is admitted by all England that there have been few greater ministers than Bolingbroke. I was in part a witness," adds the duke, "how Bolingbroke acted for King James whilst he managed his affairs, and I owe him the justice to say that he left nothing undone of what he could do; he moved heaven and earth to obtain supplies, but was always put off by the court of France, and, though he saw through their pretexts and complained of them, yet there was no other power to which he could apply."

Bolingbroke himself — notwithstanding there is

always a touch of sarcasm, and indeed of caricature, in any picture which he draws of the affairs of the chevalier, and notwithstanding the soreness which that extraordinary man must necessarily have felt at being so cavalierly dismissed from a court which he affected to despise — has nevertheless left us an account of his removal from the chevalier's counsels, the general truthfulness of which there is no reason to question. "The chevalier," says Bolingbroke, "was not above six weeks in his expedition. On his return to St. Germains the French government wished him to repair to his old asylum with the Duke of Lorraine before he had time to refuse it. But nothing was meant by this but to get him out of France immediately. I found him in no disposition to make such haste, for he had a mind to stay in the neighbourhood of Paris, and wished to have a private meeting with the regent. This was refused, and the chevalier at length declared that he would instantly set out for Lorraine. His trunks were packed, his chaise was ordered to be ready at five that afternoon, and I sent word to Paris that he was gone. At our interview he affected much cordiality toward me; and an Italian never embraced the man he was going to stab with a greater show of affection and confidence. Instead of taking post for Lorraine, he went to the little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided; and there he continued lurking for several days, pleas-

ing himself with the air of mystery and business, whilst the only real business which he should have had at that time lay neglected. On Thursday following the Duke of Ormond brought me a scrap of paper in the chevalier's handwriting, and dated on the Tuesday to make me believe it was written on the road, and sent back to his Grace. The kingly, heroic style of the paper was that he had no further occasion for my services, accompanied by an order to deliver up all the papers in my office to Ormond, all which might have been contained in a moderate-sized letter-case."

The dismissal of Bolingbroke from the counsels of the chevalier, which occurred, singularly enough, within twelve months after his expulsion from the cabinet of George the First, has been attributed to various causes, on which there is no necessity to dwell at length. Certainly, without some good and substantial reason, the chevalier, notwithstanding his hereditary blindness and obstinacy, would never have consented to deprive himself of the services of that gifted and extraordinary man. Bolingbroke has accused the chevalier of having blabbed his state secrets among the fair and frail *coterie* in "the little house" in the Bois de Boulogne. There is reason, however, to presume that the chevalier might have turned the tables on Bolingbroke, and, in fact, that it was to the same incautiousness of speech on the part of that minister (originating in an innate perception of the

ridiculous, which prompted him in the society of the witty and the gay to draw ludicrous contrasts between his once splendid fortunes and his present humble pretensions and those of his ruined master) that Bolingbroke owed his removal from the service of the chevalier. For, presuming such to have been the fact, we have, at all events, the authority of the Earl of Stair, the English ambassador at Paris, whose sound sense and intimate knowledge of what was passing around him renders him no indifferent authority on such an occasion. On the 2d of March, 1716, he writes to the elder Horace Walpole: "The true Jacobite project has been at last discovered, and they imagined nobody would tell it but Bolingbroke, who they have, as they now say, clearly discovered has all along betrayed them; and so poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to Mar; and they use poor Harry most unmercifully, and call him knave and traitor, and God knows what. I believe all poor Harry's fault was that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then, and he spent the money upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying and sending the powder and the arms, and never went near the queen; and, in one word, told Lord Stair all their designs, and was had out of England for

that purpose. I would not have you laugh, Mr. Walpole, for all this is very serious. For the rest, they begin now to apprehend that their king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treason have defeated the finest project that ever was laid."

After lingering for a short time in the neighbourhood of the French capital, the chevalier reluctantly withdrew to Avignon, from whence, after a brief residence, he proceeded to Rome, where he was received with the greatest kindness and consideration by the Pope. Allowing himself to be enslaved by his mistresses, whom he admitted to a knowledge of his most secret affairs, his habits, since his return from his Highland expedition, had unquestionably changed for the worse, while his general conduct was such as to excite the deep concern of his personal followers, and the alarm of all who were the well-wishers of his race. Uniting much of the licentiousness of his uncle, Charles the Second, with the bigotry of his unfortunate father, he surrendered himself up to the allurements of female beauty like the one, while he ingrafted on his licentiousness that rigid and scrupulous adherence to religious forms and ceremonies which was the characteristic of the other. This unfortunate revolution in the habits of the chevalier is doubtless in a great degree to be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of his life, and to the repeated disappointments to which

he had been exposed. Easy, indolent, and good-natured, he allowed himself to be readily led astray by the friend or mistress of the moment; nor can we much wonder, however deeply we may lament the fact, that one so constituted both by nature and circumstances should have been too frequently tempted to smother reflection in the enticements of meretricious beauty, and in the adventitious excitement afforded by the grape.

By the true friends and well-wishers of the unfortunate prince, it was confidently hoped that, by a marriage with a young and amiable princess, he might be weaned from his present baneful habits and unworthy connections. After much persuasion, he was induced to listen to their entreaties, and accordingly, in 1718, a treaty was concluded for his marriage with the Princess Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, eldest son of John, King of Poland, to whom he was married at Avignon by proxy on the 28th of May, 1719, the chevalier being at this time absent on a visit to Madrid. The story of this young and interesting princess will form the subject of a subsequent memoir. It is sufficient at present to observe that, notwithstanding her youth and personal beauty, and her many amiable qualities, the hopes which his friends had entertained that marriage would create a favourable reformation were destined to be signally disappointed. The young princess soon became disgusted with his renewed licen-

tiousness and repeated infidelities, and, after having borne him two sons, — the celebrated Charles Edward, and Henry, afterward Cardinal York, — a separation took place between them, and the princess retired to a convent with the same cheerfulness with which she had originally consented to become the bride of the man who was so unworthy of her.

From the period of the failure of his Highland expedition in 1715, the personal history of the chevalier, as far as regards his prospects of obtaining possession of the throne of his ancestors, is merely a tale of baffled hopes and continued disappointments. Two years after the suppression of the insurrection, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden — inflamed with a deep feeling of revenge and indignation against George the First for having possessed himself of the Duchies of Bremen and Verden — entered heartily into a project for restoring the house of Stuart to the throne of Great Britain, to which no less celebrated a monarch than Peter the Great of Russia is said to have been ready to lend his aid, and to which the Spanish minister, Cardinal Alberoni, promised his warmest support. It was intended that a descent of ten thousand Swedish troops should have been effected in Scotland, of which Charles himself was to have taken the command. "It might be amusing," says Sir Walter Scott, "to consider the probable consequences which might have arisen from the

iron-headed Swede placing himself at the head of an army of Highland enthusiasts, with courage as romantic as his own." But in the midst of these high hopes, death cut short the projects both of the chevalier and of the iron king.

> "His fall was destined to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress and an unknown hand;
> He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Charles fell before the frontier fortress of Frederickshall, in 1718, and George the First was again left in the quiet possession of the throne of the Stuarts.

Notwithstanding, however, that the chevalier was thus deprived of the assistance of the northern powers of Europe, the ambitious and all-powerful Alberoni still entertained the project of restoring the house of Stuart to its ancient and legitimate rights. Accordingly, he invited the chevalier to Madrid, but so vigilant were the agents of George the First, and so powerful was the English fleet in the Mediterranean, that it was only by a well-laid stratagem that the chevalier was enabled to put his purpose into execution. Aware that his every step was watched, he pretended to set out to the northward, taking with him as his companions the Earls of Mar and Perth, and his customary suite. At a convenient opportunity, however, he separated himself from his

companions, who, as he had anticipated, were subsequently arrested at Voghera, on the supposition that he was still amongst them. The chevalier, in the meantime, exchanged dresses with his courier, and contrived to embark at the insignificant port of Nethano; from whence, after touching at Cagliari, he landed at Rosas in the month of March, 1719. The Spanish court received him with all the honours and rejoicings which are usually paid to a sovereign prince. He was acknowledged King of Great Britain; he was appointed a residence in the palace of Buen Retiro; his public entry into the Spanish capital was conducted with all due magnificence, and he received visits of state as a crowned head from Philip the Fifth and his queen.

In the meantime, the Spanish government had prepared an armament at Cadiz, consisting of five men-of-war and about twenty transports, on board of which were embarked between five and six thousand soldiers, and arms sufficient for thirty thousand more. The Duke of Ormond was named captain-general of the expedition, and most of the gallant gentlemen who had remained exiles since the insurrection of 1715 took part in the enterprise. The Highland chieftains were panting to embrace their brethren in Jacobitism and arms; old hopes and old feelings were revived with tenfold ardour, and among other beautiful strains which have immortalised the romantic

story of the Stuarts, they sang, as if they hailed it as a prophecy, the fine and inspiriting ballad which had been composed when the chevalier was compelled to turn his back on his gallant followers in 1715.

"My bonny moor-hen, my bonny moor-hen,
Up in the gray hill, and doun in the glen;
When ye gang butt the house, or when ye gang ben,
Ay drink a health to my bonny moor-hen.

"My bonny moor-hen's gane over the main,
And it will be summer or she come again:
But when she comes back again, some folk will ken;
Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moor-hen!

"My bonny moor-hen has feathers anew,
She's a' fine colours, but none o' them blue;
She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and
she's gray;[1]
My bonny moor-hen, come hither away.

"Come up by Glenduich, and doun by Glendee;
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing of my bonny moor-hen."

In the Spanish expedition of 1718 the same fate which had attended so many previous enterprises on their behalf impended over the unfortunate house of Stuart. Off Finisterre the Spanish fleet encountered a terrific tempest which lasted

[1] These colours evidently allude to those in the tartan in the royal clan of Stuart. The blue was the party colour of the Whigs.

forty-eight hours. The elements proved too mighty even for the genius of Alberoni; and, unrigged and unmasted, the majority of the armament which had been sent to destroy a powerful monarchy were compelled to return to their native ports. Only two frigates, having on board the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marischal, and the Earl of Seaforth, with three hundred men, some arms, ammunition, and money, reached the appointed rendezvous in the island of Lewis. The result of the expedition may be briefly related. Lord Seaforth raised a few hundred of his own clan, the Mackenzies, but a resolution had been universally taken not to move in Scotland till England was fairly engaged; and accordingly, including the Spanish auxiliaries, the force under Lord Seaforth never on any occasion amounted to more than two thousand men. Passing over from Lewis to Kintail, Lord Seaforth assembled his forces in that district, but before he could muster any formidable reinforcement General Wightman marched against him with a body of regular troops from Inverness, strengthened by the Monroes, Rosses, and other loyal clans in the vicinity. On approaching the insurgent force, they found them masters of the pass of Strachells, near the great valley of Glenshiel. An indecisive and desultory action took place, in which — as far, at least, as regards the number of killed and wounded — the insurgents had unquestionably the

advantage. Avoiding an encounter with their assailants on the open ground, they continued to fire on them from the rocks till night set in, when it was found that they had lost only one man, while the government troops had twenty killed, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The success, however, obtained by the insurgents was so trifling, and the advantage to be obtained by their continuing in arms appeared to be so extremely problematical, that before morning it was decided that they should disperse and return to their several homes. Such was the result of the mountain skirmish which has been dignified with the name of the battle of Glenshiel. The next day the three hundred Spaniards surrendered themselves at discretion and were carried prisoners to Edinburgh. "The great straits of the officers," we are told, "appeared even in their looks, though their Spanish pride would not allow them to complain." At Edinburgh, however, they met with the greatest kindness, the Jacobites vying with each other in showing civility to the officers, and supplying them with money. The Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earl Marischal, as well as the Earl of Seaforth, who had been badly wounded at Glenshiel, contrived to effect their escape to the Western Isles, where they remained concealed till the ardour of pursuit had slackened, when they embarked in disguise for the coast of Spain.

Notwithstanding the failure of so many enter-

prises in his behalf, the chevalier and his partisans continued for a considerable period to entertain the most visionary schemes for his restoration. "With whatever court," says Sir Walter Scott, "Great Britain happened to have a quarrel, thither came the unfortunate heir of the house of Stuart, to show his miseries and to boast his pretensions." But repeated disappointment will chill even the most sanguine hopes; his natural indolence, moreover, increased as he advanced in life; and it was not till many years had elapsed (not, indeed, till the adventurous character, the high spirit, and gallant bearing of his eldest son, Charles Edward, again revived the fondest hopes of the Jacobites) that the chevalier could once more be induced to take an interest in any project that might be proposed to him for his restoration.

Gray, the poet, in a letter from Florence, dated the 16th of July, 1740, has left us a brief but interesting account of the chevalier and his sons. "The Pretender," he writes, "whom you desire an account of, I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizzii to the Prince and Princess Craon, at which he and his two sons were present. They are good, fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two; and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely

tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays; the first he does not do often, the latter continually. He lives privately enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar, who manages everything, and two or three of the Preston lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home."

The chevalier took no part in the expedition of 1745, with the exception of furnishing a large sum of money which he had saved from his private fortune. Accustomed to a series of disappointments from his youth, he seems to have shared but in a slight degree the sanguine expectations of those who surrounded him, and to have taken a far deeper interest in the personal safety of his son than in the result of the enterprise. "By the aid of God," said the young chevalier to his father, on the eve of his departure for Scotland, "I trust I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your feet." The reply of James was an affecting one. "Be careful," he said, "my dear boy, for I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world."

During the last years of his life the chevalier resided almost entirely at Rome. Horace Walpole, describing him in 1752, observes: "The Chevalier de St. George is tall, meagre, and melancholy in his aspect; enthusiasm and disappointment have stamped a solemnity on his person, which rather

creates pity than respect. He seems the phantom which good-nature, divested of reflection, conjures up, when we think of the misfortunes, without the demerits, of Charles the First. Without the particular features of any Stuart, the chevalier has the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all. At Rome," adds Walpole, "where to be a good Roman Catholic it is by no means necessary to be very religious, they have little esteem for him; but it was his ill-treatment of the Princess Sobieski, his wife, that originally disgusted the papal court. She who, to zeal for popery, had united all its policy, — who was lively, insinuating, agreeable, and enterprising, — was fervently supported by that court, when she could no longer endure the mortifications that were offered to her by Hay and his wife, the titular Countess of Inverness, to whom the chevalier had entirely resigned himself. The Pretender retired to Bologna, but was obliged to sacrifice his favourites before he could reëstablish himself at Rome. The most apparent merit of the chevalier's court is the great regularity of his finances and the economy of his exchequer. His income before the rebellion was £25,000 a year, arising chiefly from pensions from the Pope and from Spain, from contributions from England, and some irregular donations from other courts; yet his payments were not only most exact, but he had saved a large sum of money, which was squandered on the unfortunate attempt

in Scotland. Besides the loss of a crown to which he thought he had a just title; besides a series of disappointments from his birth; besides that mortifying rotation of friends, to which his situation has constantly exposed him, he has, in the latter part of his life, seen his own little court and his parental affections torn to pieces and tortured by the seeds of faction, sown by that master hand of sedition, the famous Bolingbroke, who insinuated into their counsels a project for the chevalier's resigning his pretensions to his eldest son, as more likely to conciliate the affections of the English to his family."

The last notice which we have of the chevalier of any interest is from the pen of Keysler, in 1756, which presents but a melancholy picture of him in his latter days. "The figure," he says, "made by the Pretender is in every way mean and unbecoming. The Pope has issued an order that all his subjects should style him King of England; but the Italians make a jest of this, for they term him "the local king," or "king here;" while the real possessor is styled "the king there," that is in England. He has an annual income of twelve thousand scudi or crowns, from the Pope, and though he may receive as much more from his adherents in England, it is far from enabling him to keep up the state of a sovereign prince. He is very fond of seeing his image struck on medals; and if kingdoms were to be obtained by tears, which he shed

plentifully at the miscarriage of his attempts in Scotland, he would have found the medallists work enough. He generally appears abroad with three coaches, and his household consists of about forty persons. He lately assumed some authority at the opera by calling 'Encore!' when a song that pleased him was performed; but it was not till after a long pause that his order was obeyed. He never before affected the least power. At his coming into an assembly no English Protestant rises up, and even the Roman Catholics pay him the compliment in a very superficial manner. His pusillanimity, and the licentiousness of his amours, have lessened him in everybody's esteem. Mr. S., who affects to be an antiquary, narrowly watches him and his adherents, being retained for that purpose by the British ministry. A few years since, Cardinal Alberoni, to save the Pretender's charges, proposed that the palace Alla Laughara should be assigned for his residence. This house lies in the suburbs, and in a private place, and has a large garden with a passage to the city walls, so that the Pretender's friends might have visited him with more secrecy, and he himself be absent without its being known in Rome. This change was objected to on the part of England, by Mr. S., and did not take place; but a new wing was built to the Pretender's old mansion, he having represented it as too small for him."

For several years before his death, the Chevalier

de St. George lived in great retirement, and, indeed, during the last five years of his life his infirmities confined him altogether to his bedchamber. It is remarkable that his existence should have been extended over the reigns of six sovereigns, — who successively filled the throne of Great Britain, — five of whom he had been taught to regard as the usurpers of his rights. His death took place at Rome, on the 12th of January, 1766, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The funeral obsequies of the chevalier were performed with regal honours. After lying in state for five days, his body was carried to the Church of the Apostles, dressed in royal robes, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, wrought in jewels and gold. The procession was attended by the members of the Pope's household, as well as by the members of almost every order and fraternity, religious as well as secular, in Rome; a thousand wax tapers were borne by as many attendants, and twenty cardinals supported the pall. On reaching the church the body was placed on a magnificent bed of state, the drapery of which consisted of purple silk, with stripes of gold lace. Above him was a throne suspended from the ceiling, on the top of which were the figures of four angels holding a crown and sceptre, and at each corner the figure of Death looking down. Over

the bed was the inscription, "JACOBUS, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, ANNO MDCCLXVI.," with a number of medallions representing the several orders of chivalry in Great Britain, and the three crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland; to which were added the royal insignia, — the purple robe lined with ermine, the velvet tunic ornamented with gold, the globe, the crown, the sceptre, and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. Cardinal Alberoni officiated in his pontificalia at the requiem, which was sung by the choir from the apostolic palace; while the church was illuminated by a number of chandeliers, besides wax tapers held by skeletons. The body remained in this state for three days, when it was removed to, and interred with similar solemnity and magnificence in, the great church of St. Peter's.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA MARIA SOBIESKI.

Birth and Early Character of the Princess — Selected for the Wife of the Pretender. — Wogan's Account of His Romantic Adventures to Carry the Proposal to Her — Arrested, and Confined in a Convent at Innspruck — Stratagem for Her Release — Arrival at Bologna — Her Reception by the Chevalier — Medal Struck in Commemoration of Her Escape — Disagreement with Her Husband, and Separation. — Keysler's Character of Her in Her Fifty-fifth Year — Her Death.

CLEMENTINA, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, of Poland, and granddaughter to King John Sobieski, who performed so valuable a service to Europe by defeating the Turks before the walls of Vienna, was born on the 17th of July, 1702; and consequently, when, in 1718, the Chevalier de St. George became a suitor for her hand, she was only in her seventeenth year. She was beautiful in her person, and by nature was amiable, enterprising, and high-spirited. With the romance which was natural to her years and her sex, she seems to have early conceived a deep interest in the story of the ill-fated Stuarts, and, as pity is said to be akin to love, it was probably

to this circumstance that we are to trace her evident predisposition to become the bride of the last heir of that unfortunate house. "The young princess," says Wogan, who conducted the secret treaty for her marriage, "when a child, affected to be called by her playfellows, Queen of England; and the ladies of the court, seeing her extremely delighted with the title, still continued to call her so."

On the part of James there seems at first to have been but little of romance in the overtures which he was induced to make for the hand of this young and interesting princess. It was not long after his return from his futile expedition to Scotland, in 1715, that his friends, anxious to wean him from that pernicious career of libertinism in which he had latterly indulged, prevailed upon him to reflect on the advantages which would accrue to his health and his cause from his entering the married state; and, among other less eligible alliances, named to him the Princess Clementina of Poland. Her fortune was accounted to be one of the largest in Europe, and as she was represented to him in glowing colours, as beautiful in her person and amiable in her disposition, the chevalier, from yielding at first a cold consent to the solicitations of his friends, seems at length to have been impressed with an ardent desire to obtain her hand.

At this period there was no spot in Europe

where the Jacobites were likely to carry on their intrigues that the English government did not employ their agents and their gold to counteract them. It was their great object that the male hereditary line of the Stuarts should become extinct in the person of the chevalier, and, consequently, they exercised their utmost influence and unceasing vigilance in preventing the accomplishment of an object which, on the other hand, the Jacobites had so warmly at heart. Under these circumstances the chevalier and his friends were compelled to have recourse to secret manœuvres to effect their object; and, eventually, Charles Wogan, an Irish gentleman of tact and ability[1] who had fought at Preston, was selected to conduct the delicate mission.

Wogan has himself left us an interesting account of his romantic adventure. In order to avoid suspicion, he adopted a circuitous route, paying leisurely visits at the small German courts which he passed by in his way to Silesia, where the princess was then residing with her father. To the princess herself Wogan first communicated the delicate secret with which he was entrusted. Alluding to her early and romantic fancy of being styled Queen of England by her

[1] Wogan was taken prisoner at Preston and committed to Newgate, from whence he contrived to effect his escape. He subsequently entered the service of the King of Spain, and became a valued correspondent of Swift.

young playfellows, "Hitherto," he said, "you have enjoyed only an imaginary title, but I am now come to offer you a real one." The princess, young and romantic, entered enthusiastically into the project; while her parents, dazzled with the prospect of their daughter ultimately ascending the throne of Great Britain, readily gave their consent to a union which was so consonant with their ambitious views. Accordingly, all the preliminaries having been settled, it was decided that the princess should be conducted at once to her future husband at Bologna, and that every possible precaution should be taken to ensure secrecy in order to deceive the vigilance of the agents of the English government.

Unfortunately, however, the princess and her attendants were so long in making the necessary preparations for the journey and subsequent nuptials, that the project was allowed to transpire, and speedily came to the knowledge of the English minister at Vienna. As it was of the first importance to the emperor at this period to keep on good terms with the English nation, in consequence of the support which their fleet afforded him in advancing his pretensions to Sicily, he readily listened to the representations and remonstrances which were made to him; accordingly, as the princess and her mother were passing through Innspruck, in the Tyrol, they were suddenly arrested and confined in a convent in that town.

"The memory," says Lord Mahon, "of John Sobieski, the heroic deliverer of Vienna, might have claimed more gratitude from the son of the prince whom he had saved."

The chevalier was at Bologna when he heard the news of the arrest of his intended bride. Satisfied that no efforts or remonstrances on his own part could obtain the liberation of the princess, he readily listened to a proposal made to him by Wogan of procuring the release of the princess by stratagem. Wogan, in the first instance, obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador in the name of Count Cernes and family, whom he represented to be on their return to Loretto from the Low Countries. He then returned to Innspruck under a false name, and with little difficulty contrived to enlist in his service a brother Irishman, one Major Misset, who belonged to a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. The whole plot was ably planned and successfully executed. Mrs. Misset, though far advanced in pregnancy and of a timid disposition, was prevailed upon to become the companion of the young princess during the long and difficult journey which was awaiting her; Major Misset and his wife were to personate the supposed Count and Countess Cernes; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the count, and the Princess Clementina for his sister. On the night appointed for the execution of the project relays of six horses each were stationed in readiness at the four

first stages from Innspruck, and lastly, — which was of primary importance, — one Chateaudeau, gentleman-usher to the Princess Sobieski, on some pretext obtained the permission of the porter of the convent to bring a female within its walls, and to conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. With this female — who was a servant of Mrs. Misset, a smart and intelligent girl — it was proposed that the princess should exchange clothes, and, under cover of night and with Chateaudeau for her escort, there was no reason to apprehend that the latter would be questioned in her egress from the cloister.

As soon as the project was ripe for execution, the means which were proposed for procuring her freedom were fully explained to the young princess, who appears to have embarked in the intrigue with all those feelings of joyful excitement so natural to her age. On the appointed night, she disguised herself in the hood and cloak of the young female who was to play her part. She then took an affectionate leave of her mother, and, after shedding some natural tears, was led by Chateaudeau to the gate of the convent, where he took leave of her with a voice sufficiently sonorous to apprise Wogan, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, that his charge was at hand.

Thus, on a cold and dark night, — which, if it served to secure her safe retreat, was rendered sufficiently miserable by a violent storm of snow

and hail, — the young and delicate princess resigned herself into the hands of strangers, with none of whom, with the exception of Wogan, had she ever had the slightest acquaintance. The story of her long and arduous journey from Innspruck to Bologna is dwelt upon at some length in the scarce tracts of the period. It presents, however, a mere dry detail of fatigue, fright, and privation, which the princess appears to have borne with a patience and courage beyond her years. At length, after having been exposed to wretched weather and worse roads, and with the prospect of being pursued and overtaken constantly present to their imaginations, the fugitives had the satisfaction of finding themselves safe in the Venetian territories; from whence, after a further journey of great fatigue, not unaccompanied with danger, they arrived on the 2d of May, 1719, at Bologna. James was at this period absent, on a secret expedition to Madrid. The marriage, accordingly, was performed by proxy in his absence, but was completed with all due solemnity immediately on his return. So eager is said to have been the young princess to behold her future husband, that it was only after much persuasion that she was prevented from joining him at Madrid.

In commemoration of the escape of his bride, the chevalier caused a medal to be struck, on which, on one side, was the portrait of the princess, with the words, Clementina, Queen of Great

Britain, France, and Ireland; and on the other, a female figure in a triumphal car, drawn by horses at full speed, with the inscription, "*Fortunam, causamque sequor;*" and beneath, "*Deceptis custodibus*, 1719." During the first stage of their union, the chevalier seems to have been charmed with the personal beauty and good sense of his young wife; and among other proofs of the admiration with which he regarded her, he speaks of her, in a letter to General Dillon at Paris, as combining the loveliness of seventeen with the sound sense and discrimination of thirty. He soon, however, relapsed into his old habits, and mutual disagreements and recriminations were the natural consequence; the princess complained of her husband's infidelity, and the chevalier retorted, by accusing her of attempting to establish an undue influence over his counsels, and creating dissensions in his domestic establishment. "The account was generally credited," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "that the queen was jealous of an amour 'twixt the king and Lady Inverness; who, with her husband (who was the king's favourite and premier minister), treated the queen so insolently that she could not bear it, and was obliged to retire."

Enterprising and fond of power, the queen, it appears, sought to establish a party for herself in the little court of her husband, by which means she trusted to succeed to that influence over his

thoughts and actions which was at present exercised by her dreaded and detested rivals, Lord and Lady Inverness. Failing in this object, instead of realising those dreams of happiness and power which she had pictured to herself in her own country, she had the mortification of finding herself, on her first arrival at Bologna, an object of dislike and suspicion to a circle of intriguing courtiers, and latterly a mere cipher in the small court of which her high spirit, her insinuating manners, and many agreeable qualities certainly entitled her to be the mistress.

In consequence of the misery which was thus entailed upon her, the princess, about the end of the year 1725, withdrew herself from her husband's roof, and took up her temporary abode in a convent. To her sister she writes immediately afterward: "Mr. Hay[1] and his lady are the cause that I am retired into a convent. I received your letter in their behalf, and returned you an answer, only to do you a pleasure, and to oblige the king; but it all has been to no purpose, for, instead of making them my friends, all the civilities I have shown them have only served to render them the more insolent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such an extremity, and I am in such a cruel situation, that I had rather suffer death than live in the king's palace with persons that have no religion,

[1] Lord Inverness.

honour, nor conscience, and who, not content with having been the authors of so fatal a separation between the king and me, are continually teasing him every day to part with his best friends and his most faithful subjects. This at length determined me to retire into a convent, there to spend the rest of my days in lamenting my misfortunes, after having been fretted, for six years together, by the most mortifying indignities and affronts that can be imagined. I desire you to make my compliments to the Bishop of Ambrun, and to tell him from me, that, as I take him to be my friend, I doubt not but he will do me justice on this occasion. He is very sensible that they were strong and pressing reasons that determined me to take so strong a resolution, and he has been a witness of the retired life I always led; and you, my dear sister, ought to have the same charity for me. But whatever happens, I assure you that I should rather choose to be silent under censure than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the king, for whom I always had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a sincere and respectful affection."

For some time James resisted every effort which was made for effecting a reconciliation with his princess. "I shall always," he writes, "be ready to forgive the queen, whenever she will live with me as a wife ought to do; yet I would not

purchase even my restoration at the price of being her slave." Under ordinary circumstances, he would probably have displayed but little concern at their separation. The remonstrances, however, which he received from his friends in Great Britain, who foresaw the prejudicial consequences which must accrue to his cause by the publication of his domestic differences, and lastly, the efforts of the Pope, who threatened him with the discontinuance of the pension which he enjoyed from the Papal See, had at length the effect of inducing him to listen to reason, and with some difficulty a cold and formal reconciliation was effected between the princess and himself.

From this period there is little of importance or interest in the life of the unfortunate Clementina. A zeal for popery seems to have been the only quality which she shared in common with her husband. Disappointed in her reasonable expectations of enjoying domestic happiness, and a constant prey to ill health and to the bitterest feelings of jealousy and disappointment, this once fascinating, beautiful, and high-spirited woman resigned herself to a life of seclusion, varied only by a devout practice of the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church. Keysler observes of her when she was in her fifty-fifth year: "The princess is too pale and thin to be thought handsome; her frequent misfortunes have brought her very low, so that she seldom stirs abroad, unless

to visit a convent. She allows her servants no gold or silver lace on their liveries: this proceeds from what is called her piety; but it is partly owing to her ill health, and partly to the jealousy, inconstancy, and other ill qualities of her husband." The death of the Princess Clementina took place on the 18th of January, 1765, in the sixty-fourth year of her age.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES RADCLIFFE, EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

His Birth and Early Connections — How Related to the Stuarts — Joins the Insurgents — His Arrest, Trial, and Defence — His Sentence and Death — Question as to His Place of Burial Determined.

THIS amiable and unfortunate young nobleman, who deserved a better fate than to fall by the hands of the common executioner, was born on the 28th of June, 1691, and succeeded his father, Francis, the second earl, in April, 1705. At the period when he embarked in the insurrection of 1715, Lord Derwentwater was only in his twenty-fifth year. The husband of a fair bride, and the father of a young family; beloved for his amiable qualities, and respected for his high sense of honour; exercising with grace and hospitality the powerful influence which his family possessed in the North of England; courted by his equals, and idolised by the poor; there were few of the unfortunate partisans of the Stuarts who were greater sufferers by their allegiance to that ill-fated house than the young Earl of Derwentwater. Certainly, in the page of modern history, we shall find but

James, Earl of Derwentwater.

Photo-etching after the painting by Kneller.

few individuals who have made greater sacrifices to their principles, and but few who have been more beloved in their lifetime, or more lamented in their death. "Lord Derwentwater," says his associate, the Rev. Robert Patten, "was formed by nature to be universally beloved, for his benevolence was so unbounded that he seemed only to live for others. He resided among his own people, spent his estate among them, and continually did them kindnesses. His hospitality was princely, and none in that country came up to it. He was very charitable to the poor, whether known to him or not, and whether papists or Protestants. His fate was a misfortune to many who had no kindness for the cause in which he died." Smollett also has awarded a passing encomium to the memory of Lord Derwentwater, which deserves to be his epitaph. "He was an amiable youth," he says; "brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane; his fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived; he gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate; the poor, the widow, and the orphan rejoiced in his bounty."

In embarking in the insurrection of 1715, Lord Derwentwater had the twofold inducement of being a Roman Catholic, and of being closely connected by blood with the Stuarts; his mother, Mary Tudor, the late countess, being the natural daughter of Charles the Second, by Mary Davis, one of

the most charming actresses and beautiful women of her day. The unfortunate lord was consequently first cousin to the chevalier. The motives which induced him to join the fatal enterprise seem to have been those of generous impulse rather than of premeditation. In his speech before the House of Lords, when called up for judgment, he says, "I beg leave to observe, that I was wholly unprovided with men, horses, arms, and other necessaries, which in my situation I could not have wanted had I been privy to any formed design; as my offence was sudden, so my submission was early."

The amount of Lord Derwentwater's offence, and the grounds on which the government were led to entertain suspicions of his loyalty, it is now impossible to ascertain. It is only certain that, on the eve of the insurrection, the secretary of state signed a warrant for his arrest, and a messenger was sent down to Durham to seize his person. On being apprised of his danger, Lord Derwentwater immediately repaired to the nearest magistrate, and insisted on being made acquainted with the nature of the charges which had been brought against him; but the functionary was either too ignorant of the facts of the case, or perhaps too wary, to give him the required information. On quitting the presence of the magistrate, the first step taken by Lord Derwentwater was certainly not that of a man who had nothing to fear from

the hands of his enemies or of the law. He immediately concealed himself in a cottage occupied by one of his tenants, where he continued till he had obtained satisfactory information that Forster, the member for Northumberland, had determined on taking up arms in behalf of the chevalier, when he proceeded to arm and mount his own tenantry, at the head of whom he marched to Greenrig, which had been named as the place of rendezvous for those who had embarked their fortunes in the cause of the Stuarts.

It is perhaps remarkable that little more than a month should have elapsed, comprising a campaign in Scotland, and another in England, from the day on which the popular and gifted Derwentwater first appeared in arms at the head of a gallant band, and that on which he found himself a proscribed criminal within the walls of a prison. On the 6th of October he joined the insurgent force at Greenrig; on the 13th of November he fell into the hands of the government at the memorable surrender of the Jacobite forces at Preston; and on the 9th of December he found himself a prisoner in the Tower. Having been previously submitted to a brief examination before the Privy Council on the 10th of January, 1716, he was formally impeached of high treason, by the Commons of Great Britain, and was brought with the usual formalities to the bar of the House of Lords. An interval of nine days was allowed to him, as

well as to the unfortunate noblemen who were his companions in adversity, to put in their several answers. Accordingly, on the 19th of the month, they were brought from the Tower to the bar of the court in Westminster Hall, and amidst a scene almost unexampled for grandeur and affecting solemnity, severally pleaded guilty to the articles of their impeachment. On the 9th of February, Lord Derwentwater, with his ill-fated friends, the Earls of Nithsdale and Carnwath, and Lords Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn, were again brought to the bar in Westminster Hall to receive sentence; the only alteration in the ceremony being the slight but significant one, that the edge instead of the back of the axe was turned toward them. When asked by the lord high steward if they had anything to advance why judgment should not be pronounced upon them, they severally dwelt on their own rashness and inconsiderateness in committing the offence for which they were doomed to suffer, at the same time invoking his Majesty's pardon and mercy, which they insisted had been promised them when they surrendered at Preston; finally they invoked the intercession of the assembled Houses of Lords and Commons, declaring that, if the royal clemency should be graciously extended to them, their gratitude to his Majesty would be unceasing, and that they would continue his most dutiful and devoted subjects to the end of their lives. "The terrors

of your lordships' just sentence," said Lord Derwentwater, "which at once deprives me of my life and estate, and completes the misfortunes of my wife and innocent children, are so heavy upon my mind that I am scarce able to allege what may extenuate my offence, if anything can do it. I have confessed myself guilty; but, my lords, that guilt was rashly incurred, without any premeditation."

The lord steward, in the reply which he made to the speeches of the insurgent lords, answered at some length the arguments which they had advanced in extenuation of their guilt. "And now, my lords," he solemnly concluded, "nothing remains but that I pronounce upon you (and sorry am I that it falls to my lot to do it) that terrible sentence, the same that is usually given against the meanest offender in like circumstances. The most ignominious and painful part of it is usually remitted, through the clemency of the Crown, to persons of your quality; but the law, in this case being blind to all distinctions of persons, requires I should pronounce the sentence adjudged by this court, which is that you, James, Earl of Derwentwater, William, Lord Widdrington, William, Earl of Nithsdale, Robert, Earl of Carnwath, William, Viscount Kenmure, William, Lord Nairn, and every one of you, return to the prison of the Tower from which you came; thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when there you

must be hanged by the neck, not till you be dead, for you must be cut down alive, then your bowels taken out and burned before your faces. Your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided into four quarters, to be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls."

Frequent and powerful intercession was made by the friends of the convicted noblemen to obtain their pardon. The young Countess of Derwentwater — a prey to the deepest affliction, and distracted by the idea of their speedy separation, and the terrible contemplation of his violent and bloody death — put into practice every expedient which could be devised by an agonised and devoted wife to save the life of her ill-fated lord. Her youth, and the romantic peculiarity of her misfortunes, excited a general commiseration on her behalf. A few days after the condemnation of her husband, — accompanied by her sister, as well as by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other ladies of high rank, — she was introduced, by the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, into the king's bedchamber, where she passionately but vainly prayed for mercy for her unfortunate husband. She subsequently repaired to the lobby of the House of Lords, accompanied by the weeping ladies of the other condemned lords, and implored the intercession of the House, while at the same time formal petitions were laid before both

Houses of Parliament. The Commons refused to listen to their suit, but in the House of Lords commiseration for the distressed prevailed over the stern dictates of policy. In spite of the violent opposition of Lord Townshend, who insisted that the petitions ought not to be read, it was agreed, on the 22d of February, that an address should be carried to the throne, praying that his Majesty would reprieve such of the condemned lords as might appear to him deserving of clemency.

To this petition the king replied, that "on this, and all other occasions, he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people." The address, however, had, to a certain degree, the desired effect; for three of the condemned lords were reprieved till the 7th of March, with a view to their subsequent pardon; but unfortunately it was not thought expedient to include Lord Derwentwater among the number. Even his near relative, the Duke of Richmond,[1] who had consented to deliver his petition for mercy to the House of Lords, observed, on presenting it, that though he had been induced to become an agent on the occasion, he should feel it his duty to declare himself opposed to a compliance with the prayer of the memorialist.

On the day following that on which the address

[1] The Duke of Richmond was the son, and the Earl of Derwentwater the grandson, of Charles the Second.

for clemency was presented by the House of Lords, orders were issued in council for the reprieve of Lords Widdrington, Carnwath, and Nairn; and at the same time warrants were signed for the immediate execution of the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, and Lord Kenmure.

Lord Derwentwater — the young, the hospitable, the generous, and humane — suffered on the 24th of February, 1716. On the afternoon which preceded the day of his execution, he sent for one Roome, an undertaker, in order that the latter might receive the necessary directions for his interment. Among other orders which he gave on the mournful occasion, it is said that he desired an inscription to be engraved on his coffin-plate, intimating that he had died in the cause of his lawful and legitimate sovereign. The undertaker, however, is stated to have refused to obey an order which would have compromised his own loyalty, and accordingly Lord Derwentwater gave no further directions in regard to his interment. After decapitation, his body was carried back in a cloth by his own domestics to the Tower.

About ten o'clock on the morning of his execution, Lord Derwentwater was brought in a coach from the Tower to the transport office on Tower Hill. After remaining there for a short time, he was led through an avenue of soldiers to the scaffold, which was erected directly opposite, and was

entirely covered with black. As he ascended the fatal steps he was observed to turn pale, but his voice remained firm, and he preserved his natural and easy composure. After passing about a quarter of an hour in prayer, he advanced to the rails of the scaffold, and, with the permission of the sheriff, read aloud to the multitude a paper which he had drawn up. In this document he eulogised the Chevalier de St. George, and expressed his deep concern at having pleaded guilty at his trial, whereby he had admitted the authority by which he was sentenced. The country, he said, would always be exposed to distractions and disturbances, till they should have restored King James the Third, whom alone he acknowledged as his lawful sovereign, and for whom he died a willing sacrifice. He concluded, however, by saying that, had his life been spared, he should have felt himself bound in honour to live in peaceful obedience to the reigning monarch.

Having finished reading, he delivered the paper to the sheriff, and a copy of it to a friend. He then closely examined the block, and finding on it a rough place, he desired the executioner to chip it off with his axe, lest it might hurt his neck. This being done, he took off his coat and waistcoat, telling the executioner that he would find something in the pockets which would reward him for his trouble. Then, having first of all lain down and fitted his neck to the block, he repeated

a short prayer, the executioner kneeling by him, and asking his forgiveness. He told the latter that the sign which he should give him to do his office would be by repeating three times the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," and stretching out his arms. He then once more fitted his head to the block, and having given the appointed signal, the executioner performed his office at a single blow, and immediately holding up the head to the spectators exclaimed, "Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!" One of the servants of the unfortunate nobleman covered up his head in a clean handkerchief, while the rest, having wrapped up the body in a black cloth, conveyed it to the Tower. Lord Derwentwater lived and died a Roman Catholic.

By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir John Webb, Bart., Lord Derwentwater was the father of two sons, who died young, and of one daughter, Mary, who married Robert James, eighth Lord Petre, and from whom the present Lord Petre is lineally descended. At the death of Lord Derwentwater, his brother, Charles Radcliffe, who subsequently suffered for his share in the insurrection of 1745, assumed the forfeited title. He married Charlotte Maria, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, and from their union descended the late and last Earl of Newburgh, who died in 1814. The magnificent estates of the Radcliffes in Northumberland and Cumberland were settled upon Greenwich

Hospital, and continue among the few forfeitures which have not been restored by the house of Hanover to the descendants of the "rebel lords."

A question has often been raised as to the burial-place of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. The fact, however, seems to be now proved beyond a doubt, that his remains were interred, in the first instance, in the Church of St. Giles's in the Fields; from whence, agreeably with a wish expressed by him in his last moments, they were privately removed by his friends and reinterred in the family vault of his ancestors at Dilston Hall, in the North of England. The mournful procession is said to have moved only by night, resting during the day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, where the funeral services of that church were daily performed over the body.

"A little porch," writes Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, "before the farmhouse of Whitesmocks, is still pointed out as the exact spot where the earl's corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part remains. In 180– the coffin which contained the earl's remains was, from curiosity or accident, broken open; and the body, easily recognised by the suture around the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith,

and sold for half-a-crown apiece, till the trustees, or their agents, ordered the vault to be closed again. The aurora borealis, which appeared remarkably bright on the night of the unfortunate earl's execution, is still known in the north by the name of "Lord Derwentwater's lights."

The fate of the young and unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater gave birth to the following verses, which are among the most plaintive and touching of the Jacobite melodies.

LORD DERWENTWATER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

"Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

"No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn gray;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day.
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

"And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.

Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill, thou counsell'dst me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

"And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
The last time I mounted thee.
This warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

"Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die;
Oh, carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie!
Then chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers;
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

"And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet."

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, EARL OF NITHSDALE.

His Connection with the Insurgents — His Committal to the Tower — Escapes in Female Disguise — Lady Nithsdale's Account of His Escape.

WILLIAM, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, was one of the last individuals either of influence or high rank who joined the standard of the Chevalier de St. George in 1715. He fell into the hands of the government at the surrender of the insurgent force at Preston, and, having been sent a prisoner to London, was forthwith committed to the Tower. On the 10th of January, 1716, he was impeached by the Commons of Great Britain, and on the 23d he was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall to undergo his trial for high treason. He pleaded guilty of the offence with which he was charged, and on the 9th of February was again conducted to Westminster Hall to receive judgment. When asked by the lord high steward why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he insisted that he had never been a systematic plotter against his Majesty's person or

government; that he had been privy to no previous plot or design to restore the Stuarts; that he was one of the last who joined the insurgent standard, and then without premeditation, and accompanied only by four of his servants. Further, he insisted that, on his surrendering himself at Preston, he had been led to believe that his life would be spared; and he concluded by saying that, if the royal clemency were extended toward him, he would remain the faithful and devoted servant of his Majesty during the rest of his days.

Great but unavailing intercession — originating principally in the affectionate and unwearying devotion of his young countess, a daughter of the Marquis of Powys — was made in all quarters to save the life of Lord Nithsdale. Every effort, however, proving fruitless, and the warrant for his execution having been actually signed, Lady Nithsdale, at the hazard of her own life, determined, if possible, to accomplish by stratagem the escape of her unfortunate lord. The warrant for his execution was signed on the 22d of February, and the terrible sentence was ordered to be carried into effect on the 24th. In the interim, Lord Nithsdale, with the assistance of his devoted wife, contrived, as is well known, to escape from the Tower in female disguise. Lady Nithsdale, in a letter to her sister, Lady Traquair, has herself left us an account of the particulars of her husband's flight,

in the following narrative, which, for unaffected simplicity of style, for graphic description, and as affording a beautiful illustration of female heroism, can scarcely be read without exciting deep interest, and, indeed, is deserving of being bound in the same volume with Lady Fanshawe's exquisite personal memoirs.

"DEAR SISTER: — My lord's escape is now such an old story, that I have almost forgotten it; but, since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recall it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can.

"My lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would at least be serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would answer no purpose; but as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the king's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the king was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower), because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me; and we three

remained in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue-ribands, who attended his Majesty, took me around the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment.

"Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged, for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my

refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design. However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of him.

"By the help of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. However, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

"On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords; the purport of which was, to entreat the lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented; for the Duke of St. Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point failed in his word. However, as she was the only English countess concerned, it was incumbent on her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the duke still promised to present the petition; but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by one or the other. I then went, in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to

me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his interest in our behalf. The subject of the debate was whether the king had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament; and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it passed in the affirmative. However, one of the lords stood up and said that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

"As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that, if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might sus-

pect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but, in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, so she was to lend hers to my lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to

them, had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences.

"On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down-stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers, to disguise his hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch

as they usually had been; and the more, as they were persuaded from what I had told them the day before that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Every one in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived it was growing dark and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading

him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most afflicted and piteous tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodgings, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted my lord to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she

returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security they conducted him to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had enough time to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered

myself that I should bring favourable news. Then before I shut the door I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I then went down-stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand; I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mrs. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition in case my attempt had failed.

"Her Grace of Montrose said she would go to court to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well secured.[1]

"When I left the duchess I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was.

[1] It has been related of George the First, that when informed of Lord Nithsdale's escape, he remarked dryly, but good-naturedly, that it was "the best thing that a man in his situation could have done." The genuineness, however, of the anecdote is rendered somewhat questionable by Lady Nithsdale's statement.

She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one very small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted upon this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short that the captain threw out a reflection that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking

it to be really the case. Mr. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master."

Shortly after his arrival in France Lord Nithsdale was joined by his heroic wife. Being both of them Roman Catholics, they took up their abode in Rome, where they continued to reside till the death of the earl on the 20th of March, 1744. His family honours had been extinguished by his attainder; but fortunately, in consequence of precautions which he had taken some years before embarking in the insurrection of 1715, his estates were allowed to descend to his son, John, Lord Maxwell.[1] Lady Nithsdale survived her husband five years, dying also at Rome, in 1749.

[1] "His lordship had disposed his estate to his son, Lord Maxwell, 28th of November, 1712, reserving his own life-rent. It was finally determined by the House of Lords, 21st of January, 1723, that only his life-rent of his estate was forfeited."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIMON, LORD LOVAT.

His Early Attachment to the House of Stuart — Assumes the Title and Claims the Estates of the Deceased Lord Lovat — His Daughter Institutes Legal Proceedings against Her Relative — Lord Lovat's Stratagem to Make Her His Wife Frustrated — His Atrocious Marriage with Her Mother — Warrant Issued for His Arrest — Sets the Government at Defiance — His Flight to the Court of the Pretender — Returns to Scotland as the Accredited Agent of the Stuarts — Arrested by the French King for Treachery — Enters into Holy Orders to Effect His Release — Joins the Society of Jesuits — Returns to Scotland and Joins the Adherents of the House of Hanover — Obtains Undisputed Possession of His Titles for His Reward — Joins the Insurgents after the Battle of Preston — His Arrest after the Battle of Culloden — His Trial and Execution.

THIS extraordinary man, who crowned a youth of violence and dissipation with an old age of avarice, treachery, and mean cunning, was the eldest son of Thomas Fraser, of Beaufort, by Sybilla Macleod, daughter of the chief of that powerful clan. He was born in 1668.

Inheriting from his forefathers an ardent attachment to the house of Stuart, we have his own statement that at the early age of thirteen years he suffered imprisonment for his exertions in their

Lord Lovat.
Photo-etching from a rare old print by Aliamet.

SIMON LORD LOVAT.
Hamet fecit

cause, and three years afterward we find him engaged in the insurrection fomented by General Buchan with the object of restoring the exiled family. Not long afterward he obtained a commission in Lord Tullibardine's regiment, and in 1692, on the death of his kinsman, Hugh, Lord Lovat, assumed the title and claimed the estates of the deceased lord, of whom he was the nearest male heir.

The late Lord Lovat had left an only daughter, Amelia, whose claims to the possessions and title of her father received the powerful support of her uncle, the Marquis of Athol, and, accordingly, with the aid of his influence and advice, she entered into a legal contest with her young kinsman for the succession. The delays, however, and technicalities of the law accorded but ill with the violent and headstrong character of the Highland chieftain, and, accordingly, he resolved on obtaining a much speedier accomplishment of his purpose by a forcible union with his fair opponent, by which means he hoped to amalgamate her claims to the chieftainship and to the family estate with his own. The young lady, it seems, was on the eve of marriage with the son of Lord Saltoun, and the negotiations were drawn so nearly to a close that the young bridegroom was actually on his way with his father to the country of the Frasers in order to complete the alliance. They had nearly reached their destination when they were suddenly seized

upon by Lord Lovat at the head of a large body of his clan, and, being hurried to the foot of a gibbet, were compelled by the fear of instant death to renounce for ever their claims to the hand of the heiress of Lovat. In the meantime the young lady had the good fortune to effect her escape. The lawless Highlander, however, imagining that by a marriage with the dowager Lady Lovat instead of her daughter he should secure by means of her large jointure a legal interest in the estate, determined on another atrocious and abominable act. His proposed victim was a sister of the Marquis of Athol, then the most powerful nobleman in Scotland. Heedless of consequences, he seized her, with a few of the most daring of his retainers, in her own house; and having in the first instance compelled a Roman Catholic priest to read the marriage ceremony between them, he actually cut open her stays with his dirk, and, with the assistance of his followers, tore off her clothes and forced her to bed. It may be mentioned, as a fit sequel to this act of lawless brutality, that the marriage was consummated in the presence of his retainers, while the bagpipes played in the next apartment to smother her screams.

For this daring act of outrage, as also on account of the intrigues in which he had long been engaged in the cause of the Stuarts, Lord Lovat was cited to appear on a certain day before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and a war-

rant was issued for his arrest. Confiding, however, in his own resources — in the fidelity of his Highland retainers — and in the peculiar means of defence presented by the wild and rugged district over which he ruled, he determined on setting the government at defiance. Letters of fire and sword were now issued against him and his clan, and a large detachment of the king's forces, backed by a numerous body of the Marquis of Athol's powerful clan, were marched into the Fraser territory. For a time they were gallantly and successfully resisted by Lord Lovat and his adherents, and several warm skirmishes took place between the opposing parties. At length, however, his enemies proving too powerful for him, Lord Lovat was compelled to fly the kingdom. He now repaired to the court of the exiled family at St. Germains, where he ingratiated himself so much with the widow of James the Second, as well as with the French monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, that it was decided on sending him back to the Highlands as an accredited agent to induce the chieftains to revolt, the French court supplying him with a considerable sum of money, to assist in defraying the expenses of the projected insurrection, and also granting him a commission, conferring on him the rank of major-general.

Daring and dissimulation constituted the two principal ingredients in the character of this extraordinary man. Though still plotting against

the government of William the Third, he so far found means to justify himself as to obtain a pardon for his former acts of treason, although his conviction for the violence to Lady Lovat still remained in force. Notwithstanding that this latter offence was punishable with death, he had the hardihood on his return from the Highlands not only to visit Edinburgh, but in passing through London on his return to France he actually obtained an interview with the Duke of Queensberry, the royal commissioner and representative of Queen Anne in Scotland, to whom he betrayed all the secrets of the exiled court. Nevertheless, he had the audacity to return to his employers in France, but his double treachery being unexpectedly discovered, the French king committed him, on the 4th of August, 1704, to the castle of Angoulême. and subsequently to the Bastile.

During the three years that Lord Lovat remained a prisoner of state he seems to have principally exercised his restless mind and crafty genius in hatching fresh treasons and anticipating new adventures. At an early period of his negotiations with the exiled court of St. Germains — with the view of ingratiating himself with Louis the Fourteenth and Mary of Modena — he had declared himself a convert to the Romish faith. This step he improved while a prisoner in the Bastile by taking holy orders, and having principally by this means obtained his release, this singular being

actually enrolled himself among a society of Jesuits, whom he had not only address enough to deceive by an assumption of superior holiness, but for a time actually did duty as curé at St. Omer.

The hope, however, of obtaining his pardon from the English government, the ambition of securing to himself the chieftainship of the Fraser clan and of the Lovat estate, as well as the prospect of employment and adventure, — so much more congenial to his tastes, — had never been obliterated from the restless mind of the desperate outlaw, and were revived in full force by the first tidings which he received of the Earl of Mar having raised his standard in 1715. Accordingly, he immediately repaired to Scotland, where, says Sir Walter Scott, "his appearance was like one of those portentous sea-monsters whose gambols announce the storm." The part which he took on this occasion was such as might have been anticipated from the consummate and unblushing profligacy which had hitherto distinguished every act of his life. He immediately enlisted himself beneath the standard of the house of Hanover. The object of his early ambition or love, the heiress of Lovat, had united herself to Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who, acting as chief of his wife's clan, had summoned the Frasers to arms, and had arrayed them in the ranks of the Chevalier de St. George. The Frasers almost to a man were devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, but such was the implicit obedience which they

considered due to the male representative of their ancient chieftains, that Lord Lovat's commands were no sooner communicated to them than they withdrew themselves from the camp of the Earl of Mar and returned to their own country. As the desertion of this powerful clan took place on the eve of the battle of Sheriffmuir, there can be no doubt that Lord Lovat performed a valuable service for the house of Hanover, which he improved shortly afterward by the measures which he adopted for preventing Inverness falling into the hands of the Jacobites. He was rewarded for these services with the command of a Highland regiment, and also, it is said, with a considerable sum of money, besides being allowed to assume unquestioned the title of Lovat, and to establish himself peaceably in the chieftainship of his clan.

From this period, till the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, Lord Lovat continued to reside principally among his own people in the Highlands. Some years, however, after the affair of 1715, the son of Mackenzie of Fraserdale commenced two different suits against him in the law-courts of Edinburgh for the recovery of the Lovat title and Fraser estates. The former was decided in favour of Lord Lovat, while in the latter case a compromise took place between the opposing parties, by which, on payment of a certain sum of money, Lord Lovat was confirmed in the undisputed possession of the property, and

in all the rights and immunities of chieftain of his clan. After his return from France in 1715, he was twice married; first, in 1717, to a daughter of the Laird of Grant, by whom he had two sons and two daughters; and secondly to a lady of the name of Campbell, a relation of the powerful family of Argyll, whose friendship it was supposed he calculated on securing when he contracted the marriage. Failing in this desired object, he vented his resentment on his unfortunate wife by confining her in one of his turrets at Castle Downie, where she pined for a considerable time, stinted even in the common necessaries of wholesome food and decent raiment. It was entirely owing to the affectionate fearlessness of a female relative of Lady Lovat, who by tact and stratagem obtained access to her privacy, that her relations were made acquainted with the circumstances of her unhappy situation, and effected her emancipation. She obtained a separation from her brutal lord, and survived him many years.

Sir Walter Scott has drawn a curious picture of the mode of living at Castle Downie, and of the manner in which Lord Lovat exercised the patriarchal power which he inherited from his forefathers. "His hospitality," says Sir Walter, "was exuberant, yet was regulated by means which savoured much of a paltry economy. His table was filled with Frasers, all of whom he called his cousins, but took care that the fare with which

they were regaled was adapted, not to the supposed equality, but to the actual importance of his guests. Thus the claret did not pass below a particular mark on the table; those who sat beneath that limit had some cheaper liquor, which had also its bounds of circulation; and the clansmen at the extremity of the board were served with single ale. Still it was drunk at the table of their chief, and that made amends for all. Lovat had a Lowland estate, where he fleeced his tenants without mercy, for the sake of maintaining his Highland military retainers. He was a master of the Highland character, and knew how to avail himself of its peculiarities. He knew every one whom it was convenient for him to caress; had been acquainted with his father; remembered the feats of his ancestors, and was profuse in his complimentary expressions of praise and fondness. If a man of substance offended Lovat, or, which was the same thing, if he possessed a troublesome claim against him, and was determined to enforce it, one would have thought that all the plagues of Egypt had been denounced against the obnoxious individual. His house was burnt, his flocks driven off, his cattle houghed; and if the perpetrators of such outrages were secured, the jail of Inverness was never strong enough to detain them till punishment. They always broke prison. With persons of low rank, less ceremony was used; and it was not uncommon for witnesses to

appear against them for some imaginary crime, for which Lord Lovat's victims suffered the punishment of transportation."

Enjoying the favour of the government, and having accomplished every legitimate object which he ought to have had in view, it might have been supposed that this extraordinary man — so lately a proscribed and penniless adventurer — would have sat down satisfied with his good fortune, instead of again embarking in the whirlpool of rebellion, or in the crooked policy of dissimulation and intrigue. On the contrary, we find him a second time an apostate to his cause, and plotting heart and soul against the government which had showered on him the many benefits which he so little deserved. His character was rendered still more despicable by the life of low and disgusting sensuality which he notoriously led, and which presents a picture so degradingly profligate as almost to be unequalled in the annals of vice.

At the time when Prince Charles landed in the Highlands of Scotland, Lord Lovat was verging toward his eightieth year. There can be no doubt that his secret prepossessions were in favour of the cause of the Stuarts, for not only did he imagine himself to have been neglected by the reigning family, but it was the cause for which, in his earliest childhood, he had been taught to believe that no sacrifice could be too great, and for which his forefathers had so often shed their

dearest blood. It was natural, too, that the veteran chieftain, who had himself been so distinguished in his youth for a love of daring and adventure, should have sympathised with the fortunes of a young and gallant prince, who, having landed in the wild Hebrides with only seven followers, had made his way to the capital of Scotland, and, collecting a devoted army in his triumphant progress, was now holding his gay court in the ancient palace of his forefathers.

But where self-interest or aggrandisement were concerned, it was not in the nature of Lord Lovat to be in the slightest degree biassed either by the calls of duty or the impulse of romance. His great object was to side with and gain credit from the victorious party, and consequently, wavering between his hopes and fears, his duplicity led him, at one and the same time, to correspond with the agents of Prince Charles and of the government, and to express himself the devoted servant of both. In addition to other curious evidence which has already appeared in print, in regard to the vacillating and ambiguous policy of Lord Lovat at this period, I am enabled to lay before the reader the following unpublished letter addressed by him to the Lord Advocate Craigie, in which he not only professes the warmest feelings of devotion toward the house of Hanover, but has the confidence to demand a supply of arms and accoutrements with which he promises

to array his powerful clan, and to send them forth against "the mad and unaccountable gentleman" who had dared to raise his standard and set the government at defiance. It is scarcely necessary to remark that, had the English government complied with his demand, those very arms would have been turned against themselves.

LORD LOVAT TO THE LORD ADVOCATE CRAIGIE.

"BEAUFORT, August 24, 1745.

"MY LORD:—I received the honour of your most obliging and kind letter, for which I give your lordship a thousand thanks. Your lordship judges right, when you believe that no hardship or ill usage that I meet with can alter or diminish my zeal and attachment for his Majesty's person and government. I am as ready (as far as I am able) to serve the king as I was in the year 1715, when I had the good fortune to serve the king in suppressing that great rebellion, more than any one of my rank in the island of Britain.

"But my clan and I have been so neglected these many years past that I have not twelve stand of arms in my country, though, I thank God, I could bring twelve hundred good men to the field for the king's service, if I had arms and other accoutrements for them. Therefore, my good lord, I earnestly entreat that, as you wish that I would do good service to the government on this critical occasion, you may order immediately a thousand

stand of arms to be delivered to me and my clan at Inverness, and then your lordship shall see that I will exert myself for the king's service. Although I am infirm myself these three or four months past, yet I have very pretty gentlemen of my family, that will lead my clan wherever I bid them for the king's service; and if we do not get those arms immediately, we will certainly be undone, for those mad men that are in arms with the pretended Prince of Wales threaten every day to burn and destroy my country, if we do not rise in arms and join them; so that my people cry out horridly that they have no arms to defend themselves, nor no protection nor support from the government.

"I earnestly entreat that your lordship may consider seriously on this, for it will be an essential and singular loss to the government if my clan and kindred be destroyed, who possess the centre of the Highlands of Scotland, and the countries most proper by their situation to serve the king and government.

"As to my son, my lord, that you are so good as to mention, he is very young, and just done with his colleges at St. Andrew's, under the care of a relation of yours, Mr. Thomas Craigie, professor of Hebrew, who, truly, I think one of the prettiest and most complete gentlemen that ever I conversed with in any country, and I think myself most happy that my son has been under

his tutory. He assures me that he never saw a youth that pleased him more than my eldest son. He says that he is a very good scholar, and has the best genius for learning of any he has seen; and it is by Mr. Thomas Craigie's positive advice, which he will tell you when you see him, that I send my son immediately to Utrecht, and other places abroad, to complete his education. But I have many a one of his family now fitter to command than he is at his tender age, and I do assure your lordship that they will behave well if they are supported as they ought to be by the government, and I hope your lordship will procure that support for them.

"I hear that mad and unaccountable gentleman has set up a standard at a place called Glenfinnan, Monday last. This place is the inlet from Moidart to Lochabar, and I hear of none that have joined them as yet, but the Camerons and Mac-Donalds, — and they are in such a remote corner that nobody can know their number, or what they are doing, except those that are with them.

"I humbly beg to have the honour to hear from your lordship in return to this; and I am, with all the esteem and respect imaginable, my dear lord, etc. LOVAT."

At length the victory obtained by Charles at Preston decided the wavering mind of Lord Lovat; indeed, so overjoyed was he at receiving the unex-

pected tidings, that, forgetting for a moment his usual consummate cunning, he descended into his courtyard at Castle Downie, flung his hat on the ground, and drank "success to the White Rose, and confusion to the White Horse and all its adherents." But with the return of his allegiance to the house of Stuart, the crafty old traitor forgot not for a moment the hazard which he ran by arraying his clan against the government; and, accordingly, steering a middle and dastardly course, he sent forth his son, the young master of Lovat, at the head of seven or eight hundred of his followers, while he himself remained quietly at home, inveighing to the government against the disobedience of his son, who, he impudently affirms, had armed his clan against his express orders and to his infinite distress. To the lord president he writes, on the 20th of October: "I do solemnly declare to your lordship, that nothing ever vexed my soul so much as the resolution of my son to go and join the prince." And again he writes, on the 30th: "Am I, my lord, the first man that has had an undutiful son? Or am I the first man that has made a good estate, and saw it destroyed in his own time by the foolish actings of an unnatural son, who prefers his own extravagant fancies to the solid advice of an affectionate old father? I have seen instances of this in my own time, but I never heard till now that the foolishness of a son would take away the liberty

and life of a father that was an honest man, and well inclined to the rest of mankind. But I find the longer a man lives, the more wonders and extraordinary things he sees."

Such is the language of Lord Lovat when speaking of his gallant son, whose life and fortunes he so wantonly exposed to save his own. It is well known, however, that it was only in consequence of the threats and urgent entreaties of his unnatural father that the young Master Lovat, then a student in the University of St. Andrew's in his nineteenth year, was induced to join the standard of the chevalier. Four years after the suppression of the insurrection, he received a full and free pardon, and subsequently entered the British army, in which he attained a high rank. This amiable and high-minded officer died in battle in the American War of Independence.

In consequence of the dilatory policy of Lord Lovat, it was not till the chevalier entered England that he was joined by the Frasers. During the triumphant march of the insurgents to Derby, the wily chieftain continued to flatter himself that his darling hopes were on the eve of accomplishment, and, should the worst happen to his heir and his clan, that he had at least secured to himself the safe possession of his life and his estates. The result, however, of the fatal battle of Culloden decided his fate. One of the first acts of the Duke of Cumberland after the action

was to send a body of troops to Beaufort Castle, the neighbouring seat of Lord Lovat, who not only pillaged and burned his castle, but laid waste his lands, and carried off with them for the use of the army all the cattle and provisions which they could find in the district. From the top of a neighbouring mountain, the miserable old man is said to have witnessed the destruction of his property, and the flames that ravaged the home of his forefathers.

Satisfied that, if he should fall into the hands of his enemies, his life would be the next sacrifice, Lord Lovat, accompanied by about sixty of his followers, endeavoured to effect his escape to a seaport town, where he hoped to find a vessel to convey him to France. The path which he chose was through one of the wildest districts of Invernesshire; but he had proceeded no great distance, when he was overtaken by a troop of the royal cavalry, who discovered him wrapped in a blanket, and hid in the hollow of an old tree, which grew on a little island in the middle of a lake. As he was too old and unwieldy either to ride or walk,[1]

[1] As early as the year 1731, we find him complaining of his increasing infirmities. To Mr. John Forbes he writes: "I am much indisposed since I saw you at your own house; many marks appear to show the tabernacle is failing; the teeth are gone; and now the cold has seized my head, that I am almost deaf with a pain in my ears. These are so many sounds of trumpet that call me to another world, for which you and I are hardly well prepared; but I have a sort of advantage of you, for

the soldiers constructed a kind of litter, resembling a cage, in which they carried him to the headquarters of the army at Fort Augustus;[1] from whence he was sent by sea to London, to be at the disposal of the government. On the 15th of August, 1746, he arrived at the Tower, in an open landau, drawn by six horses. As he drew near to the gloomy portal of that memorable fortress, — and when his eye caught the scaffolds which were being erected for the convenience of those who proposed to witness the approaching executions of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock, — his self-possession for a moment deserted him. "Ah," he exclaimed, as he glanced on the long and mournful preparations, "such in a few days will be my unhappy fate." He soon, however, recovered his composure, and on being brought into the Tower observed, "Were I not so old and infirm, you would find it difficult to keep me here." Some one answering that they had kept much younger prisoners, "True," he said,

if I can but die with a little of my old French belief, I shall get the legions of saints to pray for me; while you will only get a number of drunken fellows, and the innkeepers and tapister lasses of Inverness, and Mr. McBean, that holy man!"

[1] "Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing that old rebel, Lord Lovat, with his two aides-de-camp, and about sixty of his clan, brought in here prisoners. He is seventy-eight years of age, has a fine comely head to grace Temple Bar, and his body is so large that I imagine the doors of the Tower must be altered to get him in. He can neither walk nor ride, and was brought in here in a horse-litter, or rather a cage, as hardened as ever."

"but they were inexperienced, and have not broke so many gaols as I have."

Lord Lovat was impeached by the House of Commons on the 11th of December, 1746, and was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall on the 8th of March, 1747. During his trial, which lasted seven days, his behaviour was marked by a strange mixture of courage, levity, and low humour. On the first day, in Westminster Hall, observing the celebrated Henry Pelham at some distance, he beckoned him toward him. "Is it worth while," he said, "to make all this fuss to take off the gray head of a man of fourscore years old?" The same day we find him flying into a violent passion with one of his Highland retainers who had been brought as a witness against him; and on another day, when asked by the lord high steward if he had anything to say to Sir Everard Falkener, who had just been examined, "No," he replied, "but that I am his humble servant, and wish him joy of his young wife." To Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, he observed, "*Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guères.*" "The two last days," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villainy, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck."

During the trial Lord Lovat endeavoured to avail himself of those arts of dissimulation and low cunning for which he had been distinguished from his youth. The evidence against him, however, was far too clear for either talent or artifice to set it aside. A great number of letters were produced which had been addressed by him to the exiled court; John Murray, of Broughton, secretary to the young chevalier, and even some of his own domestics, appeared as witnesses against him, and accordingly, notwithstanding his great age, and an eloquent speech which he addressed to his peers, he was condemned to death with the usual formalities. He listened to the solemn sentence, not only with composure, but with levity; and on being removed from the bar exclaimed, "Farewell, my lords, we shall never all meet again in the same place." There is a story still prevalent in Scotland, that when on his way to the Tower after his condemnation, an old woman thrust her head into the window of the coach which conveyed him, and exclaimed, "You d—d old rascal, I begin to think you'll be hung at last." "You d—d old ——," is said to have been the reply, "I begin to think I shall."

On the night before his execution, one of the warders expressing his regret that the morrow should be "such a bad day with his lordship," "Bad!" replied Lord Lovat; "for what? do you think I am afraid of an axe? It is a debt we must

all pay, and better in this way than by a lingering disease." The same night he is said to have ate a hearty supper, and the following morning, having dressed himself with considerable care, he sat down to breakfast with the lieutenant of the Tower and a few of his own friends, with whom he conversed with his usual cheerfulness and ease. "It would have been better," he said, "to have sentenced me to be hanged, for my neck is so short and bent that the executioner will be sure to strike me on the shoulders." On being brought to the house on Tower Hill which had been prepared for his reception, he partook of a small piece of bread and some wine; on which occasion the remarkable steadiness with which he conveyed the latter to his mouth is said to have attracted particular observation. Shortly afterward, attended by a Roman Catholic priest, he proceeded to the scaffold, his great age and infirmities requiring the aid of two warders to assist him in ascending the steps. On mounting the fatal stage, he glanced around on the vast multitude which had collected to witness his execution. "God save us!" he said, with a sneer; "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old gray head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants?"

In the case of Lord Lovat, certainly "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," nor was there ever a stronger example of the truth of

the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well. Notwithstanding his many vices and the exceeding infamy of his character, this extraordinary man quitted the world with a dignity and composure which would have done credit to an ancient Roman. There was nothing of bravado in his demeanour; nothing of levity or false taste in the unembarrassed cheerfulness with which he spoke of his approaching fate, and gazed on the frightful apparatus. "He died," says Walpole, "extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behaviour was natural and intrepid." Smollett also observes, "From the last scene of his life, one would have concluded that he had approved himself a patriot from his youth, and had never deviated from the paths of virtue." On mounting the scaffold, he called for the executioner, to whom he presented ten guineas, and, after slightly jesting with him on his occupation, felt the edge of the axe, and told him he should be very angry with him if he should hack or mangle his shoulders. Having spent some time at his devotions, he quietly laid down his head on the block, and, after a very brief delay, gave the sign for the executioner to strike; repeating, almost with his latest breath, the beautiful line of Horace, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" The executioner severed his head from his body at a single blow.

Lord Lovat — "the last of the martyrs," as he

was styled by his own party — was executed on the 7th of April, 1747, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. No coronach was performed over the grave of the powerful chieftain, and the manner of his funeral was far different from that which he sketched in a very eloquent passage in one of his letters to the Lord President Forbes. "I am resolved," he writes, "to live a peaceable subject in my own house, and do nothing against the king or government; but if I am attacked by the king's guards, with his captain-general at their head, I will defend myself as long as I have breath in me; and if I am killed here, 'tis not far from my burial-place; and I shall have, after I am dead, what I always wished, — the coronach of all the women in my country to convey my body to my grave; and that was my ambition, when I was in my happiest situation in the world." His remains were interred with so many others of the illustrious and headless dead, in St. Peter's Church, in the Tower.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM GORDON, VISCOUNT KENMURE.

Account of the Family of Gordon, Viscount Kenmure — Lord Kenmure's Disinterested Conduct in Espousing the Cause of the Stuarts — Taken Prisoner at Preston — His Trial and Execution.

WILLIAM GORDON, Viscount Kenmure, the representative of an ancient race, and descended from the celebrated Adam de Gordon who fell at Halidon Hill, was already advanced in life when he engaged in the insurrection of 1715. Virtuous, amiable, and resolute; respected for his sound sense and religious principles, and beloved for the charity and hospitality which he dispensed among his neighbours; enjoying an ample estate, and surrounded by attached friends and relatives, — Lord Kenmure, in taking up arms in the cause of the Stuarts, could have been influenced by no other motive than a strong and conscientious sense of duty.

The circumstance of the gallant and unfortunate Kenmure joining the standard of the chevalier gave rise to one of the most spirited of the Jacobite songs:

"Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmure's on and awa';
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band;
There is no heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

"There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.
For Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
For Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are mettle true,
And that their faes shall ken.

"They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live and die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound of victorie
May Kenmure's lads come hame.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

"His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red;
When she his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadlie feud.
Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
Here's him that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I love best,
The rose that's like the snaw."

Lord Kenmure joined the insurgents at Moffat on the 12th of October, 1715, and fell into the hands of the government at the surrender of the Jacobite forces at Preston. At his trial in Westminster Hall, he pleaded guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and, on being asked by the lord high steward why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he addressed a speech to the House, which was principally remarkable for its brevity. "My lords," he said, "I am truly sensible of my crime, and want words to express my repentance. God knows I never had any personal prejudice against his Majesty, nor was I ever accessory to any previous design against him. I humbly beg my noble peers and the honourable House of Commons to intercede with the king for mercy to me, that I may live to show myself the dutifullest of his subjects, and be the means to keep my wife and four small children from starving; the thoughts of which, with my crime, make me the most unfortunate of gentlemen."

The greatest exertions were made to save the life of Lord Kenmure, but to no purpose. He suffered on the 24th of February, 1716, on the same day and on the same scaffold as Lord Derwentwater. His behaviour to the last was calm, resolute, and resigned. Lord Derwentwater having been first executed, and his body removed from the scaffold, Lord Kenmure mounted the fatal stage with great firmness, attended by his

son, a few friends, and two clergymen of the Church of England. "I had so little thoughts," he said, "of suffering so soon, that I did not provide myself with a suit of black, that I might have died with more decency; for which I am very sorry." He said but little on the scaffold, but advancing to one side of it, he knelt down to prayers, in which he was joined by several of the bystanders. Being asked if he had anything to say, he answered briefly in the negative. He made no speech on the occasion declaratory of his principles, but he was heard to pray audibly for the prince in whose cause he suffered. On the day also preceding his death, he had addressed a letter to a friend, in which he disavowed the false principles which he had professed in his speech before the House of Lords, expressing his devotion to the Chevalier de St. George, whom he acknowledged as his legitimate sovereign, and adding that he died, as he had ever lived, in the profession of the Protestant religion.

Having concluded his devotions, Lord Kenmure divested himself of his coat and waistcoat without betraying the least emotion, and having in the first instance laid down to try the block, he again rose up, and putting his hand in his pocket, presented the executioner with some money. "I shall give you no sign," he said, "but when I have lain down, you may do your work as you will." He then knelt down again, and, having passed a few moments

in inward devotion, he clasped his arms around the block and fitted his neck to it; the executioner. seeing his time, raised his axe, and with two blows severed his head from his body. After the head fell, the hands were still found clinging firmly around the block. The head as well as the body was placed in a coffin which was on the scaffold, and was then carried away in a hearse, which was stationed in readiness to perform the mournful service.

Of the fate of the remaining individuals of rank and influence, who figured in the insurrection of 1715, a passing notice is rendered necessary.

The personal history of the DUKE OF ORMOND, after the failure of his attempt to effect a rising in the West of England in 1715, presents, with the exception of the striking moral which it affords of fallen greatness, but few features of any interest. After his return to France, we find him engaged for some years in the various intrigues which were set on foot for the restoration of the Stuarts. "Having embraced that fatal measure," says Archdeacon Coxe, "he was too honest and zealous to act like Bolingbroke, and obtain a pardon by sacrificing his new master, or by entering into a compromise with his prosecutors." At length time and repeated disappointments seem to have convinced the Duke of Ormond of the fruitlessness of originating or embarking in fresh intrigues. Neg-

lected and almost forgotten, he spent the last twenty years of his long life chiefly in a melancholy retirement at Avignon, subsisting on a small pension allowed him by the court of Spain. Such was the closing career of this once powerful and magnificent nobleman, who had been the favourite alike of the phlegmatic William and of the gentle Anne; who had been Viceroy of Ireland and Chancellor of the University of Oxford; who, in his youth had distinguished himself at Luxembourg, Sedgemoor, Landen, and the Boyne; who had been one of the principal promoters of the great revolution of 1688; who had received the thanks of parliament for destroying the Spanish galleons in the harbour of Vigo in 1702; who had succeeded the great Duke of Marlborough in command of the British army in Flanders; and who, lastly, had once been so idolised by the people of England, that "Ormond and High Church" had been the watchwords of tumult and insurrection throughout the land. The Duke of Ormond died on the 16th of November, 1745. His remains were brought to England, and were interred in the family vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, on the 22d of May, 1746.

THE EARL OF MAR, after the suppression of the insurrection of 1715, had the good fortune to save his head by embarking from Montrose in the same vessel with the Chevalier de St. George, by

which means he made good his retreat to France. He conducted the affairs of the chevalier till the beginning of the year 1721, when he lost his master's confidence, and retired into private life. "The unfortunate earl," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a man of fine taste; and in devising modes of improving Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, was more fortunate than he had been in schemes for the alteration of her government. He gave the first hints for several of the modern improvements of the city." By his attainder in 1715, Lord Mar lost his titles and estates. George the First, however, confirmed to his countess — Lady Frances Pierrepont, sister of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu — the jointure on her husband's forfeited estates, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlements. Lord Mar, who had been secretary of state under Queen Anne, died an exile at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

George Keith, Earl Marischal, after the dispersion of the Jacobite forces, contrived to effect his escape to France, and after undergoing the various vicissitudes of an exile's life, entered the civil service of the King of Prussia, by whom he was both honoured and beloved, and, on different occasions, was employed as ambassador extraordinary to the courts of France, and Spain. He was rewarded by the Prussian monarch for his diplomatic services with the insignia of the Black

Eagle, and in his old age had the easy appointment conferred on him of governor of the little state of Neufchatel. Mackay says of Earl Marischal in middle age: "He is very wild, inconstant, and passionate; does everything by starts; hath abundance of flashy wit; and, by reason of his quality, had good interest in the country. He is a thorough libertine, yet sets up mightily for Episcopacy; a hard drinker; a thin body; a middle stature; ambitious of popularity; and is forty-five years old." This picture, which can scarcely be regarded as a pleasing one, is widely different from that which Rousseau draws of Earl Marischal in his "Confessions," when the latter was in the evening of life. "He used," says Rousseau, "to call me his child, and I called him my father. When first I beheld this venerable man, my first feeling was to grieve over his sunken and wasted frame; but when I raised my eyes on his noble features, so full of fire, and so expressive of truth, I was struck with admiration. Though a wise man, my Lord Marischal is not without defects. With the most penetrating glance, with the nicest judgment, with the deepest knowledge of mankind, he yet is sometimes misled by prejudices, and can never be disabused of them. There is something strange and wayward in his turn of mind. He appears to forget the persons he sees every day, and remembers them at the moment when they least expect it; his attentions appear unseasonable, and his

presents capricious. He gives or sends away on the spur of the moment whatever strikes his fancy, whether of value or whether a trifle. A young Genevese, who wished to enter the service of the King of Prussia, being one day introduced to him, my lord gave him, instead of a letter, a small satchel full of peas, which he desired him to deliver to his Majesty. On receiving this singular recommendation, the king immediately granted a commission to the bearer. These high intellects have between them a secret language which common minds can never understand. Such little eccentricities, like the caprices of a pretty woman, rendered the society of my Lord Marischal only the more interesting, and never warped in his mind either the feelings or the duties of friendship." Earl Marischal, having obtained his pardon from the English government, paid a visit to England in 1750, but after the absence of only a few months, he returned to Berlin, where he died in 1751. The celebrated Marshal Keith (who also fought in the ranks of the Stuarts at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and who closed a long life of glory at the unfortunate battle of Hochkirchen in 1758) was the younger brother of Earl Marischal.

ROBERT DALZIEL, EARL OF CARNWATH, is described by Patten as a nobleman distinguished by his affability to his inferiors, by his sweetness of temper, and the ease and facility with which he

delivered himself in conversation. Though a devoted adherent of the Stuarts, he was nevertheless a sincere believer in the Protestant faith. He surrendered himself at Preston, and, having pleaded guilty to the crime of high treason at his trial in Westminster Hall, he was sentenced to be executed. With some difficulty his life was spared, and after having been respited from time to time, he was at length released from prison by the Act of Grace in 1717. The world seems to have been of opinion that the unfortunate nobleman had purchased a prolonged existence at the expense of his honour. Deprived by his attainder of his honours and estates, he is said to have worn out his life in an unenviable retirement, alike avoided by his friends and despised by his enemies. His position was the more pitiable, inasmuch as he was the father of numerous children, to whom he is said to have been tenderly attached, and whom his imprudence had reduced to a state of comparative poverty. Lord Carnwath died about the year 1726.

GEORGE SETON, EARL OF WINTOUN, who was also sentenced to death for his share in the insurrection, is said to have been partially affected with insanity. If such, however, was the case, it was scarcely reconcilable either with his conduct during a very trying period, with the ingenuity which he displayed in conducting his defence, or with the cleverness with which he subsequently effected his

escape from the Tower. At the period when he engaged in the insurrection he was only in his twenty-fifth year. Previous to this period, among other eccentricities, he had lived for a long time as a bellows-blower and assistant to a blacksmith in France, without holding the slightest communication with his family of friends, — a mode of existence which, during the campaign of 1715, enabled him to amuse his associates with many curious stories of his wanderings and his adventures in low life. Unlike his companions in misfortune, he declined appealing to the throne for mercy, and stubbornly refused to sanction any appeal made to the government on his behalf. Partly by inducing his attendants to connive at his escape, and partly by the ingenuity with which he contrived to saw the bars of his prison, he effected his escape from the Tower, and subsequently found means to reach the Continent. "He ended his motley life at Rome," says Sir Walter Scott, "and with him terminated the long and illustrious line of Seton, whose male descendants have, by intermarriage, come to represent the great houses of Gordon, Aboyne, and Eglinton." Lord Wintoun died in 1749, at the age of fifty-nine. His estates were forfeited by his attainder, and have since passed through several hands.

WILLIAM WIDDRINGTON, LORD WIDDRINGTON, was descended from an ancient family in North-

umberland, and was great-grandson of that Lord Widdrington who fell gallantly in the cause of Charles the First at Wigan Lane, and whom Lord Clarendon has immortalised as "one of the most goodly persons of that age." Of his great-grandson, however, Patten has left us a far less favourable account. "I never," he says, "could discover anything like boldness or bravery in him." Lord Widdrington was taken prisoner at Preston; he pleaded guilty to the indictment charging him with high treason, and, together with his two brothers, who had also been engaged in the insurrection, was sentenced to death on the 7th of July, 1716. The next year he was discharged from prison under the Act of Grace, but his honours and estate remained forfeited by his attainder. Lord Widdrington died at Bath, in comparative poverty, in 1743.

WILLIAM MURRAY, LORD NAIRN, although the father of twelve children, and with every inducement to remain a peaceful citizen under the existing government, was nevertheless rash enough to risk his life and fortune in the fatal enterprise of 1715. He resisted the importunities of his wife, who earnestly conjured him to remain at home, and on parting from her at the head of his followers to join the standard of the chevalier, he observed, playfully, "I hope shortly to see you a countess." Lord Nairn distinguished himself on

several occasions during the insurrection by his personal gallantry, but falling into the hands of the government, he was hurried to London, and when impeached for high treason, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death. When asked why judgment should not be passed on him, he pleaded the cause of his wife and twelve children, and threw himself entirely on the king's mercy. There seems at first to have been no intention to remit his sentence. A petition which he addressed to the king was thought undeserving of an answer, and when Lady Nairn, in an agony of grief and suspense, threw herself at his Majesty's feet as he passed through the royal apartments at St. James's, he is said to have repulsed her with a rough and positive refusal. The boon, however, which was refused to the wife, was granted to more powerful intercession; and Lord Nairn, shorn of his honours and estate, received, in the first instance, a respite, and was subsequently released. During the remainder of his life, he is said to have unceasingly regretted having been false to his principles, and to have constantly charged himself with meanness and cowardice in suing for mercy to a prince whom his conscience assured him was a usurper.

THOMAS FORSTER, Esq., who was entrusted by the chevalier with the command of the insurgent forces in England, was member of Parliament for the county of Northumberland, and a person of

considerable influence in the North of England. As regards his qualifications as a general, or even as a daring adventurer, it is sufficient to remark that he possessed neither the experience, the judgment, nor the energy to enable him to fill with credit the dangerous post which was assigned to him. After his surrender at Preston, he was led on horseback to London with his associates in misfortune, each prisoner having a trooper riding beside him, who guided his horse with a halter. "On reaching Barnet," says Mr. Forster's chaplain, the Rev. Robert Patten, "we were all pinioned, more for distinction than pain." To the last, Forster appears to have flattered himself with the pleasing conviction that he and his companions in adversity would be rescued by a Tory mob. These hopes, however, were destined to be miserably disappointed. On his approach to London, the news reached him that three of his Jacobite associates had been executed the day before, and that "their quarters were then in a box hard by, in order to be set upon the gates." "This," says Patten, "spoiled his stomach, so that he could not eat with his then unhappy companions." On his arrival in London he was committed to Newgate, from whence, by means of false keys, he contrived to effect his escape on the 10th of April, three days before his intended trial. Relays of horses had previously been stationed in readiness for him in the direction of the coast, by which means he

reached the town of Rochford in Essex, where a vessel was waiting for him, which conveyed him to France. His death took place at Paris about the year 1734.

Of the persons of inferior rank who fell into the hands of the government, about five hundred were committed to Chester Castle, and many more were confined at Liverpool and Carlisle.[1] Of these individuals, about a thousand petitioned for transportation; a great number were tried and found guilty, but twenty-two only were executed in Lancashire, and four or five were hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, according to their sentence. Among the latter was the Rev. William Paul, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who, on the scaffold, exhorted the people to return to their allegiance to their rightful sovereign, King George, at the same time professing himself a true and sincere member of the Church of England, but opposed to the revolution-schismatic church, whose bishops

[1] Bishop Nicholson writes to Archbishop Wake, from Carlisle, Sept. 13, 1716: "The castle, where the prisoners are lodged, is a moist and unwholesome place; and our garrison is so thin that the commandant is forced, for security, to crowd them all into three rooms. Then the greatest part of them sleep upon bare straw. For though they are generally desirous and sufficiently able to hire beds, the townsmen are loath to let their goods be carried into a place where they are sure to rot. In this miserable state have most of these mad creatures been for four or five days past; several roaring in fits of the gout or gravel. Nor can I see any appearance of their being relieved. These complaints are very uneasy to me."

had abandoned their king, and shamefully given up their ecclesiastical rights, by submitting to the unlawful, invalid, lay deprivations authorised by the Prince of Orange.

In addition to the executions already enumerated, four officers, Major Nairn, Captain Philip Lockhart, brother of Lockhart of Carnwath, Captain Shafto, and Ensign Dalziel, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, were tried by court martial as deserters, and shot. Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, escaped from Newgate on the 11th of December, 1715; and on the 10th of May, Brigadier MacIntosh, Robert Hepburn of Keith, and thirteen others, also contrived to effect their escape. Having found means to rid themselves of their irons, they crept down-stairs at eleven o'clock at night, and concealed themselves close to the door of the jail, where they remained till it was opened to admit a servant, when they knocked down the jailer and rushed into the street. A few of the party, not knowing whither to betake themselves, were afterward recaptured.[1] "If we consider the object of the rebels," says Lord John

[1] "Robert Hepburn of Keith," says Sir Walter Scott, "had pinioned the arms of the turnkey by an effort of strength, and effected his escape into the open street without pursuit. But he was at a loss whither to fly, or where to find a friendly place of refuge. His wife and family were, he knew, in London; but how, in that great city, was he to discover them, especially as they most probably were residing there under feigned names? While he was agitated by this uncertainty, and fearful of making

Russell, "the blood which they spilt in their enterprise, and the necessity of securing the kingdom by some examples of severity from further disturbance, we shall probably be of opinion that as much mercy was shown as was consistent with the safety of the established government and the vindication of the rights of the people."

In Scotland, the partisans of the Chevalier de St. George were more fortunate than their brethren in arms who surrendered at Preston. We have already seen that the Earl Marischal, the Earls of Mar and Melfort, and Lord Drummond had contrived to escape to the Continent. The same good fortune attended the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earls of Southesk and Seaforth, Lord Tynemouth, Sir Donald MacDonald, and others of the Highland chieftains. After skulking for some time in the mountains, the majority of them passed to Skye, Lewis, and other of the Western Isles, where they remained concealed till they obtained vessels to carry them to France.

the least inquiry, even had he known in what words to express it, he saw at a window in the street an ancient piece of plate, called the Keith Tankard, which had long belonged to his family. He immediately conceived that his wife and children must be inhabitants of the lodgings, and entering without asking questions, was received in their arms. They knew of his purpose of escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they might afford him immediate refuge; but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well-known flagon where it might, by good fortune, catch his eye. He escaped to France."

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Birth and Youthful History of the Prince — Serves under Noailles at Dettingen — Hopes and Expectations of the Jacobites from His Character — Joins the Expedition under Marshal Saxe — Dispersion of the French Fleet, and Disappointment of the Prince's Hopes — His Letter to His Father on the Eve of His Departure for Scotland.

CHARLES EDWARD LOUIS PHILIP CASIMIR STUART, commonly called "The Young Pretender," was the eldest son of Prince James Frederick, by Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince Sobieski, eldest son of John, King of Poland. He was born at Rome on the 20th of December, 1720, and continued to reside principally in the papal dominions, till the day on which he departed on his memorable expedition into Scotland. Of the history of his childhood but little is known. It is certain, however, that at a very early age he gave high promise of future excellence, and that the reports which continued to reach England of his enterprising character and generous disposition were such as to revive the most sanguine expectations among the adherents of the Stuarts, and

to excite a corresponding degree of apprehension in the minds of the English ministry.

Charles was only in his fifteenth year when he was sent by his father to serve under the celebrated Duke of Berwick at the siege of Gaeta. His conduct during the siege, his contempt of danger, and the quickness and intelligence with which he learned the duties of a soldier, procured him the highest encomiums from all quarters. On the 7th of August, 1734, the Duke of Berwick writes from Gaeta to the Duke of Fitzjames: "Just on the prince's arrival, I conducted him to the trenches, where he showed not the least surprise at the enemy's fire, even when the balls were hissing about his ears. I was relieved the following day from the trenches, and as the house I lodged in was very much exposed, the enemy discharged, at once, five pieces of cannon against it, which made me move my quarters. The prince, arriving a moment after, would, at any rate, go into the house, though I did all I could to dissuade him from it, by representing to him the danger he was exposing himself to; yet he stayed in it a very considerable time, with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with the cannon-balls. In a word, this prince discovers that in great princes, whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait the number of years. I am now — blessed be God for it! — rid of all my uneasiness, and joyfully indulge

myself in the pleasure of seeing the prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching. We set out for Naples in a day or two, where I am pretty certain his Royal Highness will charm the Neapolitans as much as he has done our troops." From such a person as the Duke of Berwick this was indeed valuable praise. Charles continued to serve under the duke, till the lamented death of the latter, a few months afterward, at the siege of Philipsburg.

Peace having been concluded between France and the Empire in the following year, Charles had no other opportunity of distinguishing himself in arms till the breaking out of the war between England and France in 1743, when he joined the French army under the Duc de Noailles. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, which was fought in that year; on which occasion he is said to have highly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry, being one of the foremost to charge the enemy, and one of the last to retreat.

It has been asserted that the education of the young prince was purposely neglected by his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, whom the English government found means to retain in their pay. This may possibly have been one of those deep-laid schemes of Sir Robert Walpole, one of those acts of watchful policy and careful foresight, by which he preserved the sovereignty of these

realms to the house of Hanover, at the period when it was constantly threatened with destruction from foreign intrigues and domestic discontent. A similar story is related of the boyhood of William the Third, for whom the celebrated pensionary, John De Witt, is said to have provided a tutor of mean abilities, in order to depress and keep in the background the intellectual energies of the future champion of Protestantism and liberty in Europe. Probably, however, neither in the case of William the Third, nor in that of Prince Charles Edward, had the story much foundation in fact.

Owing to the supineness of the Chevalier de St. George, commonly called the Old Pretender, and to his increasing age and infirmities, the English and Scottish Jacobites had long ceased to expect the immediate realisation of their darling hopes in the restoration of the house of Stuart to the throne of these kingdoms. As the young prince, however, progressed toward manhood, these hopes were once more enthusiastically revived; and about the year 1740, secret associations had begun to be formed among persons of rank and influence in the Highlands, who waited only for the certainty of succour from France or Spain, and the appearance of the young prince on their shores, to rush into open insurrection, and to devote their lives and fortunes to the cause of their legitimate sovereign.

To imaginations, indeed, less heated with feelings of deep and devotional loyalty than those of the Highland chieftains, the time appeared to be far from distant when the grandson of Charles the First might be anointed on the throne of his ancestors at Westminster, or hold his peaceful levees at St. James's or Whitehall.[1] The signs of the times (at that particular period, at least, when Charles received his famous invitation from the court of France to join the force under Marshal Saxe, intended for the invasion of England) certainly held out a fair promise of success. An influential portion of the English nobility and gentry, at the head of whom was the premier duke, the Duke of Norfolk, were known to be thoroughly disgusted with the reigning dynasty, and, though reluctant to risk their lives and fortunes without a tolerable certainty of success, were nevertheless secretly prepossessed in favour of the Stuarts. The great majority of the Highland chieftains were enthusiastically devoted to

[1] Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver bright,
That glanced with splendour day and night,—
With rich perfume
In every room,
That did delight that princely train,—
These again shall be,
When the time we see,
That the king shall enjoy his own again.
—*Jacobite Song.*

their cause; several of the most influential of the Lowland gentry were known to be well-inclined toward the exiled family, while Ireland was certain to embark in a cause of which the watchwords were papal supremacy and legitimate right.

There were many other circumstances which tended to arouse the dormant hopes and expectations of the Jacobites. England was at this period engaged in a war with Spain, and it was anticipated, with good reason, that France also would speedily be numbered among her enemies. The elevation of Cardinal de Tencin to the supreme power in France; the well-known enterprising character of that ambitious churchman; his regard for the members of the exiled family, and more especially the personal obligation which he was under to the Chevalier de St. George, whose interest had advanced him to the purple, rendered it far from improbable that he would plunge his country into a war with her hereditary enemy, in which case he could scarcely fail to take advantage of the divided state of public opinion in England, and, by adopting the cause of the Stuarts, have seized a favourable opportunity of making a descent upon her shores. George the Second, moreover, was at this period in the zenith of his unpopularity, and not only did there prevail throughout England a vast amount of distress and misery, which was ingeniously exaggerated by party writers, but the undue preference which had

long been shown, both by the king and his father, to the interests of their native and petty electorate over those of England, had long excited universal indignation and disgust. "No Hanoverian king!" had become the frequent toast, not only of the Jacobites, but of many who had formerly been well affected toward the existing government; and the very term of "Hanoverian" is said to have become a byword of insult and reproach.

It was at this crisis that, in the summer of 1743, Prince Charles, then in his twenty-fourth year, received a secret invitation from the court of France to join the expedition under the famous Marshal Saxe, which was intended for the invasion of England. Never, perhaps, was such an invitation offered to one so peculiarly situated, and never, under any circumstances, perhaps, was it more cordially accepted. Warmed with the generous enthusiasm of youth, and embarking in what he believed to be a rightful and a righteous cause, he panted to set his foot on the land of his ancestors, and, by his own sword and his own energies, to replace his father on a throne which had been the heirloom of his family for many hundred years, and of which all the laws of legitimacy assured him that they had been wrongfully deprived. The child of circumstance and of education, he could be expected to acknowledge neither the principles nor the laws which had deprived him of, and still excluded him from, his patrimony.

From infancy he had been sedulously taught to regard the reigning sovereign, George the Second, as the usurper of his father's throne, and he could scarcely regard as otherwise than false, mischievous, and heretical those civil and religious principles which had deprived his family of their birthright and driven them into exile. Educated in the most exalted notions of the royal prerogative, firmly and conscientiously convinced of the righteousness of his own cause, accustomed from his infancy to listen to arguments of sweet and poisonous fallacy, we cannot attribute it to him as a crime that he should have fearlessly and gallantly embarked in a cause which he firmly and devoutly believed to be one of religion and of right.

When we remember, indeed, the circumstances of his education, — that he had been confided to the charge of priests and bigots, and, moreover, that he had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to the enervating pleasures and habits of a soft and luxurious climate, — we can only wonder that there should have been generated in such a quarter those powers of endurance, and that spirit to act, those kindly and generous feelings, and those clear and excellent abilities, which distinguished the gallant and warm-hearted prince in the early period of his career, and which were displayed by him under circumstances of difficulty and danger, such as it has been the lot of few besides himself to encounter. Lord Mahon,

speaking of the cloud which overshadowed the prince's character in later years, observes: "But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745! Not such was the gallant prince, full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom around his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Selkirk! Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood! Not such was he whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone preëminent, even amongst Highland chiefs, while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him, the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance, and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood."

On the 9th day of January, 1744, the prince took an affectionate leave of his father, and departed secretly from Rome with the intention of joining the expedition under Marshal Saxe. "I

trust, by the aid of God," were his parting words to his father, "that I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your Majesty's feet." The old chevalier seems to have been much affected at their separation. "Be careful of yourself," he replied, "my dear boy, for I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world!"

As the English government had received information of the prince's intended movements, and, moreover, as the King of Sardinia had given orders on land, and Admiral Mathews had received directions at sea, to intercept his person, it was necessary that his departure from Rome should be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Having been furnished with the necessary passports by Cardinal Aquaviva, he gave out that he was proceeding on a hunting expedition, and, having subsequently disguised himself as a Spanish courier, he travelled post, attended only by one servant, through Tuscany and Genoa to Savona. Here he embarked on board a small ship, and, sailing boldly through the British fleet, arrived in safety at Antibes, whence he rode post to Paris.

After a short stay in the French capital, during which he was not even admitted to the royal presence, he set off in disguise for the coast of Picardy, and subsequently took up his abode at Gravelines, where, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, he resided in the strictest privacy during the summer of 1744, and where for the

first time the shores of England met his view. The time which he was compelled to pass at this place, expecting daily and anxiously the arrival of the French squadrons from Brest and Rochefort, seems to have been extremely irksome to the young adventurer. "The situation I am in," he writes to his father, "is very particular, for nobody knows where I am or what is become of me; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think that you would laugh very heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less!" And again he writes: "Everybody is wondering where the prince is; some put him in one place and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really, and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting."

The circumstances which led to the failure of the French expedition against England and to the consequent destruction of the prince's hopes may be related in a few words. Admiral Roquefeuille with the French fleet having sailed up the British Channel, and finding, on his arrival at Spithead, that there was no force to oppose him, had written in the most pressing manner to Marshal Saxe, who had assembled his troops at Dunkirk, urging him

to embark them immediately on board the transports, and at once make a descent on the shores of England. The advice was promptly followed by the marshal, who instantly hurried seven thousand men on board the first transports, and embarked himself with the prince on board his own ship. Another body of eight thousand men had orders to follow as speedily as possible; and, as the Isle of Thanet and the coast of Kent were at this period entirely unprotected by any naval or military force, the consternation which prevailed throughout England may be more readily imagined than described.

In the meantime Admiral Roquefeuille had proceeded off Dungeness, where he fell in with the British fleet under Sir John Norris. As the force under the command of this officer was vastly superior to that of the French, it was the policy as well as the duty of the English admiral to compel them to an immediate engagement, by which means he might have performed a most important service for his country at one of the most critical periods in her annals. For some reason, however, he chose to delay the attack till the next morning, when it was discovered that the French had wisely made their retreat toward their own shores. Fortunately, before they could reach their harbours in safety, they were overtaken by a violent tempest, from which they sustained great damage. The same storm also blowing directly

on Dunkirk, drove back the French transports with great violence toward their own coast, destroying some of them, and effecting incalculable injury to many of the others. A disaster so formidable in its effects was not to be easily remedied, and so disheartened were the French government that they determined on abandoning the expedition altogether. The French troops were drafted from Dunkirk, and Marshal Saxe appointed to the command of the army in Flanders.

The prince's mortification at these untoward circumstances may be readily imagined. Hope, however, never deserted him; and so confident was he in his own energies and in the affectionate devotedness of his adherents in Scotland, that he even seriously proposed to Earl Marischal to set sail there in a herring-boat and place himself at their head. Prevented by the strenuous opposition of the earl from putting this rash scheme into execution, he formed another of entering the French army and serving in its ranks, in which he was also thwarted by the kindly remonstrances of the earl, who very forcibly argued with him on the injury which he would entail on his cause in England by fighting against his own countrymen.

During the greater portion of the sixteen months which elapsed between the failure of the expedition under Marshal Saxe till the prince's actual departure for Scotland, Charles, by the advice of

his father, resided in the strictest retirement in the neighbourhood of Paris and in other parts of France. In one of his letters to his father, in June, 1744, he speaks of his seclusion as being that of a hermit; and again he writes to him on the 3d of January, 1745: "This I do not regret in the least as long as I think it of service to our cause; I would put myself in a tub like Diogenes, if necessary." His time appears to have been principally occupied in maturing his favourite scheme of making a descent on the Hghlands; in raising money for the purchase of arms and ammunition; in carrying on a correspondence with the principal Highland chieftains; and in addressing importunate but vain appeals to the French government to aid and abet him in the design he had in view. With the exception of some empty professions of good-will, and occasionally an insignificant sum to meet his personal necessities, he met with neither encouragement nor succour from the French court. Neither were the tidings which he received from his friends in the Highlands of a much more encouraging nature. They were ready, they assured him, in the event of a fair prospect of success, to risk their lives and fortunes in his cause; but they added that, unless he landed in Scotland accompanied with a force of six thousand troups and with at least ten thousand stand of arms, it would be useless and indeed fatal to make any attempt on his behalf. In their letters

to him the Highland chieftains, with the single exception of the young Duke of Perth, expressed their strong and decided opinion that he should abandon the enterprise till a more fitting opportunity; and they even stationed one of their own body, Murray of Broughton, on the Highland coast, in order to intercept the prince's progress, and to implore him to effect a timely retreat.

When we consider the cold treatment which Charles continued to experience from the French court, the apparent lukewarmness of his friends in Scotland, the great difficulty which he found in raising money, and the annoyance to which he was constantly subjected from the petty intrigues which divided his own immediate followers, we cannot but wonder that his spirit was not entirely broken, and that the enterprise was not abandoned by him in its very birth. To his father he writes on the 16th of January, 1745: "I own one must have a great stock of patience to bear all the ill-usage I have from the French court and the *tracasseries* of our own people. But my patience will never fail in either, there being no other part to take." He clung, indeed, to his early and fond conviction that he had only to raise his standard in the Highlands to ensure success to his cause, and that all that was wanting besides was a sufficient quantity of arms with which to array the devoted and hardy mountaineers. He writes to his father on the 7th of March: "I wish you

would pawn all my jewels, for on this side of the water I should wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be a better use for them; so that in an urgent necessity I may have a sum which may be of use to the cause." And again, after saying that he would pawn even his shirt for money, "It is but for such uses," he writes, "that I shall ever trouble you with requests for money; it will never be for plate or fine clothes, but for arms and ammunition or other things which tend to what I am come about to this country."

At length the war with France, which had nearly drained England of troops, and more especially the success which had attended the French arms at Fontenoy, fixed the determination of the prince, and he decided on setting out at once on his hazardous expedition. From one Waters, a banker at Paris, he had obtained a loan of 120,000 livres, with which he purchased twenty small field-pieces, 1,800 broadswords, 1,500 fusees, and an adequate quantity of powder, balls, and flints. He also carried with him a sum of money amounting to about four thousand louis d'ors. One Walsh, a merchant of Nantes, agreed to carry him over to Scotland in a fast brig of eighteen guns called the *Doutelle*, which he had fitted out to cruise against the British trade; and, moreover, though in an underhand and indirect manner, the French government assisted him with the escort

of the *Elizabeth*, a French ship of war mounting sixty-eight guns, whose ostensible instructions were to cruise on the coast of Scotland, but the captain of which, there can be no doubt, had been furnished with secret orders to assist the prince in his enterprise, so long as he was enabled to do so without compromising the French government.

On the 12th of June, 1745, twelve days before he embarked for Scotland, the prince addressed a remarkable letter to his father, a few extracts from which may not be unacceptable to the reader:

"I believe your Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me, to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have been, above six months ago, invited by our friends to go to Scotland, and to carry what money and arms I could conveniently get; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown, and them to their liberties.

"After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French court, had I not given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all

hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is: A horse that is to be sold, if spurred does not skip, or show some sign of life, nobody would come to have him even for nothing; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year '15; but the circumstances, indeed, are now very different, by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help.

"I have been obliged to steal off, without letting the King of France so much as suspect it; for which I make a proper excuse in my letter to him by saying it was a great mortification to me never to have been able to speak and open my heart to him; that this thing was of such a nature that it could not be communicated by any of the ministers or by writing, but to himself alone, in whom, after God Almighty, my resting lies, and that the least help would make my affair infallible.

"Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.

"Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagements to the French

court to pursue your cause. Now, if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my country, and make it happy; it being an indispensable duty on me, as far as it lies in my power. Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately; for I never intend to come back, and money, next to troops, will be of the greatest help to me.

"I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country; which will ever be the only view of,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."

These passages are not a little curious, as showing that Charles was the sole author of the expedition, and that it was undertaken entirely without the knowledge of his father. The prince was at this period residing at the Château de Navarre, a favourite seat of his illustrious ancestor, Henri Quatre, from whence he proceeded to Nantes, which had been fixed upon as the place of embarkation, and where he was to meet the few and faithful followers who were to share with him the

dangers of his romantic expedition. According to the interesting narrative of Æneas Macdonald, — "After the prince had settled everything for his subsequent undertaking, the gentlemen who were to accompany him in his voyage took different routes to Nantes, the place appointed to meet at, thereby the better to conceal their designs. During their residence there, they lodged in different parts of the town; and if they accidentally met in the street, or elsewhere, they took not the least notice of each other, nor seemed to be any way acquainted, if there was any person near enough to observe them. During this time, and whilst everything was preparing to set sail, the prince went to a seat of the Duke of Bouillon, and took some days' diversion in hunting, fishing, and shooting, — amusements he always delighted in, being at first obliged to it on account of his health. By this means he became inured to toil and labour, which enabled him to undergo the great fatigues and hardships he was afterward exposed unto." The individuals whose gallantry and personal devotion prompted them to accompany their young master on his almost desperate expedition were the Marquis of Tullibardine, who had been attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715, by which means he had been prevented from inheriting his father's title and estates as Duke of Athol; Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been the prince's tutor; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the

Spanish service; Mr. Kelly,[1] an English clergyman; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer in the service of France; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; and Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, and younger brother of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart. "A most extraordinary band of followers," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "when we consider the daring enterprise on which they were entering, which was no less than that of attempting to wrest the crown of Great Britain from the house of Hanover, that had been so long in possession of it." Of these persons, O'Sullivan, who had been aide-de-camp to Marshal de Maillebois, is said to have been the only one who had any knowledge of military affairs.

On the 22d of June, at seven in the evening, the prince, accompanied by his seven friends, embarked on board the *Doutelle*, at St. Nazaire, in the mouth of the Loire.[2] From hence he

[1] Kelly had been for many years confined to the Tower on suspicion of having been concerned in the famous plot of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

[2] Hume, the historian, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, brings a curious charge of cowardice against the prince, on the authority of a conversation which he had with Helvetius. In the words used by Helvetius to Hume: "'When the prince went down to Nantes to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés*.' I asked Helvetius," says Hume, "if he meant literally. 'Yes,' said he, 'literally; they tied him, and carried him by main force.'" This story, it is scarcely

sailed to Belleisle, where he was detained a few days waiting the arrival of the *Elizabeth.* To Mr. Edgar, his father's secretary, he writes from Belleisle on the 12th of July (N. S.): "After having waited a week here, not without a little anxiety, we have at last got the escort I expected, which is just arrived, namely, a ship of sixty-eight guns, and seven hundred men aboard. I am, thank God, in perfect health, but have been a little seasick, and expect to be more so; but it does not keep me much abed, for I find the more I struggle against it the better." The prince, it seems, kept his rank a profound secret from the crew of the *Doutelle.* He had disguised himself, before he embarked, in the habit of a student of the Scots' College at Paris; and in order the better to ensure concealment he allowed his beard to grow till his arrival in Scotland.

On the fourth day after the prince had sailed from Belleisle, a large ship was descried to windward, which proved to be the *Lion,* a British man-of-war of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, who had distinguished himself in Anson's expedition at the storming of Paita. An action took place between this ship and the *Elizabeth,* which was maintained with great fury and

necessary to remark, is entirely refuted by the spirited conduct and almost romantic gallantry for which Charles was on all occasions distinguished throughout his subsequent unfortunate career.

obstinacy for six hours, and terminated by both vessels suffering so severely in the conflict that the *Elizabeth* was compelled to put back to France, and the *Lion* with some difficulty returned to one of her own harbours. The prince, on board the *Doutelle*, watched the result of the action with feelings of the deepest anxiety, and several times expressed an earnest wish that his own little vessel should take a share in the conflict. At length, as the fight grew more protracted, his feelings of suspense became so painful, and his desire to engage so paramount to every other consideration, that Walsh, the captain of the *Doutelle*, was compelled to tell him that if he did not desist from his importunities he should be forced to exert the power which he possessed of ordering the prince to his cabin. By the return of the *Elizabeth* to France the prince had the mortification of being deprived of the greater portion of the arms and military stores which he had provided for the expedition.

The prince was now compelled to trust his fortunes entirely to the small vessel in which he had embarked with his followers. Every precaution was taken to ensure secrecy; no lights were allowed in the ship, with the exception of a single one for the compass; and even this was so well contrived that not a ray from it was reflected on the ocean. Only one other adventure occurred to the prince during the voyage. Two

days after her separation from the *Elizabeth*, the *Doutelle* was chased, and prepared for action; but at the same time she made all the sail she could, and fortunately escaped her pursuers. As she neared the Hebrides, a large eagle, an inhabitant of the neighbouring mountains, was seen to hover over the vessel. The Marquis of Tullibardine pointed it out to the prince. "I hope, sir," he said, "that this is an excellent omen, and promises good things to us; the king of birds is come to welcome your Royal Highness upon your arrival in Scotland."

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Arrival of the Young Prince in Scotland — His Interview with Macdonald of Boisdale — Its Influence upon Him — Assembly of Chieftains on Board the *Doutelle* — Landing of the Prince — Anecdotes of His Landing, by Bishop Forbes — Holds His Court at Borrodaile — Interview between the Prince and Cameron of Lochiel.

THE spot on which the young prince first set foot on the land of his ancestors was the small island of Erisca, situated between the islands of Barra and South Uist. At this desert place, the prince, on the 18th of July, 1745, landed with his small band of devoted followers, the Marquis of Tullibardine alone, in consequence of his suffering from a severe fit of the gout, being compelled to remain on board the *Doutelle*.

The miserable state of the weather and the gloomy character of the scenery which surrounded them were not such as to raise the spirits of the adventurers, already depressed by the loss of the *Elizabeth*, with nearly the whole of their military stores. They were met on their landing by a violent storm of wind and rain, which

compelled them to seek refuge in a small house where some wind-bound sailors had already taken shelter. "Here, however," according to the narrative of Æneas Macdonald, "they were all refreshed as well as the place could afford, and they had some beds, but not sufficient for the whole company; on which account the prince, being less fatigued than the others, insisted upon such to go to bed as most wanted it. Particularly he took care of Sir Thomas Sheridan, and went to examine his bed and to see that the sheets were well aired. The landlord, observing him to search the bed so narrowly, and at the same time hearing him declare he would sit up all night, called out to him and said that it was so good a bed, and the sheets were so good, that a prince needed not be ashamed to lie in them. The prince, not being accustomed to such fires in the middle of the room, and there being no other chimney than a hole in the roof, was almost choked, and was obliged to go often to the door for fresh air. This at last made the landlord, Angus Macdonald, call out: 'What a plague is the matter with that fellow, that he can neither sit nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?'"

The island of Erisca, on which the prince had taken up his temporary abode, proved to be the property of Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of a powerful branch of the great clan of the Mac-

donalds; a man who was known to be well inclined to the cause of the Stuarts, but who, in consequence of ill health and the increasing infirmities of age, had resigned the entire management of his affairs to his brother, Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale. In consequence of the paramount influence which Boisdale was known to possess over the mind of his elder brother, the prince deemed it advisable to address himself to the younger chieftain in the first instance, with the view to induce him to obtain the consent of Clanranald to the subsequent rising of the clan. Accordingly, ascertaining that both the brothers were residing at the time in the neighbouring island of South Uist, he lost no time in despatching a messenger to Boisdale, who, without hesitation, agreed to wait on the prince the next morning on board the *Doutelle*.

The result of the interview proved far from satisfactory to Charles. Not only did Boisdale refuse to take advantage of any influence which he might possess over his brother's mind, but he added that he felt it to be an act of duty on his own part to do his utmost to dissuade Clanranald from embarking in the cause. He explained his reasons for believing that it could never be attended with success; he spoke of the projected enterprise as so rash and desperate as almost to amount to an act of insanity; and concluded by urgently and affectionately entreating the prince to consult his

own safety and to return home. "I am come home," was the reply of Charles, "and I will entertain no notion of returning to the place from whence I came; for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." Boisdale shook his head, and told the prince he was afraid he would find himself sadly disappointed. Charles, however, continued to urge his former arguments; and, among other persons of influence in the Highlands, mentioned Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, and the Laird of Macleod, as two chieftains in whose attachment he could confide. But Boisdale again implored him not to be too sanguine in his hopes, adding that, to his own certain knowledge, these gentlemen would not only be found backward in joining his standard, but that in all probability they would be found taking part with the government. He even proposed to send off an immediate message to Sir Alexander Macdonald, and to allow the reply of that chieftain to be the test of the truth of what he advanced.

It must be remarked, in justice to Boisdale, that, though he firmly adhered to his determination of dissuading his brother from embarking in the enterprise, and was even the means of preventing some hundreds of the hardy inhabitants of South Uist and of the neighbouring cluster of islands from joining the standard of the adventurer, yet he religiously preserved the prince's secret, and during the subsequent wanderings of the latter

among the Western Islands, after the battle of Culloden, used his utmost endeavours to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies. These facts having come to the knowledge of the government, he was taken into custody, and, together with his brother Clanranald (who, it was said, had never stirred from his own fireside during the whole of the rebellion), was carried to London by sea. It was not till the month of July, 1747, that the brothers received permission to return to Scotland.

Although, in secret, Charles is said to have been deeply affected by the unsatisfactory result of his interview with Boisdale, he never for a moment presented an appearance of dejection or dismay; but, on the contrary, by the cheerfulness of his countenance and the gaiety of his conversation, he did his utmost to infuse into the minds of his followers the same spirit of gallantry and daring by which he was himself actuated. Immediately after the departure of Boisdale, he gave orders to sail to the mainland. The gallant bark entered the Bay of Lochnanuagh, and on the 19th of July cast anchor near the small village of Forsy, between the wild and dreary shores of Moidart and Airsaik. His first step was to despatch a messenger to the younger Macdonald of Clanranald, of whose chivalrous devotion to his cause he was well assured. The young chief lost not a moment in obeying the summons, and made his appearance on board the *Doutelle*, accompanied by Macdonald of Kin-

lochmoidart, the Lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, and another gentleman of his clan, the latter of whom has bequeathed to us the following interesting account of what immediately occurred.

"Calling," he says, "for the ship's boat, we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long-wished-for prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship's deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athol, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. While we were conversing with the duke, Clanranald was called away to see the prince; and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his Royal Highness that evening.

"About half an hour after, there entered the tent a tall youth, of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig, a plain hat with a canvas string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart swell to my throat; but one O'Brien, a churchman, immediately told us that he was only an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders.

"At his entry, O'Brien forbade any of us who were sitting to rise; he saluted some of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not suppress a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation regarded my Highland dress. He inquired if I did not feel cold in that habit, to which I answered that I believed I should only feel cold in any other. At this he laughed heartily; and he next desired to know how I lay with it at night. I replied that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping, and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he remarked that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise; but I informed him that, during war or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a dram, when O'Brien whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him, which confirmed me in my

suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all around, and soon after left the tent."

Among the chieftains who made their appearance on board the *Doutelle*, Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart were the only members of the party who were admitted to the honour of an immediate introduction to the prince. The conversation naturally turned on the subject most interesting to all present; and, as they paced to and fro along the deck of the vessel, Charles eagerly laid before them all his romantic plans and daring projects, and, under the influence of deep and evident emotion, passionately appealed to the feelings of the young and enthusiastic chieftains, and exerted every argument to induce them to declare themselves openly in his cause. To his disappointment, however, he was doomed to encounter the same cold and unpalatable arguments, suggested by reason and expediency, which had recently been urged by Boisdale. In vain he argued, entreated, and implored. Alas! if such was the language which he was destined to hear from the younger and more chivalrous leaders of the Highland clans, and from those most devoted to his cause, what must he expect from those whose feelings were more lukewarm, and who were far more calculating in their views! The present, in fact, was one of those critical moments in the destiny of Charles, — which subsequently more than once occurred to

him during his romantic expedition in Scotland, — on the result of which depended, in a great degree, either the utter annihilation of his ambitious hopes, or the probable chances of ultimate success.

On the present occasion chance, in a remarkable manner, favoured his designs. While he continued to pace the deck with his companions, whose manner and gestures are described as no less animated than his own, they occasionally passed a young Highlander, a brother of Kinlochmoidart, who had accidentally come on an idle visit to the ship in search of news, without knowing who was on board, and who, as was then the custom of the country, was armed at all points.

Gradually ascertaining, from portions of the conversation which he was enabled to overhear, that he was in the presence of the son of his legitimate sovereign, whom he had been taught to idolise from his earliest years, his feelings became painfully excited; and when by degrees he caught the fact that his brother was in the act of coldly declining to arm on the side of so righteous a cause and so gallant a prince, his sorrow and indignation were forcibly portrayed in every movement of his body and in every feature of his face. The excited state of the young Highlander could scarcely fail to attract the notice of Charles. Suddenly turning toward him, he exclaimed, in a tone of deep and kindred emotion, "Will you not assist me?" "I will, I will!" was the enthusiastic

reply. Charles is said to have been affected by the incident even to tears, and, after thanking him for the proof which he had given of his warm-hearted devotion, expressed a mournful wish, couched in half-reproachful language, that all the other Highlanders were like him. Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, partly, it may be, affected by the rebuke of the prince, and partly perhaps imbibing the enthusiasm of the moment, no longer offered any opposition to the prince's wishes, and even warmly expressed their eagerness at once to embark their lives and fortunes in his cause.

There were two chieftains of great power and influence in the Western Highlands, who were known to be secretly prepossessed in favour of the claims of the Stuarts, and whom Charles was extremely anxious to induce to declare openly in his favour. These persons were Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, and the Laird of Macleod, who could severally have brought from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred men into the field. Fortunately, however, for their own interests, they were both absent at this period in the Isle of Skye, and consequently removed from the fascination of Charles's eloquence and the dangerous charm of his personal address.

To these powerful chieftains Charles, shortly after his arrival on the coast, had despatched as his emissaries the younger Clanranald and Allan Macdonald, a third brother of Kinlochmoidart.

Their mission, however, was attended with but indifferent success, the two chieftains having severally come to the fixed determination of taking up a neutral position during the insurrection, or at all events of watching quietly the tide of events; and neither arguments nor promises could shake them in their resolves. They laid great stress on the circumstance of their followers being widely scattered over the numerous and distant islands of the Hebrides, and the difficulty and danger which must attend a gathering of their clans. It was true, they admitted, that they had previously pledged themselves to join the standard of the prince, in the event of his landing in the Highlands; but the fulfilment of that promise, they said, was altogether contingent on his being supported by foreign auxiliaries and supplies. Finally, they insisted that, without organised forces, without credit, and unaided by officers of talent and experience, the expedition must prove fatal to all who were rash enough to embark in it.

Both of these powerful chieftains were, in fact, among the mere time-servers of the day, who, while their hearts secretly yearned to follow the fortunes of the adventurer, and while they would willingly have persuaded him that nothing but circumstances of extreme exigency could have withheld them from joining his standard, yet at the same time maintained a clandestine correspondence with the government of the day, and

seized every opportunity of unblushingly professing their attachment and allegiance to the reigning sovereign. It is curious, indeed, to be admitted into the secret history of their double treason; for instance, Macleod, though no one could be better aware that the object of the younger Clanranald's visit to the Isle of Skye was to stir up himself and others to rebellion, yet in one of his letters to the government thus falsely conceals the fact: "Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given us all possible assurance of his prudence." Indeed, it is not till eight days afterward, on the 11th of August, that Sir Alexander Macdonald communicates to the government that "young Clanranald is deluded, notwithstanding his assurances to us lately." Again, though Macleod must have been fully aware that the storm of rebellion was about to burst, in his letters to the government he thus endeavours to lull them into a sense of false security: "Sir Alexander Macdonald and I not only gave no sort of countenance to these people, but we used all the interest we had with our neighbours to follow the same prudent method; and I am persuaded we have done it with that success, that not one man of any consequence beneath the Grampians will give any sort of assistance to this mad rebellious attempt." As another instance of Macleod's perfidy, may be mentioned his Jesuitical attempt to dissuade the

government from sending any military reinforcement to Scotland. "In my opinion," he says, "it would be a very wrong step to draw many of the troops to Scotland, as there can be but little danger here." It is a fact, proved by their own letters, that both Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod communicated to the government the fact of Charles having arrived in the Highlands, but it is also a fact that they delayed transmitting the intelligence till nine days after his landing.

Whatever may have been the feelings of Charles on learning the defection of two such influential chieftains as Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod, he at least discovered no despondency in his communications with others; and, indeed, his social cheerfulness, his vigour of mind, and chivalrous yearning for enterprise shone the more conspicuous as the difficulties of his situation increased. When, among other Highland gentlemen, Hugh Macdonald, a younger brother of the Laird of Morar, endeavoured to impress him with a serious sense of the dangers which awaited him, and earnestly and affectionately implored him to make good his retreat to France, "No," he said, "he did not choose to owe his restoration to foreigners, but to his own friends, to whom he was now come to put it into their power to have the glory of that event; and, as to returning to France, foreigners should never have it to say that he had thrown himself upon

his friends — that they turned their backs upon him — and that he had been forced to return from them to foreign parts. In a word, if he could but get six trusty men to join him, he would choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France."

On the 25th of July, Charles, for the first time, set his foot on the mainland of Scotland. The spot which witnessed his memorable landing was a small farm called Borrodaile, belonging to Clanranald, situated in a mountainous and inaccessible district of Invernesshire, and in the heart of the territories of the Stuarts and Macdonalds, who were known to be devotedly attached to the cause of the Stuarts, and whose fathers had so often fought the battle of royalty beneath the banners of the illustrious Montrose. He was accompanied to the shore by the seven gallant gentlemen — the "Seven men of Moidart," as they were afterward styled by the Jacobites — who followed his fortunes from France, and whose feelings of triumphant joy may be readily imagined, when they thus witnessed the partial realisation of those vain but brilliant hopes which they had fostered in the gay salons of Paris, and afterward in the dingy cafés of Nantes and St. Nazaire; and when, kneeling on the wild shores of the Western Highlands, they congratulated their young master on the accomplishment of this first passage in his extraordinary career.

Bishop Forbes, in a "Narrative of a Conversation with a Mr. Hugh Macdonald, brother to the Laird of Morar," which took place at Leith on the 15th of June, 1750, relates some curious particulars respecting the prince's landing. "Mr. Macdonald," he says, "told me that when the prince came first upon the coast of Scotland, he himself was in Edinburgh, and that, in returning to the Highlands, he happened to meet with Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, crossing the water of Locky, who asked him, 'What news?' 'No news at all have I,' said Mr. Hugh. 'Then,' said Kinlochmoidart, 'I'll give you news: you'll see the prince this night at my house.' 'What prince do you mean?' said Mr. Hugh. 'Prince Charles,' said Kinlochmoidart. 'You are certainly joking,' said Mr. Hugh; 'I cannot believe you.' Upon this, Kinlochmoidart assured him of the truth of it. 'Then,' said Mr. Hugh, 'what number of men has he brought along with him?' 'Only seven,' said Kinlochmoidart. 'What stock of money and arms has he brought with him, then?' said Mr. Hugh. 'None at all,' replied Kinlochmoidart. Mr. Hugh said he did not like the expedition at all, and was afraid of the consequences. 'I cannot help it,' said Kinlochmoidart; 'if the matter go wrong, I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already. I have no time to spare just now, as I am going with a message from the prince to the Duke of Perth.' They then took leave and parted."

As soon as the fact of the prince having landed at Borrodaile became known to the Highland gentlemen in the neighbourhood, they met to consult as to the measures which it was most expedient for them to adopt under existing circumstances. Duncan Cameron, alluding to this meeting, observes in his narrative: "I have heard it affirmed by good authority that Keppoch honestly and bravely gave it as his opinion that, since the prince had risked his person, and generously thrown himself into the hands of his friends, therefore it was their duty to raise their men instantly, merely for the protection of his person, let the consequence be what it would. Certain it is, that if Keppoch, Lochiel, young Clanranald, etc., had not joined him, he would either have fallen into the hands of his enemies, or been forced immediately to cross the seas again."

Charles, immediately on his landing, was conducted to the farmhouse of Borrodaile, where, during several days, he continued to hold his small but warlike and animated court. A guard of honour, consisting of a hundred Highlanders, was formed for the protection of his person from among the gentlemen of Clanranald's clan; there the gay colours of the tartan were alone seen; and thither flocked, day after day, the most devoted hearts that perhaps had ever warmed for the cause of an outcast and unfortunate prince. During a period of each day he mingled with his fol-

lowers in a large apartment at Borrodaile, whither the hardy inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys came in numbers to see him, and where, "without distinction to age or sex," they were freely admitted to feast their eyes with the sight of their beloved and legitimate prince. Charles, to the delight of the Highlanders, wore their national costume.

> "Oh! better loved he canna be;
> Yet, when we see him wearing
> Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
> 'Tis aye the mair endearing.
> Though a' that now adorns his brow
> Be but a simple bonnet;
> Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
> The royal crown upon it."

It is recorded of Charles, that, on the first day on which he sat down to dinner with his new friends in the hall at Borrodaile, being called upon to drink the usual "grace drink," he repeated the necessary words in the English language. Shortly afterward, a Highland gentleman rose from his seat, and proposed the health of the king — "*Deoch slaint au Righ*" — in Gaelic. The toast was hailed with extraordinary enthusiasm. Charles, ignorant of the language in which it was pronounced, and surprised at the sensation which it created, desired to have the words iterated to him till he learnt them by heart. He then rose, and, to

the delight of the Highlanders, repeated the toast in their own language. After this, the healths of the prince himself and of his brother Henry were proposed in Gaelic, and drunk rapturously; and the company separated, the Highlanders delighted with the winning and affable manners of their young prince, and the interest which he took in their language and customs, and Charles, perhaps, no less gratified at the success which had attended this his first attempt to engage the feelings of so noble and so affectionate a people.

It was at Borrodaile that the first and memorable interview took place between Charles and the high-minded and chivalrous Donald Cameron of Lochiel. This celebrated man was at this period in the prime of life, and proverbially the most respected and beloved among the Highland chieftains. To Lochiel, moreover, and to his family the house of Stuart was deeply indebted. During half a century, Sir Evan Cameron, the grandfather of Lochiel, had fought in the cause of the exiled family by the side of both Montrose and Dundee; and even now, the father of the chieftain, having been attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715, was wearing out a life of exile in France.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of Lochiel's character, and his devoted attachment to the house of Stuart, his family and his clan had already suffered too deeply by the generous sac-

rifices which they had made to their principles, not to make him pause and deliberate before he again embarked headlong in a cause which had already proved so disastrous and almost fatal to his race. Like the majority of the Highland chieftains, he seems, in the first instance, to have judged correctly of what was likely to be the result of their taking up arms against the government. To his friends he expressed himself satisfied that the expedition — unaided as it was by foreign powers, and unsupported by money or credit — must inevitably terminate in the ruin of all who were rash enough to engage in it; and so satisfied was he of the rashness of the undertaking that, when he received a letter from Charles, acquainting him of his arrival in the Highlands, and urging him to repair to him immediately, his sole object seems to have been to impress the prince with a due sense of the dangers which awaited him, and of the utter impossibility of the enterprise being crowned with success. With this object in view, he determined on waiting on the prince in person, and to make use of his personal influence with the young adventurer to make good his retreat into France while circumstances still favoured his escape.

On his road to Borrodaile, the chieftain stopped to pay a passing visit to his brother, Cameron of Fassefern. The younger brother, but too well aware of the ardent temperament of Lochiel's

character, strongly urged him on no account to expose himself to the fascinations of a personal interview with the young prince, but by all means to communicate his arguments by letter. "I know you," said Fassefern, "better than you know yourself. If this prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." [1] Lochiel, however, persisted in his original intention of waiting on the prince in person; and the result of their interview was exactly such as had been anticipated by Fassefern. For a considerable time, indeed, Lochiel stood firm against the entreaties and arguments of Charles, till the latter, in a moment of great excitement, and by the exercise of that happy combination of language and manner, that irresistible appeal to the generous feelings of his listeners, which had already scattered to the winds the predetermined cautiousness and circumspection of more than one of his present followers, at length decided the fate of Lochiel. "In a few days," he said, "with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, — to win it, or to perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from

[1] "Fassefern," says Home, "in the year 1781, repeated this conversation between him and his brother to the author of this history."

the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, who caught the enthusiasm of the moment, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power!"

On the result of this important conference depended, according to Home, the great question of peace or war; for, had Lochiel remained firm in his determination to resist the prince's eloquence, it was the general opinion in the Highlands that no other chieftain would have joined the standard of the adventurer, and that the spark of rebellion must inevitably have been extinguished in the north. Lochiel, it may be added, returned to his own house at Auchnacarrie, whence he despatched messengers to the subordinate chieftains of his clan, desiring them to hold their followers in immediate readiness to join the standard of the prince.

On the 11th of August, Charles, having disembarked his small stock of treasure and arms from the *Doutelle*, proceeded by sea to the mansion of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, about seven miles from Borrodaile. Previous to his departure, he took an affectionate leave of the faithful captain of the *Doutelle*, at the same time presenting him with a letter to his father at Rome, in which he prayed him to reward the valuable services of Walsh with an Irish earldom. "*C'est la première grâce*," he writes to his father, "*que je vous de-*

mande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays; j'espère bien que ce ne sera pas la dernière, — mais, en tout cas, je vous supplie de me l'accorder." There is reason to believe that the honour was actually conferred. "I was formerly acquainted at Baden," says Lord Mahon, "with Count Walsh, who was, as I understood, the descendant and representative of this gentlemen."

Through the same channel, the young prince despatched another and very interesting letter to his father, in which he communicated the fact of his having effected his landing in Scotland, and expressed his readiness, should the worst happen, to perish at the head of the brave men who had hastened to his succour. "I am, thank God!" he writes, "arrived here in perfect good health, but not with little trouble and danger, as you will hear by the bearer, who has been with me all along, that make it useless for me to give any accounts and particulars on that head. I am joined here by brave people, as I expected. As I have not yet set up the standard, I cannot tell the number, but that will be in a few days, as soon as the arms are distributed; at which we are working with all speed. I have not as yet got the return of the message sent to the Lowlands, but expect it very soon. If they all join — or, at least, all those to whom I have sent commissions — at request, everything will go on to a wish. . . . The worst that can happen to me," adds the gallant prince, "if France

does not succour me, is to die at the head of such brave people as I find here, if I should not be able to make my way; and that I have promised to them, as you know to have been my resolution before parting. The French court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our country, in restoring our master, or perish with sword in hand. Your Majesty may easily conceive the anxiety I am in to hear from you. Having nothing more particular at present to add (not being able to keep the ship longer, for fear of men-of-war stopping her passage entirely), I shall end, laying myself with all respect at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking a blessing.

"Your most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."

During his stay at Kinlochmoidart, Charles was joined by a valuable coadjutor, Murray of Broughton, who had recently performed the dangerous task of having the prince's manifestos printed for future distribution, and who subsequently figured in so conspicuous a manner as the secretary of Charles during the course of the rebellion. From Kinlochmoidart, the adventurer, on the 18th, passed by water to Glenaladale, the seat of another chieftain of the Macdonalds. On the evening of his

arrival, he was joined by a veteran partisan of the house of Stuart, Gordon of Glenbucket, who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715. On the following day, Charles proceeded by water to the eastern extremity of Loch Shiel.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Skirmishes between Captain Scott's Detachment and the Rebels — Surrender of the King's Troops — Lochiel's Treatment of Captain Scott — The Pretender's Reception — Character of His Troops — Site Chosen for "Raising the Standard" — The Pretender's Behaviour to His Prisoners.

DURING the period that these events were in progress, some vague rumours had reached the ears of the Governor of Fort Augustus of the warlike preparations which were being made in the Western Highlands. Anxious to overawe the rebellious clans, he determined on despatching two new-raised companies of the Scots Royal to Fort William, a fortress situated about forty miles from Kinlochmoidart. This small detachment, which was altogether inefficient to perform the service required of them, was placed under the command of a Captain Scott. Their road lay along the romantic banks of Loch Lochy and Loch Eil, the high and misty mountains rising above them, and the long, narrow lakes extending in quiet beauty below. The soldiers had proceeded without interruption to within eight miles of their destination,

when, in passing the contracted ravine of High Bridge, which overarches a mountain torrent, their ears were suddenly startled by the thrilling and now hostile notes of the bagpipe. Almost at the same moment they found themselves exposed to a galling fire from the heights above, their assailants being a party of the neighbouring clan of Macdonald of Keppoch, headed by Macdonald of Tiendrish.

Thus did a small body of Highlanders — in a moment of sudden enthusiasm, and unauthorised by Charles or his advisers — deal the first blow, and strike the first spark of the great rebellion of 1745, which was subsequently destined to be extinguished only by the blood of so many brave and high-minded men on the scaffold and the battle-field. It was no disgrace to the soldiers of King George that they betook themselves to flight. Ignorant of the numbers of their invisible assailants, — which afterward proved to be sufficiently insignificant, — and unaccustomed to so novel a mode of warfare, they had no option but retreat. Retracing their steps in the direction of Fort Augustus (their enemies being too few in numbers to admit of their pursuing them), they had returned as far as the eastern extremity of Loch Lochy, when they were encountered by another and far more formidable body of Highlanders, under the command of Macdonald of Keppoch. Resistance was out of the question ; and accordingly the royal-

ists, overawed by numbers, and fatigued and disheartened by a long march of thirty miles, were compelled to submit to an unconditional surrender. Almost at the same moment, Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons, and took the party under his charge. Five or six of the royalists were found to have been killed, and about as many wounded, among the latter of whom was Captain Scott, the leader of the party, whom Lochiel kindly ordered to be carried to his own house at Auchnacarrie, where he treated him with the greatest humanity. The Governor of Fort Augustus, it seems, on being made acquainted with the condition of Captain Scott, refused to allow any military surgeon to attend him. Lochiel, however, was more generous. Anxious to afford his prisoner the advantage of medical experience and advice, he released him from captivity on his parole, and sent him back to his friends, with his best wishes for his recovery.

This affair took place on the 16th of August, two days before Charles quitted Kinlochmoidart for Glenaladale, and only three days previous to the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. Though insignificant as a military exploit, it had, nevertheless, the effect of raising the spirits of the Highlanders; and when they poured forth from their mountain homes to assemble at the great meeting-place at Glenfinnan, it was with hearts beating high with confidence, and with the promise of action and of exploit.

The memorable ceremony of "raising the standard," accompanied by the gathering of the clans, took place on the 19th of August, in the Vale of Glenfinnan, situated about forty miles southwest of Fort Augustus. The spot was a romantic and desolate one, being a narrow and sequestered valley, overhung on each side by high and craggy mountains, between which the small river Finnan pursued its quiet course toward the sea. To this spot Charles, having disembarked at the farther extremity of Loch Shiel, proceeded under the escort of two companies of the Macdonalds. He had anticipated, it is said, beholding the valley alive with armed men and with floating tartans; but, when he entered the desolate ravine, it extended before him in its accustomed stillness and solitude, and, for the first time since he had quitted France, the adventurer appears to have felt himself thoroughly dispirited and forlorn.

Having entered one of the rude huts of the friendly inhabitants of the valley, the prince was condemned to endure two long hours of feverish suspense. At length, however, the scene changed. Suddenly the thrilling sounds of the pibroch were heard in the distance, and presently a body of seven hundred Highlanders was seen rapidly descending the mountain paths. As the latter caught a glimpse of the prince and his followers, the air resounded with their enthusiastic shouts, and louder and more joyous rose the heart-stirring

notes of their national music. Well, indeed, might Charles have been proud of the band of few but daring and devoted followers by whom he was now surrounded; and grateful also might he well be for their ardent and disinterested attachment. He had come among them an exiled and a proscribed man; and he who but a short time since had been doomed to encounter but the cold looks and unmeaning professions of lukewarm friends and calculating politicians in the glittering saloons of Paris, now found himself enabled, as if by the wand of the magician, to people the wild valleys of the north with spirits as brave and devoted as ever fought on behalf of the wildest dreams of freedom or in the cause of legitimate right.

Much of the success which had already attended the progress of Charles was unquestionably owing to his own efforts and dexterity, — to the fascination of his manner, his persuasive eloquence, and to the charm of his personal address. With a deep-sighted policy, — which could scarcely have been anticipated either from his years or from the bigoted school in which he had been nurtured, — he had contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the Highlanders by adopting their costume, taking an interest in their manners and customs, identifying himself with their feelings and prejudices, and endeavouring to make himself master of their national language. But while allowing full credit to Charles for the talent which he

discovered in playing the difficult game entrusted to him, we must not omit to do justice to the devoted affection and disinterested loyalty of the many gallant men who were ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in his cause. Perhaps, indeed, in no country, and in no age, — not excepting even the glorious struggles for freedom which have rendered illustrious the wild fastnesses of the Tyrol, nor the contests on behalf of legitimate right which inflamed the inhabitants of La Vendée, — was there ever exhibited such romantic devotedness, such a thorough abandonment of all selfish views and interests, as that which prompted the rising of the hardy Highlanders of 1745, in the cause of the exiled and unfortunate Stuarts.

That, among the Highland chieftains, there were a few individuals who joined the standard of the Stuarts solely from motives of self-interest, and who played the desperate game of throwing for a coronet or a coffin, there unfortunately can be but little question. But such were far from being the motives which actuated the majority of those unfortunate gentlemen who now hastened to join the standard of Charles Edward. Generally speaking, this gallant body was comprised of individuals whose feelings of pure and devotional loyalty partook but too closely of the character of romance; who generously discarded every dictate prompted by self-interest in supporting what they sincerely believed to be the cause of religion and of right; who con-

scientiously regarded the reigning sovereign in the light of an alien and a usurper; and who hastened as to a bridal to greet the young representative of their ancient and legitimate kings. "The Scots," says Lord Mahon, "have often been reproached with a spirit of sordid gain. The truth is merely, — and should it not be a matter of praise? — that by their intelligence, their industry, their superior education, they will always, in whatever country, be singled out for employment, and rise high in the social scale. But when a contest lies between selfish security or advancement on one side, and generous impulse or deep-rooted conviction on the other; when danger and conscience beckon onward, and prudence alone calls back; let all history declare, whether in any age or in any cause, as followers of Knox or of Montrose, as Cameronians or as Jacobites, the men — ay, and the women — of Scotland have quailed from any degree of sacrifice or suffering! The very fact that Charles came helpless obtained him the help of many. They believed him their rightful prince; and the more destitute that prince, the more they were bound in loyalty to aid him. Foreign forces, which would have diminished the danger, would also have diminished the duty, and placed him in the light of a hostile invader, rather than of a native sovereign. Moreover, Charles was now in the very centre of those tribes which, ever since they were trained by Montrose, — such is the stamp that

great spirits can imprint upon posterity! — had continued firm and devoted adherents of the house of Stuart."

True it is at this distance of time that we may well congratulate ourselves that the reigning dynasty was not destroyed, and that the doubtful experiment of restoring the legitimate line, and trusting anew to the tender mercies of the ill-advised and ill-fated Stuarts, was not carried into effect. But not the less are we to award merit where it is due. Not the less should we admire the affectionate devotion of those brave men, whose zeal, though it was mistaken, was not the less admirable; who, it must be remembered, acknowledged not the supremacy of the German sovereigns of England; and who now came forward to hazard their lives and fortunes in a cause which they religiously believed to be that of duty, of legitimacy, and of right.

The site which was fixed upon for the "raising of the standard" was a small mound in the centre of the sequestered valley of Glenfinnan, where a monument bearing on it a Latin inscription still points out the memorable spot. The banner, which was of red silk with a white space in the centre, on which was inscribed the famous motto, "*Tandem Triumphans*," was unfurled with great ceremony by the Marquis of Tullibardine, —

"High-minded Moray, — the exiled, — the dear!"

who was at this period labouring under the tortures of disease and the infirmities of age, but whose heart continued to beat as warmly as ever in the cause which had been the passion of his youth, and for which he had already lost a dukedom, with all its accompanying advantages of station and of wealth.

As the banner unfolded itself to the mountain breeze, the air resounded with the shouts of the elated Highlanders; and, in the words of a bystander, the bonnets which were thrown joyously aloft almost overclouded the sky. When the noisy and tumultuous enthusiasm of the clans had a little subsided, Tullibardine, supported on account of his infirmities by a Highlander on each side of him, read aloud the manifesto of the old chevalier, in which he denounced the claims of the German usurper; exhorted his loyal subjects to join the standard of their legitimate sovereign; and finally set forth the grievances which had befallen Great Britain under the new dynasty, and expressed his determination to redress them by every means in his power, and at the same time to respect all existing institutions, rights, and privileges whatever. This document was dated at Rome, December 23d, 1743, and was signed James the Eighth. Another paper was then read aloud, in which James granted a commission of regency to his son. As soon as the reading of this paper was concluded Charles presented himself to the

admiring Highlanders, and in a brief but animated speech spoke of the satisfaction which he felt on finding himself among the loyal and gallant gentlemen who now surrounded him. He had come among them, he said, because he was satisfied they were prepared to live or die with him, and for his part, he added, he was resolved to conquer or to perish at their head. Having concluded his brief oration, the standard, guarded by a body of fifty Camerons, was formally carried back to the prince's quarters.

Such is a brief description of the famous ceremony of the raising of the standard in the valley of Glenfinnan; a ceremony which, when we call to mind the wild scenes amidst which the drama was enacted, — the picturesque garb and remarkable character of those who took their part in it, — as well as the eventful circumstances and chivalrous exploits to which it was the immediate prelude, partakes rather of the character of a romantic tale than of a dry episode in the pages of real history. The scene has been well described in glowing verse by the greatest modern master of fiction and of song:

"The dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
And morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

"O high-minded Moray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!

Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

"Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

"O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

"True son of St. Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrack resound to the knell!

"Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

"Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

"How Mac-Shiemie will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

"Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!

Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

"Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle, — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons, — but not to the hall!

"'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
The call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

"To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire,
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!"

It may be mentioned that among those who were spectators of the ceremony of the raising of the standard was an officer of the royal army, Captain Sweetenham, who had recently been taken prisoner while on his way to take the command of Fort William. Shortly after the ceremony was at an end he was summoned to the presence of Charles, who had already treated him with great courtesy. "You may go back to your general," he said; "tell him what you have seen, and say that I am coming to give him battle."

It seems to have been from the mouth of Captain Sweetenham himself, who arrived among his military friends at Ruthven five days after the raising of the standard, that the intelligence contained in the following letter was derived:

"RUTHVEN, IN BADNOCK, August 25, 1745.

"DEAR SIR: — I should have sent some Scottish occurrences before now, but waited to send you matter of fact. Last night Captain Sweetenham came to this barrack, who was a prisoner eight days in the pretended Prince Charles Regent's camp, as he styles himself. The captain was taken about a fortnight ago going from this place to Fort William to command three companies of the regiment which is in garrison there. He is released upon his parole of honour through the intercession of some Irish gentlemen who are along with the prince, and came from France with him, particularly one Colonel O'Sullivan and Colonel Kelly. The captain has a passport signed by the prince; he is not to act against the enemy, and is to return when required. I have read the passport. The day after the captain was made prisoner there were two companies of the Royal Scots and a sergeant and twelve men of Guise's taken, and are now prisoners in the prince's camp; they were going to reinforce Fort William. I shall not trouble you with the particular distance of places, which I shall in the title of the rebellious clans relate, but refer you to the map of Scotland; but it shall suffice that this barrack is not much above twenty-six miles distance (the near way) either from Fort William, Fort Augustus, or Fort George, where our regiment is at present in garrison, and not

much farther from the enemy's camp, from whom we expect a visit hourly.

"The prince landed in the northwest islands above a month ago, in a small vessel carrying eighteen guns. He was separated from a French man-of-war, which was to conduct him with a number of men on board; but fell in with the *Lion* man-of-war, as you had it word for word in the public papers, which gave his ship opportunity to make off. At his first landing, the Highlanders refused joining him, and told him it was madness to attempt it, and would have him go off; but the prince made answer that he was often these three years invited by them and by others in England and Ireland; and that he would not return until he had gained his point or lost his life in the attempt, — and be no longer a beggar in France, or in any other court; which answer prevailed upon the Highlanders to join him.

"Last Monday the prince's standard was set up, and carried by the old Duke of Athol, a man about seventy years old. Such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of for a long time. Last Thursday they drew up in their order, and the prince reviewed them to the number of fifteen hundred, which was the day the captain left them. No gentleman could be better used than he was when he got among the gentlemen; neither was there anything that was taken from him but what

was returned, except his horse's saddle and sword; and the prince had ordered a pair of horses to be given him in lieu of his own; but that was neglected. General Cope is within two days' march of this place, with four regiments of foot and two of dragoons, with some artillery, in order to meet the enemy; and the enemy is preparing to meet him, and threatens high. The Lord only knows how it will end! The enemy has neither foreign troops nor artillery, but about eighteen pattareroes of one pound each. They told the captain that they will be in England in a very little time, where they are sure to meet with friends enough. There is none of those we call loyalists here has joined us yet; they say they have no arms. God send they may prove loyal! I have been called upon several times since I begun to write this scrawl by false alarms. This redoubt has no fortification nor defence, but a shallow wall and our small arms; which hurry, I hope, will make excuse for the imperfection of this letter.

"I recommend you and your family to God's care; and I make no doubt of your accustomed goodness toward my people. I thank God I enjoy good health, and am in good heart. There is no way of sending my wife relief of money as yet. I have lost most of my things at Aberdeen. My sincere respects to your fireside. Dear sir, be pleased to make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. D'Anvers, to Alderman Rogers and Mrs. Rogers,

to Alderman Revins; and be pleased to accept of the like from your most sincere humble servant. TER. MULLOY."

It may be mentioned, that the consideration and courtesy with which Charles treated the English prisoners which fell into his hands obtained for him, even from his enemies, the credit which he deserved. We have seen the evidence borne by Captain Sweetenham to the kind treatment which he met with from the prince; and, about the same time, Thomas Fraser, of Gortuleg, writes to Lord Lovat: "I have seen Captain Thomson, Lieutenants Ferguson and Rose, and five sergeants and two or three men of the companies taken prisoners last week. They talk a good deal of the civilities they met with from the young Pretender; they were liberated upon their parole of honour, to return when summoned thereto. They are discharged from touching at any fort or garrison, or conversing with any officers belonging to the enemy as they call them, until they are at Edinburgh; and while here they religiously observed their engagement; for they would not go near the fort, or converse with any of the officers in it."

It was about two hours after the raising of the standard that Charles had the satisfaction of seeing his small army reinforced by Macdonald of Keppoch, with about three hundred of his clan.

Several of the Macleods also joined him the same night, who expressed the warmest indignation at the defection of their chief, and even proposed to return to the Isle of Skye with the view of enlisting their fellow clansmen in the prince's cause. The army, which now amounted to eleven hundred men, encamped the same night at Glenfinnan; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer, who had recently joined the prince, being appointed its quarter-master-general. The following morning Charles marched at the head of his forces into the country of Lochiel, and took up his residence in the house of that chieftain at Auchnacarrie. At this place he was joined by Macdonald of Glencoe, with a hundred and fifty followers; by the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiel, with two hundred; and by Glengary the younger, with about the same number of men.

Although Edinburgh is distant only one hundred and fifty miles from the spot where Charles first set foot in the Western Highlands, it is a remarkable fact, — such was the fidelity of those to whom he entrusted himself, — that as many as sixteen days elapsed from the day of his landing, and nearly three weeks from the period when he opened his communication with the Highland chieftains at Erisca, before the authorities in the Scottish capital received tidings of the adventurer having arrived on their shores. The ignorance and security in which these functionaries had

lulled themselves — including even the acute and clear-sighted Duncan Forbes, the lord president [1] — almost surpasses belief. As late as the 2d of August, eight days after Charles had landed at Borrodaile, we find the lord president, in a letter to Mr. Pelham, expressing himself not only ignorant of the fact of the prince's landing, but adding his firm conviction that there existed not "the least apparatus for his reception" in the Highlands. "In a state," he writes, "of profound tranquillity, we have been alarmed with advices, which are said to have been received at London,

[1] "Duncan Forbes," said Lord Mahon, "has been highly, yet not too highly, extolled as a most learned and upright judge, a patriot statesman, a devoted and unwearied assertor of the Protestant succession. Few men ever loved Scotland more, or served it better. Opposing the Jacobites in their conspiracies or their rebellions, but befriending them in their adversity and their distresses, he knew, unlike his colleagues, how to temper justice with mercy, and at length offended, by his frankness, the government he had upheld by his exertions. . . . His seat lying in the North (Culloden House, near Inverness), he had always repaired thither in the intervals of the Court of Session; he had there cultivated a friendly intercourse with the principal Highland gentlemen, and gained a considerable mastery of the minds of many. He was the link that bound the false and fickle Lovat to the government; it was mainly through him that Macleod, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and several other chiefs were restrained to a prudent neutrality; it was he who inspirited, guided, and directed the Sutherlands, the Mackays, and the other well-affected clans in the North. Even before the news of Charles's landing was fully confirmed, he hastened from Edinburgh to Culloden, ready to perform every service that the exigency might demand."

of intended invasions; and particularly of a visit which the Pretender's eldest son is about to make us, if he has not already made it. These informations, particularly as to the visit just mentioned, I confess have not hitherto gained my belief. This young gentleman's game seems at present to be very desperate in this country; and, so far as I can learn, there is not the least apparatus for his reception, even amongst the few Highlanders who are suspected to be in his interest."

On the other hand, the English ministry — notwithstanding the distance which they were removed from the scene of action — appear not only to have been far better informed in regard to the prince's probable movements, but to have been fully and sensibly alive to the dangers which threatened the country. As early as the 30th of July, the English secretary of state, the Marquis of Tweeddale, writes from Whitehall to the justice clerk, Lord Milton:[1] "This day there have been communicated to the lords justices several informations, importing that the French court was meditating an invasion of his Majesty's dominions, and that the Pretender's son had sailed on the 15th instant, N.S., from Nantz, on board a French man-of-war, and by some accounts it was said that he was actually landed in Scotland; which last

[1] Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, a man distinguished by high accomplishments, and by his devotion to the house of Hanover and to the Protestant succession.

part I can hardly believe, not having had the least account of it from any of his Majesty's servants in Scotland." Again, Lord Tweeddale writes to the lord advocate, on the 6th of August: "I received yours by express, dated August 3d, acknowledging the receipt of mine of the 30th July. I am much of your opinion, that it is impossible, if there had been any landing in Scotland of any consequence, but you must have heard of it. However, in every event it is right to take all proper precautions. There are no certain accounts as yet what has become of the frigate which was along with the French man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, which was attacked by the *Lion* man-of-war. All accounts agree that the Pretender's son was either aboard the *Elizabeth* or the frigate. The *Elizabeth* is certainly forced back to Brest, and I hardly believe the frigate would pursue her voyage to Scotland."

In reply to Lord Tweeddale's letter of the 30th of July, Lord Milton, on the 2d of August, expresses his gratification at his not even having heard "a surmise of the Pretender's son having landed;" and, even as late as the 8th of August, Lord President Forbes writes to Lord Tweeddale: "I consider the report [of the prince's sailing from France] as impossible, because I am confident that young man cannot with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands. Some loose, lawless men, of desperate fortunes,

may indeed resort to him, but I am persuaded that none of the Highland gentlemen, who have aught to lose, will." It is not, indeed, till the 10th of the month that one of the Scottish functionaries, Lord Milton, informs the English secretary of state of the actual fact of the prince's landing. "This morning," he writes to Lord Tweeddale, "I have information from one that lives in Glencoe, and has connections both in Lochabar and Glengary, that the Pretender's eldest son landed in Uist on the 1st of this month, and that the disaffected Highlanders expect every day to hear of a landing in England." Even at this late period, Lord Milton's information is sufficiently incorrect. The prince effected his landing, not at Uist on the 1st of August, but at Borrodaile on the 25th of July. It may be mentioned, also, that it was not till the 22d of August, nearly five weeks after the young adventurer had made his appearance among the Western Islands, that the Scottish newspapers, in a confused and inaccurate account, informed the world of the memorable fact of Charles Edward having accomplished his landing on their shores. "I dare say," writes Lord Milton to Lord Tweeddale, as late as the 29th of August, "from the accounts I know your lordship has now received from the lord advocate and a gentleman who came from the Pretender's son's camp on the 21st, that there remains not the least doubt that the repeated

intelligence I sent was true; nor was it worth while to mention his dress, which was said to be a white coat and a brocade vest — that he had the star and garter and a broad-brimmed hat with a white feather — and other minutiæ, not worthy to be noticed."

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

March of Sir John Cope into the Highlands — Difficulties of His Situation — The Pretender's March for the Lowlands — His Ingratiating Manners — Their Effects on the Scottish Chiefs — Duncan Cameron — Arrival at Perth — Charles Visits the Palace of Scoon.

At the eventful period of the landing of Charles Edward in Scotland, the commander-in-chief of the king's forces north of the Tweed was Sir John Cope, a man whose personal gallantry had never been called in question, and who had passed through the subordinate grades of his profession with considerable and with deserved credit; but, on the other hand, he was naturally of a dull capacity, — he was tremblingly alive to the responsibilities entailed on the tenure of public employment and command, and consequently, in a crisis which required in a singular degree decision, energy, and action, he was found totally unfit to perform the duties which he was called upon to discharge. He had, moreover, other difficulties to contend with. At the period when he was called upon to take the field against the Jacobites,

the entire military force under his command, exclusive of the troops in garrison, amounted only to three thousand men. These also, it must be added, comprised two regiments of dragoons (Gardiner's and Hamilton's) who had seen but little service, three newly-raised regiments (the 44th, 46th, and 47th), and several companies of a Highland regiment, commanded by the Earl of Loudon, whose loyalty was not only questionable, but, moreover, from their being in quarters north of Inverness, their services could scarcely be considered as available in the present emergency.

The civil functionaries who at this period held the direction of affairs in Scotland were the lord president (Duncan Forbes), the lord justice clerk (Lord Milton), the lord advocate, and the solicitor-general. By the advice of these persons, — which, it may be remarked, entirely coincided with the personal views and wishes of Sir John Cope, — it was decided that the latter should immediately march with the forces under his command into the heart of the Highlands; that he should attack the disaffected wherever he might fall in with them, and, by this means, it was fondly anticipated that the infant rebellion would be crushed at its birth.

There were, unquestionably, arguments which gave to this injudicious piece of policy at least the semblance of being founded on sound sense; and it may be mentioned, moreover, that its adoption

met with the warmest approval from the English ministry. Those, however, who originated it ought to have remembered how, more than once (owing to the peculiar features of the country which they destined to be the scene of action, and also to the wild and peculiar mode of warfare adopted by the Highlanders), a signal advantage had been gained by the hardy mountaineers over the disciplined forces of a regular army. They ought to have called to mind the circumstances which had aided the glorious triumphs of Montrose, and which had helped to decide the fate of the bloody struggle at Killicrankie; but, above all things, they ought to have taken counsel from the wise and successful policy adopted by the Duke of Argyll during the rebellion of 1715, who, instead of rashly bearding the roused Highlanders among their own wild fastnesses and dangerous ravines, had preferred stealthily waiting his opportunity by guarding the passes into the Lowlands, and had thus prevented the superior force of the insurgents from pushing their way into the south.

Cope, however, and his colleagues, regardless of these precedents, decided on adopting the vigorous but dangerous policy of marching at once into the Highlands, — a policy sufficiently fatal and reprehensible, when we consider that he was not only commencing a campaign in an enemy's country, and opposed to forces, numerically speaking, far superior to his own, but also

that it was in districts totally unsuited for the evolutions of a regular army, over ground where baggage and ammunition could with difficulty be dragged along, and where his men were certain to be exposed at every unfavourable point to the galling fire of a secret foe. In addition to these difficulties, Sir John Cope was greatly embarrassed by false advices and anonymous communications, which he daily received from the designing Jacobites, some of the details of which were highly ludicrous, and which, according to Home, the Jacobites "afterward circulated with comments sufficiently scurrilous."

It was on the 19th of August, the day on which Charles raised his standard at Glenfinnan, that Cope received orders at Edinburgh to place himself at the head of his troops and force his way into the Highlands. Arriving on the following day at Stirling, where his small army was assembled, he commenced his march at the head of fifteen hundred infantry. He might have swelled his numbers with the two regiments of dragoons which were under his orders, but he thought it more expedient to leave them behind him, as well on account of the difficulty of providing forage for the horses, as from the unfitness of cavalry to act in a Highland campaign. By the authorities at Edinburgh he was well provided with all the requisites for carrying on a mountain war. In addition to the large quantity

of baggage which attended him, he carried with him a herd of black cattle, to serve as food for his army, four pieces of cannon, and a thousand stand of arms, which he proposed to distribute among such loyal volunteers as he might meet with on his march. No man, however, cried "God bless him!" and, when he reached Crieff, the English general found that not a single individual had joined his standard, and was consequently compelled to send back the greater part of his stand of useless arms to Stirling. It may be mentioned that he was furnished by the English government with a proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 for the person of the young chevalier, which was subsequently retorted upon by Charles, who issued a proclamation, offering a reward to the same amount to whosoever should seize the person of the "Elector of Hanover."

No sooner did the English general emerge from the Lowlands than he found his difficulties commence. The Highlanders were hostile to him to a man; his baggage horses were stolen in numbers from their pastures at night; and the Highland gentlemen, though affecting to him a sympathy with the cause of the government, continued to mystify and mislead him by false intelligence. His position had already become sufficiently embarrassing, if not dangerous, when at the retired inn of Dalnacardoch he accidentally fell in with Captain Sweetenham, the officer who had recently

been released on his parole by Charles at Glenfinnan, from whom he learnt the true state of popular feeling in the Highlands, and the actual numbers of the insurgent army. From Dalnacardoch he marched to Dalwhinnie, situated near the foot of the great mountain of Corry Arrack. Over this perilous ascent stretched his path to Fort Augustus; at which favourable spot, as being in the centre of the disturbed districts, he had proposed to concentrate his forces, and at once strike a decisive blow against the rebels.

On his arrival at Dalwhinnie, Cope, to his great mortification, learned that the Highlanders were already in possession of the wild and dangerous traverses of Corry Arrack. The means of ascending this formidable mountain, which rose before him almost as perpendicular as a wall, were practicable only by defiling along a narrow and difficult pass, known as the Devil's Staircase, which wound by the side of rugged heights, spanning occasionally, by narrow bridges, the rapid mountain torrents, and presenting innumerable breaks and lurking-places in the overhanging crags, from whence the Highlanders, active and unencumbered by arms, might easily have poured their frequent and fatal fire on their unsuspecting antagonists.

Had Cope, indeed, persisted in ascending the mountain, it could scarcely have failed to lead to the total annihilation of his small army. His position at this crisis was a sufficiently difficult

and unenviable one. His orders, which were most positive and implicit, were to march northwards, and to seek an immediate encounter with the insurgents; and, educated in the most rigid school of military discipline, he knew not how to disobey them. But, on the other hand, to obey them under existing circumstances must certainly lead to the most fatal results. In this emergency, Cope summoned a council of war, when it was unanimously agreed that the passage over Corry Arrack was impracticable. It was the advice, however, of the council to the general — in the wisdom of which he seems to have fully concurred — that he should so far obey his instructions as to proceed in a northerly direction, and that the royal army, therefore, should turn aside, and march northward to Inverness. The arguments which had the effect of inducing Cope and his council to adopt this alternative were, partly, the prospect of being joined by some of the well-affected clans during their progress, but principally the hope of tempting the insurgents, instead of forcing their march southward, to follow in their track; it being deemed extremely improbable that the Highland chieftains would leave their homes, and all that they possessed, exposed to the certain vengeance of the royal forces. It was thus confidently expected that the war might be confined to the Highlands till the timely arrival of fresh troops from England.

A more fatal piece of policy could not possibly have been adopted. "The military men here," writes Lord Tweeddale to the lord president, on the 10th of September, 1745, "think, though it might not have been fit for his Majesty's service for Sir John Cope to attack the rebels, yet that he ought to have staid somewhere about Dalwhinnie; and, in that case, it would not have been easy for the rebels to have made such a progress into the south before him; but, as the matter is now over, it is needless to enter into a discussion." There can, indeed, be no question that, if Cope had kept his stand in the neighbourhood of Dalwhinnie, and thus have guarded the pass into the Lowland country, the Highlanders would either have been compelled to confine themselves to their native mountains, or the English general would have been enabled to force them to an engagement on level ground, where he would have possessed the very important advantage of being supported by artillery and regular troops.

It was on the 27th of August that Cope turned aside at the village of Catlaig, and commenced his march to Inverness, which town he reached by forced marches on the 29th. On the 31st the unfortunate general writes despondingly to Lord Milton: "So much fatigue of mind and body I never knew before; but my health continues good, and my spirits do not flag. Much depends upon the next step we take. In this country

the rebels will not let us get at them, unless we had some Highlanders with us; and as yet not one single man has joined us, though I have lugged along with me three hundred stand of arms. No man could have believed that not one man would take arms in our favour, or show countenance to us; but so it is." According to Home, two ravan-trees (mountain ash) point out the spot where the Highlanders boasted that the royal army had avoided an engagement with them, and where the latter faced about at Catlaig. It may be also mentioned that Cope — either tremblingly sensible of the responsibilities attached to his command, or doubtful of the wisdom of the policy he had been induced to adopt — took the precaution, previous to breaking up his camp at Catlaig, of having the written opinion of the council of war signed by every individual who was present.

We must now return to the young adventurer and his fortunes. It has already been mentioned that the raising of the standard took place on the 19th of August, in the valley of Glenfinnan; and here Charles is described by one of his followers as having passed two enviable days of elation and joy.[1] On the 21st he removed to

[1] Major Macdonnell, of Tiendrish, when confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, informed Duncan Cameron, who related it to Bishop Forbes, that "he had never seen the prince more cheerful at any time, and in higher spirits, than when he had got together four or five hundred men about the standard."

Kinlochiel, situated in the country of the Camerons, at the head of Loch Eil, about five miles from Fort William. The next day we find him a guest at Fassefern, the seat of a younger brother of Lochiel; and on the 26th he crossed the river Lochy, and took up his abode at a small inn at Letterfinlay, on the banks of Loch Lochy. During his progress he was joined at Low Bridge by the Stuarts of Appin, numbering nearly three hundred men, led by Stuart of Ardshiel; and on the 26th his small army was augmented by the Macdonalds of Glengary and the Grants of Glenmoriston, who together brought him a reinforcement of four hundred men.

It was about midnight on the 26th of August that an express reached Charles, at the lonely inn of Letterfinlay, that Cope was about to commence his hazardous march over the mountain of Corry Arrack. He immediately ordered a body of men to proceed to take possession of the summit of the mountain; and the same night, during a storm of wind and rain of unusual violence, he himself pushed forward to Invergary Castle, where he subsequently took up his abode for the remainder of the night.

The next morning, the day on which Cope was sitting in council with the officers discussing the difficulties of their position, Charles placed himself at the head of his gallant Highlanders, and commenced his march in the direction of Corry

Arrack. During the march, and with the prospect of immediate action and the hope of gallant achievement, the countenance of the young adventurer is described as having been lighted up with animation and hope, while his manner and language expressed that perfect confidence and high exultation which afterward invariably characterised him on the eve of an approaching engagement.

"The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch's sounding up the glen;
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men.
And there I saw the king o' them a'
Was marching bonnily in the van;
And aye the spell of the bagpipe's yell,
Was 'Turn the blue bonnet, wha can, wha can?'"

According to Fraser of Gortuleg, in a letter to the lord president, the prince "called that morning for his Highland clothes, and, tying the latchets of his shoes, solemnly declared that he would be up with Mr. Cope before they were unloosed." He was about to ascend the steep heights of Corry Arrack, when the tidings were brought him by one of the Camerons who had just deserted from the royal army, that Cope had turned aside to Inverness. The news was no sooner communicated to the Highlanders, than it was received with loud shouts of joy. Charles on this occasion discovered his usual tact of seiz-

ing every opportunity of ingratiating himself with, and exciting the enthusiasm of, the Highlanders. Calling for a glass of brandy, and directing that every man present should receive his dram, he drank "to the health of good Mr. Cope, and may every general in the usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done."

The tidings of Cope's retreat no sooner became generally known to the Highlanders, than they expressed an ardent desire to pursue the royal army, and to force them to an immediate engagement. Charles, however, by the advice of his council, determined on adopting the far wiser policy of pursuing his march into the Lowlands, and, by taking possession of the capital of Scotland, of giving confidence to the more lukewarm well-wishers to his cause, and inducing the timid and wavering to declare themselves at once in his favour. Accordingly, after traversing the mountainous district of Badenoch, the Highland army descended, on the second day, into the Vale of Athol, having been joined in their progress, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of the different little mountain glens through which they passed.

Charles by this time had succeeded, by the charm of his personal manner, in winning the affections of almost every Highlander in his army. Like the great Dundee, — if we may compare him with that extraordinary man, — he

was in the habit, during a march, of walking by the side of the different clans, inquiring into their legends, listening to their national songs, and occasionally delighting them by addressing to them a few words in their native Gaelic. Moreover, they were charmed with the evidence which he gave of constitutional hardihood and personal strength. According to a contemporary writer, he "would run, fight, or leap with any man in the Highlands." They beheld with astonishment a young prince, who had been nurtured in the lap of luxury, and in an enervating climate, a match even for the hardiest and most active amongst their own people; and not only gifted like themselves with the power of enduring fatigue, and distinguishing himself in every manly exercise and amusement, but even occasionally superior to themselves in the use of their own national weapon, the broadsword. "I was determined," said Charles, "to show myself one day a true Highlander." With this object, and with the probable chance of his being one day engaged in a Highland campaign, he had practised in his boyhood, in the sunny plains of Italy, those manly diversions and those habits which ensure the endurance of fatigue, which he rightly judged might afterward render him respected and beloved by the simple and athletic children of the North. During the period he was encamped at Dalwhinnie he slept with his followers on the open

moor; and during his march southward we are assured that he walked sixteen Scottish miles in boots, "fatiguing the hardiest of his companions."

In addition to these qualities, which were so peculiarly adapted to win for the adventurer the applause and respect of the Highland clans, — so much so that they delighted to compare him with their favourite hero, Robert Bruce, — may be mentioned the peculiar charm of his manner and personal address. According to a modern writer, "the enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them was such as no subsequent events could ever altogether extinguish; half a century after they had seen him, when age might have been supposed to deaden their early feelings, his surviving fellow adventurers rarely spoke of him without a sigh or a tear." Who does not remember the dying encomium pronounced by the brave Balmerino on the scaffold, on his young and gallant master? "I am at a loss when I come to speak of the prince; I am not a fit hand to draw his character; I shall leave that to others. But I must beg leave to tell you that the incomparable sweetness of his nature, his affability, his compassion, his justice, his temperance, his patience, and his courage, are virtues seldom all to be found in one person. In short, he wants no qualifications requisite to make him a great man."

At Dalwhinnie, Charles was joined by a valuable coadjutor, Macpherson of Cluny, son-in-law to the celebrated Lord Lovat, and himself the chief of a powerful clan. Cluny, though in his heart he was known to be secretly a warm well-wisher to the cause of the Stuarts, had hitherto determined on keeping aloof from the enterprise, and, indeed, had recently accepted employment under the government. Having been taken prisoner by a detachment of the insurgent army, which had been sent to surprise the barracks at Ruthven, he was conducted into the presence of Charles, by whom he was received with every mark of the most flattering distinction. In a very short space of time the prince's specious arguments and insinuating address had wrought such an effect on the wavering mind of the chieftain that, when, subsequently, the insurgent forces arrived at Perth, Cluny had consented to repair to his own people in the Highlands, and to array his clan in the cause of the exiled family. Such was the magical effect of Charles's personal manner and address on the minds of those whom it was his object to please or to win! Even an angel, remarked Cluny, could not have resisted "such soothing, close applications" as were addressed to him by the young prince.

The night of the 30th of August was passed by Charles at Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol. That nobleman had made a precipitate flight on

the approach of the royal army, leaving the halls of his ancestors to be once more occupied by their rightful but attainted possessor, his elder brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine. On the following morning Charles reviewed his troops; and at night Tullibardine gave a sumptuous banquet, not only to the Highland chieftains who had joined the standard of the adventurer, but also to the neighbouring and ancient vassals of his family. On this, as on all other occasions, Charles missed no opportunity of rendering himself popular with his new friends. He partook only of those dishes which were peculiar to Scotland, and gave the healths of the different Highland chieftains in Gaelic. At Blair, where he continued two days, Charles had the satisfaction of seeing himself joined by Oliphant of Gask; by Lord Srathallan; by Mr. Murray, a brother of the Earl of Dunmore; and by Lord Nairn, a son of the nobleman who was condemned to death for his share in the rebellion of 1715.

The following trifling incident, connected with the prince's visit to Blair, is recorded by Duncan Cameron[1] in his "Narrative." "When the prince

[1] Of Duncan Cameron (to whose "Narrative" we are indebted for many interesting particulars relating to the landing of Charles in Scotland) Bishop Forbes has left us the following account: "When the prince was marching his army toward England, Duncan Cameron was ordered to attend the prince's baggage. and had got a young horse to ride upon that had not been accus-

was at Blair," he says, "he went into the garden, and, taking a walk upon the bowling-green, he said he had never seen a bowling-green before; upon

tomed to noise, and therefore threw Duncan upon hearing the pipes and the drums. Duncan was so bruised with the fall that he behoved to be left behind; and accordingly was carried to the house in which Lady Orminston was then living, in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith. Soon an information was given that the Highlanders had left one behind them, wounded, at such a place, and he was said to be Colonel Strickland; upon which a party of dragoons was despatched to take the colonel prisoner, but they found only plain Duncan, whom they brought into Edinburgh. He was committed to the city jail, where he was so lucky as to be overlooked, either through sickness or want of evidence, when others were sent off to England to stand trial. At last he was released, nothing appearing against him, some time before the indemnity came out, and got a protection for going to his own country in the Highlands. However, Duncan had no mind to make use of that protection, being resolved to return to France. He luckily fell in with Mrs. Fothringham, who was going over to France to her husband, late governor of Dundee. This lady was allowed a pass and protection for herself, a child, a man servant, and a maid servant, to sail for Holland. She wanted much to have Duncan Cameron along with her, because, knowing the French language well, he would prove an excellent guide for her to France. Duncan, on the other hand, was fond of having it in his power to oblige such a lady, and glad to go into any scheme whereby he could safely make his way to Holland; and therefore he agreed to pass for Mrs. Fothringham's servant, and accordingly he was inserted in the pass under the name of Duncan Campbell, an Argyleshireman. They sailed from Leith Roads, upon Friday, June 19th, and arrived in Holland the 23d, 1749. It was most lucky for Duncan Cameron that it was never known to any of the government that he was one of those who came over in the same frigate with the prince. The most distant suspicion was never entertained about this, otherwise his fate would have turned out in quite another shape."

which the above lady[1] called for some bowls, that he might see them, but he told her that he had got a present of bowls sent him as a curiosity to Rome from England." From Blair Charles proceeded to Lude, the seat of a branch of the Robertsons, where he passed the night of the 2d of September, and where, we are told, "he was very cheerful, and took his share in several dances, such as minuets and Highland reels." The first dance he called for was a Strathspey minuet, accompanied by the favourite Jacobite air, "This is no' mine ain house."

On the evening of the 4th of September Charles entered Perth on horseback, followed by a gallant cavalcade, consisting of Highland gentlemen, and amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace. In a letter addressed at this period by one of the spies of the government to Sir John Cope, the prince is described as habited "in a fine Highland dress, laced with gold; wears a bonnet, laced; wears a broadsword; had a green riband, but did not see the star; a well-made man, taller than any in his company." Although the magistrates of Perth had set the example of allegiance to the government, by quitting the town on the approach of the insurgent army, Charles had little reason to complain either of neglect or inhospitality on the

[1] Mrs. Robertson, of Lude, who had been requested by Tullibardine to repair to Blair, and put the house in order for the prince's reception.

part of the inhabitants who remained to welcome him. On entering the town, he was immediately conducted to the house of Lord Stormont, an elder brother of the celebrated Lord Mansfield, where he received all the attention and honours due to his high birth. Lord Stormont, indeed, though sufficiently well inclined toward the cause of the Stuarts, had withdrawn himself, from prudential motives, on the prince's approach. He left behind him, however, his two sisters, who, like too many of the ladies of Scotland, were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the exiled family, and who gladly tended their gallant and handsome guest. One of the sisters is said to have even "spread down a bed for Prince Charlie with her own hands."

During the week which Charles passed at Perth, he was busily employed in drilling and exercising his brave but undisciplined troops, in keeping up communications with his partisans in England, and in devising means for replenishing his exhausted treasury. He had brought with him only four thousand louis-d'ors from France, and when he entered Perth, says Home, "he had but one guinea, which he showed to Kelly, one of the seven who landed with him in the Highlands, and said he would soon get more." From the town of Perth, he subsequently exacted £500, while, about the same time, voluntary contributions, to a considerable amount, reached

him from his friends in Edinburgh. With the view of further enriching his treasury, military parties were despatched by him through the neighbouring counties of Angus and Fife, who performed the double service of levying money in the principal towns, and causing his father to be proclaimed publicly as "King James the Eighth." At Dundee, one of these marauding parties, consisting of the Macdonalds, had the good fortune to seize two vessels in the harbour, laden with arms and ammunition, which were immediately despatched to the headquarters at Perth for the service of the insurgent army.

But the duty which principally occupied the time and attention of Charles during his stay at Perth was that of endeavouring to capacitate the gallant but untrained mountaineers to contend with regular and disciplined forces. With this view, he was in the habit of rising with the dawn of day, in order to inspect his troops and instruct them in their duties; and so devoted was he to this particular but favourite occupation, that on one occasion, when invited to a ball by the ladies of Perth, he is said to have danced only a single measure, and then, pleading the excuse of being compelled to visit his sentry-posts, retired suddenly from the gay scene, to the discomfiture of his fair inviters.

Occasionally when reviewing his troops upon North Inch, Charles is said to have been unable

to repress a smile at the awkwardness of some of his intractable recruits. He never failed, however, to pay a just and even enthusiastic tribute to their fine bearing, to their extraordinary activity and powers of enduring privation and fatigue, and to the remarkable dexterity which they displayed in the exercise of their native weapon. Well, indeed, might the young hero have been proud of that daring and affectionate host, whom he had been enabled to array in the field.

At Perth, Charles received a vast accession of strength, in consequence of being joined by Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airlie; by the Robertsons of Struan, Blairfitty, and Cushievale, as well as by a large body consisting of the retainers of the Dukes of Athol and Perth. But the most valuable accession to his cause, at this period, was in the person of Lord George Murray, younger brother of the Duke of Athol. This nobleman had been openly engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and had since acquired considerable military experience and a well-earned reputation in the service of foreign powers. Charles immediately nominated him a lieutenant-general in his army, and we shall presently find him playing a conspicuous part in the course of the insurrection.

The fair happening to be held at Perth during the period of the prince's visit, the accession of strangers, and the number of Highlanders who filled the streets, clad in their national costume,

gave an agreeable and stirring gaiety to the scene. To every individual who attended the fair, Charles issued protections for their persons and property. With many of them also he entered freely and familiarly into conversation. "Tell your fellow citizens," he said gaily to a linen draper from London, "that I expect to see them at St. James's in the course of two months."

At Perth, Charles, it is said, for the first time attended a Protestant place of worship. The sermon was preached by an intrepid clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, who selected the apposite text from Isaiah (xiv. 1, 2): "For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land: and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place: and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives, whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors."

On the morning of the 11th of September, the day on which Charles quitted Perth, he paid a visit on foot, accompanied only by two or three attendants, to the palace of Scoon. The sight of that venerable building could scarcely fail to excite many strange and mournful reflections in his breast. It was the ancient palace of his ancestors, the kings of Scotland; it was connected with many

painful passages in the eventful history of his ill-fated race; it was intimately associated with the tale of their triumphs and their misfortunes, their sorrows and their joys; and, moreover, it was in the chambers of Scoon that his own father had passed more than one restless night during his unfortunate expedition in 1715, when, for the last time, the old palace had received the proscribed representative of its ancient kings, the heir of the devoted house of Stuart.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

March of the Pretender from Perth to Dumblane — March Continued — Arrival in the Neighbourhood of Edinburgh — Cowardly Retreat of Colonel Gardiner's Troops — Consternation of the Authorities — Charles's Letter to the Town Council — Their Conduct upon the Receipt of It.

On the afternoon of the 11th of September Charles quitted Perth at the head of a detachment of his army, and the same day marched to Dumblane, where he waited till the following evening, in order to allow time for the large body of his army to overtake him. In the course of his short march he was joined by Macdonald of Glencoe, with sixty followers, and, shortly afterward, by Macgregor of Glengyle, with two hundred and fifty of his clan. It had now become of the utmost importance to Charles to force his way at once into the low country. He had recently received the tidings that Cope, having quitted Inverness, was on his march to Aberdeen, and that it was his intention to embark his troops at the latter place, and to proceed by sea to the protection of the Lowlands. It was therefore the great object of

Charles to anticipate this design, and by rapid marches to make to himself master of the Scottish capital.

On the evening of the 12th Charles encamped with the whole of his army about a mile to the south of Dumblane. "It was in this neighbourhood," observes one of his followers, "that many of our fathers, and several of us now with the prince, fought for the same cause, just thirty years before at the battle of Sheriffmuir."

On the 13th Charles passed with his army close to the town of Doune, and under the walls of the picturesque but no longer "bannered towers"[1] of its ancient castle. From the narrative of the journalist from whom we have just quoted, we learn that the prince "stopped at a gentleman's house near Doune, of the name of Edmonstone, and drank a glass of wine on horseback, where the ladies of the country were assembled to see him." This trifling incident is recorded, with some additional particulars, by a modern writer. "The prince drew up before the house, and, without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the healths of all the fair ladies present. The Misses Edmonstone, daughters to the host, acted

[1] "They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon."
— *Lady of the Lake*

The interesting ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Monteith, are now the property of the Earl of Moray.

on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person of whom they had heard so much; and when Charles had drunk his wine, and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged, in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand. This favour he granted with his usual grace; but Miss Clementina Edmonstone, cousin of the other young ladies, and then on a visit at Doune, thought she might obtain a much more satisfactory taste of royalty, and made bold to ask permission to 'pree his Royal Highness's mou.' Charles did not at first understand the homely Scottish phrase in which this last request was made; but it was no sooner explained to him, than he took her in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss, — to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with so much less liberal a share of princely grace."

On this day Charles crossed the Ford of Frew with his army, about seven miles above Stirling. He had anticipated that his passage would have been opposed at this place by Colonel Gardiner's dragoons; but the latter thought proper to retire at the approach of the insurgents. He dined this day at Leckie House, the seat of a gentleman who professed Jacobite principles, of the name of Muir, and who, on the preceding night, had been seized in his bed and carried off a prisoner to Stirling Castle, on suspicion that he was making prepara-

tions for the reception of the prince. As the insurgent army defiled by Stirling, some cannon-shot were fired at them from the castle, but without effect. In the course of this day, Charles marched over the memorable field of Bannockburn, and at night slept at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, a devoted adherent of his family. In the meanwhile, his army lay encamped on the neighbouring field of Sauchie, where his unfortunate ancestor, James the Third, had died in battle against his rebellious subjects.

On the 14th the insurgents advanced to Falkirk, in the neighbourhood of which town Charles passed the night at Callender House, the seat of the ill-fated Lord Kilmarnock, by whom he was but too warmly welcomed. This night his army were partly quartered in the town of Falkirk, and partly in some broom fields to the east of Callender House.

On the following day, Charles proceeded as far as Linlithgow, situated only sixteen miles from Edinburgh. At this place he had again expected to have been opposed, on Linlithgow bridge, by Gardiner's dragoons; but the latter immediately retreated on the approach of a body of Highlanders whom the prince had despatched for the purpose of dispersing them. On his arrival at Linlithgow, which for centuries had been a favoured residence of the ancient kings of Scotland, he was received by the inhabitants with a hearty

welcome, and with an outbreak of loyal enthusiasm which he could scarcely have anticipated. Some of the magistrates are even said to have participated in the general feeling of tumultuous joy; and though the provost, a staunch Jacobite, had thought it prudent to make good his retreat to Edinburgh, his wife and daughters waited, nevertheless, on the prince, and, clad in tartan dresses and decorated with the white cockade, were admitted to the honour of kissing his hand. The prince, on entering this ancient town, was conducted in a kind of triumph to the venerable palace of his ancestors, where the housekeeper, Mrs. Glen Gordon, is said, in an excess of loyal zeal, to have too freely regaled all the respectable inhabitants of Linlithgow with wine, which either the old palace or her own finances could afford. This night the army were encamped about three miles to the east of the town.

The scenes of deep and stirring interest over which the young adventurer had passed within the past few days — associated as they were, not only with the most brilliant passages in the annals of his country, but more especially with the changes and chances which had befallen his own ill-fated race — must have awakened emotions of no ordinary nature in his mind. "All the ground thus traversed," says Lord Mahon, "by the insurgents is fraught with the brightest associations of Scottish story. On that field of

Bannockburn had Liberty and the Bruce prevailed; that palace of Linlithgow was the birthplace of the ill-fated Mary, and afterward her dwelling in hours — alas, how brief and few! — of peaceful sovereignty and honourable fame; those battlements of Stirling had guarded the cradle of her infant son; there rose the Torwood, where Wallace sought shelter from the English invaders; yonder flowed the Forth, which so often had 'bridled the wild Highlandman.' Surely, even a passing stranger could never gaze on such scenes without emotion; still less any one intent on like deeds of chivalrous renown; least of all the youthful heir of Robert Bruce and of the long line of Stuart kings!"

It may have been observed by the reader that the insurgent army, in pursuing their march to take possession of the Scottish capital, — instead of following the direct road from Perth to Edinburgh by passing the Frith of Forth at Queen's Ferry, — had chosen a much more tedious and circuitous route. Their reasons for taking this step were partly on account of the number of king's ships which lay in the Forth to intercept their passage, and partly in consequence of the loss of life which they must have hazarded had they crossed the Forth at Stirling, the bridge at that place being directly commanded by the guns of the castle.

During the whole of their march through the Lowlands, the Highland clans, notwithstanding

their proverbial addiction to theft and pillage, behaved with the most praiseworthy forbearance. Everything was carefully paid for by them during their march, and it may be mentioned, as evidence of the determination of the chieftains to maintain discipline among their followers, that Lochiel, having detected one of his clan in the act of plunder, notwithstanding his repeated orders, shot the offender dead upon the spot.

On the following day, the 16th of September, the insurgent army recommenced their march in the direction of Edinburgh, and toward evening encamped upon a rising ground near the twelfth mile-stone from the Scottish capital. The next morning Charles continued his march toward Edinburgh, and at night took up his quarters at Gray's Mill, within two miles of that city.

It may readily be imagined that the peaceful inhabitants of Edinburgh were already sufficiently terrified by the news of the near approach of the insurgent army, and by the exaggerated notions which prevailed at the time, in regard to the wild and ruthless character of the Highland clans. In the course, however, of this day, an incident occurred which spread among them fresh terror and dismay. A body, amounting to about three hundred and sixty men, and consisting chiefly of the peaceful town-guard of Edinburgh and of civilians who had volunteered their services in support of the government, had been sent forward by the

authorities of the city to a place called Colt Bridge, about two miles west of the capital, for the purpose of opposing the further progress of the Highlanders. These individuals had quitted their homes in the morning amidst many disheartening circumstances. Not only were they totally unused to the circumstances and terror of war, but, moreover, in the course of their march through the streets of Edinburgh on their way to Colt Bridge, they had been still further discouraged, and their spirits depressed, in consequence of the number of their terrified fellow townsmen, who — taking advantage of the many narrow alleys and closes which intersect their ancient city — had gladly seized the opportunity of slipping away from the main body of their companions, and returning to their own homes. In addition to these circumstances, those who had still the courage to proceed in the direction of the dreaded Highlanders had been exposed, in their march through the streets of their native city, not only to the tears and entreaties of their wives and female relatives, who vehemently besought them to consult only their own safety and to return to their quiet homes, but also to the entreaties and arguments of their fellow citizens, who conjured them to remain behind, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. Their campaign was destined to be as brief as it was inglorious. On taking up their position at Colt Bridge, they are graphically described, by one who was present, as drawn

up in the form of a crescent in an open field to the east of the bridge, and betraying looks which spoke eloquently of doubt and dismay. At their head was the brave and unfortunate Colonel Gardiner, who, on account of his age and the infirm state of his health, was wrapped up in a capacious blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn over his hat and tied under his chin.

In addition to the volunteers and town-guard of Edinburgh, Colonel Gardiner had under his command the only two regiments of dragoons which at this period were stationed in Scotland. His military dispositions were already made. At the village of Corstorphine, about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge, he had posted a small party of dragoons, with the view, apparently, of bringing him the earliest intelligence of the approach of the insurgent army. These men were at their post when the Highlanders appeared in view; and immediately that the prince perceived them, he gave orders to some of the Highland gentlemen who constituted his staff to ride up and reconnoitre them. "These young gentlemen," says Home, "riding up to the dragoons, fired their pistols at them, who, without returning one shot, wheeled about and rode off, carrying their fears into the main body."

The example of these craven dragoons decided the fate of Gardiner's small army, in which consisted the last remaining hope of the people of Edinburgh. The dragoons and volunteers at Colt

Bridge no sooner beheld their fugitive comrades riding terrified and furious toward them, than they were seized with the same overwhelming and unaccountable panic. Utterly regardless of the threats and entreaties of their officers, they commenced a shameful and precipitate flight, and passing, in full view of the people of Edinburgh, over the ground at the north side of the city, where the New Town now stands, they never slackened their speed till they reached the grounds of their own gallant and afflicted leader, Colonel Gardiner. This disgraceful flight was afterward familiarly designated and spoken of as the "canter of Colt Brigg." "Instantly," says Home, "the clamour rose, and crowds of people ran about the streets, crying out that it was madness to think of resistance, since the dragoons had fled." The scene was witnessed with very opposite feeling by the people of Edinburgh, — by the Jacobites with a secret satisfaction which they were scarcely able to conceal; but by the great majority of the inhabitants with feelings of unequivocal consternation and distress.[1]

[1] Lord Milton writes to the Marquis of Tweeddale on the 16th of September, 1745: "Alas, my lord! I have grief and not glory that my fears have been more than fulfilled; for more than I feared is come to pass. Yesterday the two regiments of dragoons fled from the rebel army in the sight of Edinburgh, where many loyal gentlemen stood armed to defend the city, which was so dispirited and struck with consternation that they resolved to open their gates to the rebels, despairing of speedy relief, and unable to make a long defence."

Edinburgh, which at no period could have been regarded as a fortified city, was certainly in a miserable condition to maintain a siege. The walls, which scarcely at any time had served any better purpose than preventing the admission of smuggled goods, were in a most ruinous state, — occasionally, indeed, strengthened with bastions, and provided with embrasures; but, generally speaking, they presented no better defence against the attack of an enemy than might have been supplied by a common park wall. In many places, rows of dwelling-houses had been built from time to time against the city walls; and these, again, were commanded by other and loftier houses, such as at present constitute the row of tenements between the Cowgate Port and the Netherbow Port. Under the superintendence, indeed, of the celebrated mathematician, Maclaurin, some ingenious but fruitless attempts had been made, on the first tidings of the approach of the dreaded Highlanders, to place the city in a state of defence. The walls were casually repaired; some pieces of old and almost unserviceable cannon were collected from Leith and other stores; attempts were made to barricade the ancient gates, and a guard was appointed for the defence of each port; but still, to every eye that could boast of any military experience, the possibility of defending the city appeared almost as hopeless as it had been before.

The guard, which was appointed for the defence

of the Northern capital, appears to have been even more inefficient than the works which they were called upon to protect. It consisted of sixteen companies of the ancient train-bands of the city, — each company comprising a hundred men, — who were officered from among the peaceful merchants and burghers of Edinburgh, and who, with the exception of an annual field-day on the king's birthday, had not appeared in arms since the revolution of 1688. Moreover, when the hour of danger arrived, not above a third of these individuals appear to have been forthcoming for the defence of their native city. Indeed, — including the few volunteers who came forward in support of the government, as well as the Duke of Buccleugh's tenants, who had been despatched by that nobleman to assist in the defence of Edinburgh, — the number of individuals who were available for the protection of the city and of their civil and religious rights amounted to less than seven hundred men. How lukewarm and indifferent appears the support extended, at this period, to the existing government and to the foreign house of Brunswick, contrasted with the devoted and affectionate loyalty which arrayed, as if by magic, the enthusiastic children of the mountain and the mist, in the cause of the exiled and unfortunate Stuarts!

The determination of the authorities of Edinburgh to defend the city to the last was for many reasons an extremely unpopular measure with the

great majority of the inhabitants. Somewhat previous, it may be mentioned, to the unfortunate affair at Colt Bridge, — when the great question of to "defend or not defend" the city was one of paramount interest and of general discussion, — an incident occurred which increased still more the general impression which prevailed against the policy of exposing the city, either to the hazardous and uncertain issue of a protracted siege, or to the horrors which would probably attend a successful assault. While the provost and magistrates were engaged in discussing the merits of this important question, a Mr. Alves suddenly made his appearance, and, on the plea of having important tidings to communicate, obtained permission to present himself before them. He had by accident, he declared, found himself in the midst of the rebel army, where he had held a conversation with the Duke of Perth, with whom he had formerly been personally acquainted. "The duke," he said, "desired me to inform the citizens of Edinburgh that, if they opened their gates, their town should be favourably treated; but that, if they attempted resistance, they must expect military execution; and his Grace ended by addressing a young man near him with the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such were not his pleasure, to which the other assented." For his imprudence, or, it may be, treason, in so publicly communicating his message instead of confiding it to the

private ear of the first magistrate, Mr. Alves was immediately committed to prison. The nature, however, of his mission soon became known to the people of Edinburgh, and the effect which it produced on the public mind was such as had been eagerly anticipated by the Jacobites. The inhabitants, whose minds were already strongly excited on the subject, were now heard redoubling their outcry against the adoption of this unpopular measure.

At this crisis, the provost of Edinburgh came to the determination of calling a meeting, which it was proposed should consist of the magistracy of the city and of the Crown officers. The meeting, such as it was, was convened forthwith; but it was found, when the assembly met, that the officers of the Crown had already secured their safety by a prudent retreat. The meeting, moreover, was attended by a number of unauthorised persons, who not only vehemently insisted that the insurgent army should be admitted within the city walls, but also, by their clamorous and senseless vociferations, entirely drowned the voices of those who argued in favour of the adoption of a different policy.

It was in the midst of this din that a letter was handed in at the door, addressed to the lord provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh. It was immediately opened by one of the council, who at once proclaimed the important fact that it

contained the superscription, "Charles, P. R." The provost instantly rose to address the meeting, and, after strongly but vainly protesting against so treasonable a document being received or read in the presence of the king's officers, took his departure, accompanied by several members of the town council, to the Goldsmith's Hall. The letter, however, in spite of the objections raised by the principal magistrate, was eventually read to the meeting, and proved to be as follows:

"FROM OUR CAMP, 16th September, 1745.

"Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, upon receipt of this, to summon the town council, and take proper measures for securing the peace and quiet of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition now in it (whether belonging to the public or private persons) to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the king and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for

the consequences, being firmly resolved at any rate to enter the city; and, in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

"CHARLES, P. R."

In consequence of the receipt of this communication, it was decided that a deputation should forthwith wait upon the prince, in order to negotiate the terms of a capitulation; but with instructions to delay as long as possible the final ratification of the treaty, with the view of gaining time till Cope should have disembarked his troops at Dunbar, and be on his march to the rescue of the capital.

Accordingly, the deputation, consisting of Baillie Hamilton and other members of the council, set out on their mission to wait on the prince at Gray's Mill. Charles received them with his usual courtesy, but, evidently aware of the motives which induced them to seek delay, he returned them the kind of answer which they ought to have anticipated. He appealed, he said, to his own and his father's declarations, as a sufficient guarantee both for the safeguard of the rights and liberties, as well as the individual property, of the people of Edinburgh. His present demands, he added, were to be received into the city, and there to be obeyed as the son and representative of the king, his father; and lastly, he peremptorily

demanded to be informed of their final resolution before two o'clock in the morning.

It was ten o'clock at night when the deputation, wearied and dispirited, rejoined their friends at Edinburgh. The frightened magistrates were again summoned to the council. The time allowed them for deliberation was sufficiently short, and as no new or more feasible line of policy was suggested by any one present, it was decided, as a last but vain resource, that the deputation should again wait upon the prince, and once more use their endeavours to procure delay. Their object at this particular moment, according to Home, was "to beg a suspension of hostilities till nine o'clock in the morning, that the magistrates might have an opportunity of conversing with the citizens, most of whom were gone to bed." Another of their instructions was to obtain from Charles an explanation of what was meant by requiring them to receive him as "Prince Regent." Even to the most obtuse, the object and intention of such a requisition must have appeared sufficiently clear; but even had it been otherwise, it was extremely unlikely that at such a moment the prince would have condescended to enter into the desired explanation. At two o'clock in the morning the civil functionaries again set out for Gray's Mill. The result of their second negotiation was even less satisfactory than their first. They were formally reminded of the prince's

former assurance to them that he had given them his final answer, and they were further informed that they could on no account be again admitted to his presence.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Occupation of Edinburgh by the Rebels — Enthusiastic Behaviour of Mrs. Murray of Broughton — Arrival of Charles in the Capital of His Ancestors — Gives a Ball at Holyrood — Marches to Give Battle to Sir John Cope. — Preparations for Battle.

THIS eventful night — the eve of the triumphal entry of Charles into the capital of the ancient kingdom of his forefathers — was passed by the young adventurer on the ground, and with a respite of only two hours' repose. Fully aware, as we have already mentioned, of the object of the magistrates of Edinburgh in negotiating for delay, he had already sent forward a body of eight hundred Highlanders, under the command of the celebrated Lochiel, who were furnished with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder to blow up the gates of the city if necessary, and whose orders were to make themselves masters of Edinburgh before daybreak, either by storm or surprise, according as their leader might deem fit.

This party was confided to the guidance of

Murray of Broughton, who had been selected for the duty on account of his intimate knowledge of the localities. They lay in ambush for some time in the vicinity of the Netherbow Port, their leaders being engaged in discussing a variety of projects for making themselves masters of the city, when, about five o'clock in the morning, the gates were suddenly opened, in order to give egress to the hackney-coach which had conveyed the second deputation to Gray's Mill, and which, having carried the deputies to their homes, was now peacefully returning to its owner's quarters without the walls.

Not a moment was lost in taking advantage of this favourable occurrence. In an instant, eight hundred Highlanders, headed by Lochiel, rushed through the gateway, and made themselves masters of the city. "It was about five o'clock in the morning," says Home, "when the rebels entered Edinburgh. They immediately sent parties to all the other gates, and to the town-guard, who, making the soldiers upon duty prisoners, occupied their posts as quietly as one guard relieves another. When the inhabitants of Edinburgh awaked in the morning, they found that the Highlanders were masters of the city." The first person, it may be mentioned, who entered the city was a Captain Evan Macgregor, grandson of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor, a Scottish baronet. Charles was so delighted with the daring gallantry of the young

man that the same night, at Holyrood House, he promoted him to the rank of major.

The day had only just dawned when, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, Lochiel and his gallant Camerons were seen drawn up in military array, in the open space which surrounded the famous Cross of Edinburgh. Alas! that venerable and interesting relic of the past — associated with so many memorable and romantic scenes in Scottish history — has since been removed by the sacrilegious orders of the civic authorities of Edinburgh! Opposite the cross — surrounded by the armed and picturesque-looking Highlanders — stood the heralds and pursuivants in their splendid and courtly dresses, who solemnly proclaimed "King James the Eighth," and concluded the ceremony by reading the royal declarations and the commission which conferred the regency on the prince.

Perhaps the most remarkable figure in this striking scene was that of a beautiful and enthusiastic woman, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, who, seated on horseback and with a drawn sword in her hand, was seen distributing to the bystanders the white ribbon, — the famous emblem of devotion to the cause of the Stuarts. The scene altogether was one of heart-stirring and extraordinary interest. No sooner had the heralds concluded their task, than the bystanders are said to have rent the air with their acclamations, which, uniting with the

wild and exhilarating notes of the bagpipe, completed the enthusiasm of the moment. "In the windows," says one who seems to have been a witness of the scene, "a number of ladies strained their voices with acclamations, and their arms with waving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day." In the surrounding crowd, indeed, there were to be seen many countenances who "showed their dislike by a stubborn silence;" but these constituted by far the minority, and could only have served to add to the picturesque effect of a memorable scene, which the painter might well take delight in committing to the canvas.

While these events were passing in Edinburgh, Charles, having learned the success of his manœuvre, was on his way at the head of his army, to take possession of the seat of government. It may be mentioned that, at the very time when he was employed in breaking up his camp at Gray's Mill, Sir John Cope was actively engaged in landing his troops at Dunbar, with the view of marching to the relief of the capital.

In order to avoid the fire of the guns from the castle of Edinburgh, Charles advanced toward Holyrood by a southerly and circuitous route. Leaving his army encamped in a spot known as the Hunter's Bog, — a hollow site between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, — he rode forward, attended by the Duke of Perth on one side, and by Lord Elcho on the other, till he reached an emi-

nence below St. Anthony's Well, where, for the first time, he saw extended before him in full view the ancient palace of his forefathers, with all its surrounding scenery, every foot of which was intimately connected with the pastimes, the sorrows, and the triumphs of his ill-fated race.

Of the prince's feelings at this moment no particular account has been handed down to us, but they must have been of such a nature as to be much more easily imagined than described. The simple fact has been recorded that, on reaching this spot, he alighted from his horse, and, for a short space of time, continued silently gazing on the interesting scene. Let us pause, indeed, for a moment, to consider how extraordinary was the change which had taken place within a few short weeks, in the destinies of the young and daring adventurer. He had parted from his father at Rome animated by high hopes and gallant resolves; but he had then received an invitation from the first power in Europe to enlist himself beneath its banners: he had hoped to be the companion-in-arms of the great Saxe, to fight by the side of that celebrated man, and to be borne by the mighty legions of France in triumph to Whitehall. These hopes had been signally and miserably disappointed. Instead of the triumph which he had anticipated, he found, on reaching France, that a different and adverse policy influenced the counsels of Louis the Fifteenth; he was doomed to encounter at every

step the cold looks of the courtiers of Versailles, and discovered, but too late, that he was the mere dupe of the Machiavelian policy of the French ministers.

It was then that the young and the gallant prince came to the determination of trusting to the resources of his own genius, and of playing that great game of which the stakes were a coffin or a crown. Without pecuniary resources, without military stores, and almost without friends, we have seen him landing among the desolate rocks of the Western Islands; we have seen him by his own native powers of eloquence and persuasion overcoming the scruples of a proverbially cautious race, rendering himself almost an idol, not only with the enthusiastic and the young, but with the wary and the old; arraying himself with a band as gallant and as devoted as had ever fought in the cause of his family beneath the glorious banners of Montrose or Dundee; and now, in less than the short space of two months, we find him taking quiet possession of the ancient capital of Scotland and of the venerable palace of his forefathers. And yet Charles was at this period only in his twenty-fifth year!

The prince entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, where a breach had been made in the wall to admit of a free ingress for him and his suite. At this spot he was met by a vast concourse of people, by whom he was received with loud and

continued acclamations. Unquestionably, many of these persons were confirmed Jacobites; but by far the majority seem to have consisted of the fickle and senseless multitude, who, captivated by the novelty of the scene, by the charm which usually attaches itself to the sight of royalty, by the gallantry of the exploit, and, perhaps, by the graceful horsemanship and the fine bearing of the young and handsome prince, contributed loudly to the rapturous welcome which invited Charles to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. According to a contemporary journalist, "he came to the royal palace at the Abbey of Holyrood House amidst a vast crowd of spectators, who from town and country flocked together to see this uncommon sight, expressing their joy and surprise together by long and loud huzzas. Indeed, the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change, though no doubt wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."

According to another contemporary writer, — the celebrated John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was himself a spectator of the scene, — "the park was full of people, — amongst whom was the author of this history, — all of them impatient to see this extraordinary person. The figure and presence of Charles Stuart were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair com-

plexion; he had a light-coloured periwig, with his own hair combed over the front; he wore the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the Order of St. Andrew. Charles stood some time in the park to show himself to the people; and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to render himself more conspicuous or because he rode well and looked graceful on horseback. The Jacobites were charmed with his appearance; they compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person, but they observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy; that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror." Such, in describing the triumphant progress of Charles Edward toward Holyrood, is the language of one of the staunchest partisans of the house of Brunswick, one, however, who, notwithstanding his Whig principles, it is evident was in no slight degree infected with the prevailing enthusiasm of the moment.

Charles proceeded through the park to Holyrood by way of the Duke's Walk, so called from having been the favourite retreat of his grand-

father, James the Second, during his residence in Scotland. The mob followed him during his progress with repeated acclamations, pressing forward to kiss his hands, and "dimming his boots with their kisses and tears," while numbers were compelled to retire satisfied with having been able to touch his clothes. Never since the accession of the house of Hanover in 1714 had any scion of that foreign family — even in their pride of power and pomp of place and circumstance — been received with a tithe of that rapturous enthusiasm which now welcomed the young and proscribed representative of the house of Stuart to the desolate halls of his family.

"When Charles," says Home, "came to the palace, he dismounted and walked along the piazza toward the apartment of the Duke of Hamilton. When he was near the door, which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising his arm aloft, walked up-stairs before Charles." The person who rendered himself thus conspicuous was James Hepburn of Keith, a gentleman of high accomplishment, who had been *out* during the rebellion of 1715, and who had ever since continued a staunch adherent of the house of Stuart. Though opposed to the government of James the Second and to the principles which had lost that monarch his crown, — moreover, though by no means an advocate of the indefeasible and divine

right of kings, — yet so great was his abhorrence of the Act of Union between England and Scotland, and his repugnance to the German sovereigns who had usurped the place of the Stuarts, that he determined on adopting the cause of the adventurer, and chose this singular mode of displaying his dislike of, and opposition to, the existing government. "He was idolised," says Home, "by the Jacobites, and beloved by some of the best Whigs, who regretted that this accomplished gentleman, the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour, should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland."

At the moment when Charles made his appearance in front of Holyrood Palace a cannon-shot was fired at him from the guns of the castle. It struck a portion of the building known as James the Fifth's Tower, and fell into the courtyard below, occasioning no more mischief than scattering a quantity of rubbish which fell with it in its descent. The incident altered not for a moment the countenance of Charles, who, apparently perfectly unconcerned, passed into the palace without taking any notice of it whatever.

At night Charles gave that celebrated ball in the gallery of Holyrood which has derived immortality from the pen of the great modern master of romance, and which, perhaps, was the first that had enlivened its deserted saloons since the days of Queen Mary and David Rizzio. That gay and

memorable scene was never forgotten by those who were present. The ladies of the North were loud in their applause of the prince's handsome person and of the grace with which he moved in the dance. By far the majority of the women of Scotland were already but too well disposed to his cause; nor did it require any ocular demonstration of his personal graces and accomplishments to add, either to the romantic enthusiasm which they conceived for him in the days of his greatness, or to the sympathy which his sufferings awakened in them when the star of his splendour was set, and when he was skulking a proscribed and hunted fugitive among the wild fastnesses of the Highlands.

Previous to his arrival at Holyrood Charles had derived a considerable accession of strength, in consequence of having been joined by several persons of influence and note. Among these were the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Threipland, Sir David Murray, and the younger Lockhart of Carnwath. The day also after his arrival at Edinburgh his standard was joined by Lord Nairn, with about five hundred men of the clan MacLauchlan, and on the following day by a party of the Grants of Glenmoriston. It may be mentioned also that from the military magazine of Edinburgh he obtained a thousand stand of arms, which proved of the greatest service to him in the present emergency.

Having spent an entire day at Holyrood, Charles,

on the night of the 19th of September, retraced his steps to the village of Duddingstone, in the immediate neighbourhood of which place his small army was bivouacking. It having been by this time ascertained that Sir John Cope was on his march from the North to give him battle, the prince on the same night summoned a council of the Highland chieftains, when he proposed that they should break up their encampment the next morning and march in the direction of the enemy, with the object of forcing Cope to an immediate engagement.

This proposition having met with the unanimous approbation of the Highland chieftains, Charles next inquired significantly of them in what manner they conceived their retainers would behave when brought into action with regular troops. The chiefs, having consulted together for a short time, requested permission to name Macdonald of Keppoch as their spokesman, that gentleman, they said, being the best qualified to deliver an opinion on the subject, not only from his having served in the French army, but also from his knowledge of the Highland character, which rendered him peculiarly competent to judge of what was likely to be the issue of an encounter between the undisciplined mountaineers and a regular force. On this, Keppoch addressed himself to the prince. As the country, he said, had been long at peace, few, if any, of the private men

had ever been in action, and therefore it was not easy to conjecture in what manner they would conduct themselves. He added, however, that he could venture to assure his Royal Highness that the Highland gentlemen, at least, would be found in the thickest of the combat; and, inasmuch as the private men loved the cause in which they had embarked, and were warmly devoted to their several chieftains, it was certain they would stand by their leaders to the last.

This opinion having been deemed sufficiently satisfactory, the prince next expressed his determination of charging at the head of his army. It was then that, for the first time, the chieftains opposed themselves to his wishes. Should any accident, they said, befall him, they were ruined and undone; inasmuch as, to them at least, victory and defeat would lead to the same result, and would alike expose them to the tender mercies of the government. Charles still continuing to persist in his original resolution, the chieftains even went so far as firmly, though respectfully, to express their determination to return to their own homes, and there make the best terms they could for themselves with the government. The prince, it is needless to add, was eventually compelled to yield to their united threats and entreaties. He still, however, insisted on a compromise, and expressed his fixed determination of leading the second line.

At an early hour on the following morning, the 20th of September, the Highland army, full of high hope and elated by the promise of adventure, commenced its march in a column of very narrow front, having only three men in each rank. Charles, placing himself at their head, drew his sword amidst their enthusiastic shouts, and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard." The army, emerging from Duddingstone Park, crossed the river Esk at the bridge of Musselburgh, the same bridge which two centuries before had been traversed by the Scottish army on their way to the field of Pinkie. They then proceeded along the post-road till they came to Edge Bucklin Brae. As they defiled along, "a lady," says a modern writer, "who in early youth had seen them pass, was able in 1827 to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with an air of fierce resolution. The prince rode amidst his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry stubble-fields beside the road. My informant remembered, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and comely looks, his long, light hair straggling below his neck, and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He

was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing him good fortune, and at least no calamity." [1]

Leaving the town of Musselburgh to the left, the insurgent army proceeded by way of the old Kirk road to Inveresk, and crossing the street of Newbigging again entered the post-road to the south of the Pinkie Gardens. It was at this place, that Lord George Murray, who commanded the van, ascertained that Sir John Cope was encamped with his army a few miles in advance, in the neighbourhood of Preston. Desirous of securing for the Highlanders the advantage of fighting on rising ground, where they were secure from the attacks of cavalry, and might pour down with greater force on their opponents, he advanced for some distance up Fawside Hill, and then, diverging to the left, led his forces down-hill in the direction of Tranent, where he halted them by the side of the post-road, a little to the west of that place. It may be mentioned that the last two miles of the march were performed in full view of the enemy. The latter, on the first appearance of the Highlanders, raised a loud shout, which was responded to with vehement alacrity by the other party. When the Highland army halted at Tranent, the two opposing forces were

[1] The lady was the late Mrs. Handasyde, of Fisherrow.

separated by scarcely more than half a mile from each other.

It now becomes necessary to trace the steps of Sir John Cope, in his short progress from Dunbar to Preston, a distance only of about twenty miles. Having completed the disembarkation of his troops on the 18th, he commenced his march on the following day in the direction of Edinburgh. "His little army," says Home, "made a great show, the cavalry, the infantry, the cannon, with a long train of baggage-carts, extended for several miles along the road. The people of the country, long unaccustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters, to see an army going to fight a battle in East Lothian; and, with infinite concern and anxiety for the event, beheld this uncommon spectacle." At Inverness, Cope had been reinforced by two hundred of Lord Loudon's men, and at Dunbar he was rejoined by the two regiments of dragoons who had fled before the insurgent army at Colt Bridge.

At Dunbar, also, Cope had been met on his landing by the judges and other civil officers of the Crown, who had quitted Edinburgh on the evening before the capture of the capital. A few Lowland gentlemen — the most considerable of whom was the Earl of Home, who held a commission in the guards — had hastened to join the general on his landing; but they were attended only by a very few followers, and, except that

their example might possibly influence others, were likely to prove of little service to the cause of the government. It was curious, indeed, to observe the extraordinary change which had taken place within a few years, as regarded the feudal system in the Lowlands. Scarcely a century since, the ancestor of Lord Home had been enabled to greet Charles the First at the head of six hundred retainers; and yet now, when his descendant would fain have exhibited a similar display of zeal in the cause of the house of Brunswick, he was compelled to make his way to Cope at Dunbar attended by only two servants!

During the night of the 19th Cope lay encamped with his army in a field to the west of Haddington, about sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. As there existed the possibility of the Highlanders effecting one of their rapid marches and surprising the royal army in the night, the general selected sixteen young men, chiefly from among the Edinburgh volunteers, who willingly promised their services to patrol the different roads which led to the Highland camp, and whose instructions were to return alternately, two by two, and make their reports to the officer who commanded the picket. Among these individuals was Home, the author of "Douglas," of whose valuable narrative of the rebellion we have so often availed ourselves. That writer informs us, somewhat ominously, that two of his companions "never

came back to Haddington." These persons were, in after life, sufficiently well known as Lord Gardenstone and General Cunninghame, the former having risen to distinction in a civil, and the latter in a military, capacity. As the story of their disappearance on the eve of the battle of Preston Pans is somewhat curious, and as we are enabled to narrate it in the language of Sir Walter Scott, we may perhaps be pardoned for the passing digression.

"On approaching Musselburgh," says Sir Walter, "they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its conjunction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon vivants;* one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a tempation to this vigilant forlorn hope as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky north-country lad, a writer's (that is, attorney's) apprentice, who had given his in-

dentures the slip and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He therefore placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterward, the only place of crossing the Esk: and how he contrived it I could never learn, but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers before they could draw a trigger." They were carried, it seems, to the Highland camp at Duddingstone, and handed over to the custody of the officer in command of the prince's body-guard, who instantly denounced them as spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Fortunately, they were recognised by an old acquaintance, a Mr. Colquhoun Grant, afterward a respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who vouched for their innocence, and subsequently contrived the means by which they effected their escape.

On the morning of the 20th Cope resumed his march toward Edinburgh, proceeding along the post-road till he reached Huntington, when he turned off and took the low road by St. Germains and Seaton. "In this march," says Home, "the

officers assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle, for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army." As the van of the royal army was entering the flat piece of land which lies between Seaton and Preston, Cope learned for the first time that the insurgents were in full march to meet him. The plain before him appeared to be well suited to serve as the scene of an engagement, and accordingly, after advancing a short distance farther, he gave the order for his army to halt, and not long after he had taken his ground the insurgent forces appeared in view.

Cope had anticipated that the Highlanders would march to meet him from the west, and accordingly had arranged his front toward that quarter. The reader, however, will remember that the Highland army had adopted a circuitous route, and accordingly, when they suddenly made their appearance to the southward, this unexpected movement entirely disconcerted the plans of the English general. He immediately changed the order of battle, and, moving around his front to the south so as to face the enemy, placed his foot in the centre of the line. Each wing was flanked by a regiment of dragoons and by three pieces of artillery His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park wall and by the village of Preston;

on his left, though at some distance, stood the village of Seaton and the sea; in his rear were the villages of Preston Pans and Cockenzie, and in his front the town of Tranent and the Highland army.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Relative Strength of the Opposing Armies — Order of Battle — Gallant Charge of the Rebels — Heroic Conduct and Death of Colonel Gardiner — Total Defeat of the English Forces at Preston Pans — Conduct of Charles after the Battle.

In point of numbers the two opposing armies were pretty equally matched, that of Charles numbering about two thousand five hundred men, and the force under Cope amounting to about two thousand three hundred. In every other respect, however, the English general had greatly the advantage. Not only was he at the head of regular and well-disciplined troops, but he was also supported by cavalry and artillery, of which the latter, at this period, was held in unusual awe by the rude Highlanders. On the other hand, few if any of the insurgent army had ever been under fire; their cavalry, if such it could be termed, consisted of fifty mounted gentlemen and their retainers; and their artillery comprised a single iron gun, which was of no other service than to be fired as the signal of march, and which one who saw it describes as "a small gun without a carriage drawn by a little Highland horse."

Charles, when he commenced his march from Duddingstone, had proposed leaving this useless piece of lumber behind him. To his surprise, however, the chieftains interposed in its behalf. Their men, they said, attached so extraordinary a degree of importance to the possession of the "musket's mother" (as cannon was then denominated by them), that it would probably dispirit them not a little were it left behind, and accordingly it was allowed to encumber them on their march. In addition to these inefficient means for carrying on a successful warfare, it may be mentioned that many of the Highlanders were without firearms; that some had only a broadsword, others only a dirk or pistol; and that the only weapon of numbers — formidable as it afterward proved — was the blade of a scythe affixed to the handle of a pitchfork.

It has already been mentioned that, when Charles halted with his forces at Tranent, a distance of scarcely more than half a mile separated the two armies from each other. The ground which divided them consisted of a deep morass, over which it was doubtful whether the Highlanders could be conducted with safety. As the latter expressed the utmost eagerness to be led immediately against the enemy, and as Charles was naturally willing to gratify their impatience, and to take advantage of the fiery enthusiasm of the moment, the question became one which it

was of the greatest importance to solve without delay. In this emergency, a gallant officer, Colonel Ker, of Gradon, volunteered his services to decide the doubtful point. Mounted on a little white pony, he rode with the utmost coolness over the ground which separated the two armies, and, apparently utterly regardless of the shots which were fired at him, he carefully and deliberately examined the nature of the ground. Encountering a stone dyke in his way, he quietly dismounted, and, having removed a stone or two, he led his horse over it and calmly continued his survey, to the admiration of his Highland friends. On his return, having pronounced the passage of the morass to be in the highest degree hazardous, if not impracticable, Charles and his friends came to the unpalatable determination of deferring the attack till the following day, and, in the meantime, it was decided that the Highland army should pass the night on the ground.

The night was a cold and frosty one. By Sir John Cope it was passed in cheerful quarters at Cockenzie, but by the unfortunate descendant of Robert Bruce on a bed of pea straw, and in the open field, surrounded by his humble but devoted retainers. It may be mentioned that, in the course of this day, Charles had dined with the Duke of Perth and another of his officers at a small inn in the village of Tranent. Their food consisted only of the coarse kail, or common broth of the coun-

try. Two wooden spoons were compelled to suffice for the three, and only a butcher's knife was produced for them to cut their meat, which they were forced to eat with their fingers. The landlady, it is said, being ignorant of their rank, had carefully concealed her pewter, from the fear in which she stood of the predatory habits of the Highlanders.

At night Charles summoned a council of war, which sat in deliberation till a late hour. It was then unanimously agreed that, notwithstanding the difficulties of their position, an attack should be made at break of day, by passing the morass where it presented the fewest dangers.

There was present at the council a gentleman, Mr. Anderson, of Whitburgh, who, from the unromantic circumstance of his having been accustomed to shoot snipes over the surrounding country, was intimately acquainted with its dangers and local peculiarities. Modesty had kept him silent during the debate, but the council had no sooner broken up than he waited, in the first instance, on Hepburn of Keith, and subsequently on Lord George Murray, whom he found asleep in his quarters, and communicated to them the important fact that, not only could he enable the Highland army to pass the morass without being exposed to the fire of the enemy, but also without even being seen by them.

To the intelligence afforded by Anderson may

perhaps be attributed the successful result of the battle of Preston Pans. He was immediately conducted by Lord George Murray to the presence of Charles, who sat up in his bed of pea straw and listened eagerly to the grateful intelligence. The night was now far advanced, but Lochiel and the other chieftains were instantly sent for, and after a short deliberation it was unanimously agreed that, with Anderson for their guide, an attack should immediately be made on the royal forces. The Highlanders, who were sleeping in clusters around, wrapped in their plaids, were easily aroused, and, unencumbered with baggage or artillery, commenced their rapid and stealthy march. The night was extremely dark; not a whisper was heard among the mountaineers during their advance; and when the morning at length dawned they had the satisfaction of finding themselves still concealed from the enemy by a frosty mist. The morass was nearly passed when their approach was at length discovered by a party of dragoons. The latter, however, contented themselves with firing off their pistols, almost at random, and then galloped off rapidly to communicate the alarm to the main body of the royalists.

It required but a short space of time to array the Highlanders in order of battle, and only a few words to urge them to their accustomed and furious onset. Some delay, indeed, took place, in consequence of the great clan of Macdonald insist-

ing on preferring their claim to form the right of the line. This claim (which was founded principally on a tradition that Robert Bruce had conferred that honour on them at the battle of Bannockburn) was violently contested by the Camerons and Stuart; and it was not till some time had elapsed that the two latter clans yielded to the personal entreaties of Charles, and reluctantly consented to withdraw their claims. The prince placed himself gallantly at the head of the second line. "Follow me, gentlemen," he said, "and, by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people."

Sir John Cope no sooner learned that the Highlanders were on their way to attack him, than he exerted all his energies to prepare for their reception. He has been accused of having suffered his men to become disheartened by keeping them on the defensive, but with the single exception of this oversight, if so it may be termed, there is no reason for questioning, in a military point of view, either the propriety of the position which he took up, or of the measures which he adopted to ensure success.

The two armies had approached within a short distance of each other, when the morning mist gradually passed away, and revealed to them their respective strength and positions. It was a sight which was calculated to inspirit the one, as much as it was to intimidate the other. Cope, indeed,

and his disciplined forces might well have surveyed with contempt the rude mass which had the audacity to confront him; while the Highlanders had every reason to feel dismay at the sight of the firm front of the British infantry, so proverbially famous in the military annals of England, and at the prospect of encountering the sweeping blast of the dreaded artillery, of which they stood in such extraordinary awe. "Some of the rebel officers," says Home, "have since acknowledged that, when they first saw the king's army, which made a most gallant appearance, both horse and foot, with the sun shining on their arms, and then looked at their own line, which was broken into clumps and clusters, they expected that the Highland army would be defeated in a moment, and swept from the field."

So rapid had been the advance of the Highlanders, that Sir John Cope had only time to ride once along the front of his lines, and to address a few words of exhortation to his followers, when, on the mist clearing away, he beheld the clans preparing for the charge. Lord George Murray — determined that the royalists should have no time to recover from their surprise — instantly issued the welcome order to his followers to engage. Taking their bonnets from their heads, the Highlanders paused for a moment to utter a brief prayer, and then, once more drawing their bonnets over their brows, they rushed impetuously forward,

uniting their famous war-cry with the clamour of the wild and heart-stirring pibroch.

The Camerons were the first who reached the enemy's lines. Rushing forward with headlong rapidity, they fired their pieces as soon as they came within musket-length of their opponents, and then throwing away their firearms, they drew their long swords, and, grasping in their left hands the national dirk and target, they darted forward through the smoke in which they had enveloped themselves. In this manner, many of the Camerons and Stuarts rushed directly against the muzzles of the cannon; and with such effect, that almost instantaneously the whole of the frightened artillerymen were seen flying before them. The dragoons were immediately ordered to advance to their support, but it was only to share the same fate. The Highlanders, previous to the engagement, had been strictly enjoined to aim at the noses of the horses with their swords, it being rightly conjectured that a horse so wounded would immediately wheel about, and thus, it was hoped, the whole army might be thrown into confusion. These injunctions were implicitly obeyed by the Highlanders. The cavalry made but one charge, and such was the steady and galling fire with which they were received by their opponents, that the former reeled around, and, after wavering for a few seconds, were seen galloping in all directions from the field.

No longer supported by artillery, and disheartened by the sight of the flying dragoons, the English infantry showed but little inclination to prolong the conflict. For a moment, indeed, they seemed resolute in maintaining their ancient character for steadiness and endurance, and poured a well-directed fire into the centre of the Highland forces. No sooner, however, did they perceive the large masses of wild Highlanders pouring forward to grapple with them in close combat, than they were soon overtaken by the same panic which had seized their companions; and, throwing down their arms lest they should impede them in their flight, they fled in the utmost confusion from the field. "Thus," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, who was present in the battle, "in less than five minutes we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I was by the side of the prince, not having been able to find Lord George, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them. The Highlanders made a terrible slaughter of the enemy, particularly at the spot where the road begins to run between the two enclosures, as it was soon stopped up by the fugi-

tives; as also along the walls of the enclosures, where they killed without trouble those who attempted to climb them."

During the engagement, one good and gallant man, the long-lamented Colonel Gardiner, upheld almost alone the tarnished character of his countrymen. Although he had been twice severely wounded in his attempts to lead his dragoons against the enemy, he still persisted in remaining on the field, and, notwithstanding the pain which he suffered, and his weakness from loss of blood, was seen to lay more than one of the insurgents dead at his feet. The feelings of this high-minded man, on witnessing the disgraceful flight of his companions, may be readily imagined. Deserted by his followers, and left almost alone on the field, he was pausing to consider in what manner his duty to his sovereign required him to act, when he chanced to perceive a small party of the royal infantry, without any officer to command them, fighting gallantly within a few paces of him. "Those brave fellows," he exclaimed, "will be cut to pieces for want of a commander." "Immediately," says his biographer, Doctor Doddridge, "he rode up to them, and cried out aloud, 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!' but just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced toward him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm that his sword dropped

out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged from off his horse.

"The moment he fell, another Highlander, whose name was M'Naught, and who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke, either with a broadsword or a Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at that time was that his hat was fallen off; he took it in his left hand and waved it as a signal to him to retreat, and added (which were the last words he ever heard him speak), 'Take care of yourself;' upon which the servant retired, and immediately fled to a mill at the distance of about two miles from the spot of ground on which the colonel fell, where he changed his dress, and, disguised like a miller's servant, returned with a cart as soon as possible, which was not till near two hours after the engagement.

"The hurry of the action was then pretty well over, and he found his much-honoured master, not only plundered of his watch and other things of value, but also stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing; and though not capable of speech, yet, on taking him up, he opened his eyes, which makes it something questionable whether he were altogether insensible. In this condition and in this manner he conveyed

him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was immediately taken into the minister's house, and laid in bed, where he continued breathing and frequently groaning till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took his final leave of pain and sorrow, and undoubtedly rose to those distinguished glories which are reserved for those who have been so eminently and remarkably faithful unto death.

"The remains of this Christian hero were interred the Tuesday following, September 24th, at the parish church of Tranent, where he had usually attended divine service, with great solemnity. His obsequies were honoured with the presence of some persons of distinction, who were not afraid of paying that last piece of respect to his memory, though the country was then in the hands of the enemy." [1]

Nothing could be more complete than the victory obtained by Charles at Preston Pans. Not only did the greater number of the enemy's standards, and the whole of their artillery, fall into

[1] Doddridge's "Life of Colonel Gardiner." "A large thorn-tree, in the centre of the battle-ground, marks the spot where Gardiner fell. He was buried in the northwest corner of the church of Tranent, where eight of his children had been previously interred. Some years ago, on the memorable mould being incidentally disturbed, his head was found marked by the stroke of the scythe which despatched him, and still adhered to by his military club, which, bound firmly with silk, and dressed with powder and pomatum, seemed as fresh as it could have been on the day he died."

the hands of the insurgents, but they obtained possession also of the military chest, containing about £2,500. Their loss, also, on the field of battle was inconsiderable, the slain numbering only three officers and thirty common men, and not more than seventy or eighty being wounded. The greater number of the wounded of both armies were conveyed to the neighbouring residence of the ill-fated Colonel Gardiner, where, it is said, the dark outlines of the forms of the tartaned warriors, caused by their bloody garments, may still be traced on the oaken floors of that interesting mansion. Of the royal army, only one hundred and seventy of the infantry escaped; about four hundred fell in the field of battle or in the subsequent pursuit, and the remainder were taken prisoners.

The dragoons, whose cowardice may perhaps be considered as the primary cause of the loss of the battle of Preston by the royalists, met — owing to the insurgents having no cavalry with which to pursue them — with a far better fate than they deserved. Flying in all directions, the majority eventually took the road to Coldstream, near which town they were with difficulty rallied by Sir John Cope, with the assistance of the Earls of Loudon and Home. So excessive were their fears that, when once or twice they were induced to halt during their flight, their ears no sooner caught the shouts of the dreaded Highlanders or

the distant sound of an occasional musket-shot, than they again galloped off in the utmost terror and confusion. Only a small party of the craven dragoons took the road to Edinburgh, and, passing in full gallop up the High Street, never paused for a moment till they found themselves at the gates of the castle. Here they met with the reception which they deserved: the governor not only refused to admit them, but added that, if they did not immediately take their departure, he would open the guns upon them as cowards who had deserted their colours.

No words, indeed, could exaggerate the overwhelming and unaccountable panic which seized the royal army. "They threw down their arms," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men, in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken entire possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The prince asked him if this was true. 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them; but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.' Another Highlander brought ten

soldiers to the prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'Down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on seeing themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may be easily imagined. These were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked amongst the bravest troops of Europe." It may be mentioned that Sir John Cope, in consequence of his adopting the expedient of wearing the white cockade, passed unharmed and unquestioned through the midst of the Highland clans, and was the first to carry to England the news of his own defeat.

The moderation and humanity displayed by Charles (not only after the battle of Preston Pans, but also on every subsequent occasion on which he found himself a victor) have not only been freely admitted even by his enemies, but, moreover, present a pleasing and redeeming contrast to

the frightful barbarities which, at a later period, were so wantonly exercised by the "butcher" Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. After the battle of Preston Pans, — when one of the prince's followers congratulated him on the victory which he had obtained, and, pointing to the field of battle, exclaimed, "Sir, there are your enemies at your feet!" — Charles is said not only to have refrained from joining in the exultation of the moment, but to have warmly expressed the sincerest compassion for those whom he termed "his father's deluded subjects." Previous to the battle, he had strongly exhorted his followers to adopt the side of mercy; and when the victory was gained, his first thoughts were for the unhappy sufferers, and his first hours employed in providing for the comfort of his wounded adversaries as well as his friends. His exhortations and example produced the happiest effects. In the words of one of his gallant followers, "Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully and with patient kindness, carry a poor wounded soldier on

his back into a house, where he left him with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country."

Of the conduct of Charles immediately after his victory at Preston Pans, some other and interesting traits have been recorded. After the pursuit was at an end, finding himself accidentally at the head of the clan Macgregor, "the prince," says Duncan Macpharig, "came up, and successively took Glencairnaig and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field; and a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing around as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." Andrew Henderson also observes: "I saw the chevalier, after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids!' After this, he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure ate a slice of cold beef and drank a glass of wine." Having conducted

the labours and duties of the day, Charles proceeded on horseback to Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he passed the night.

The victory of Preston Pans, or, as it was designated by the Highlanders, of Gladsmuir, rendered the young adventurer for a season almost the undisputed master of Scotland. It produced, moreover, the desired effect of raising the reputation of his arms, and of inducing many among his wavering and cautious partisans to declare themselves openly in his favour. By the Jacobites, the tidings of this decisive victory were everywhere received with the most extravagant outbreakings of triumph and joy. Blessings, even from the pulpit, were publicly invoked on the head of the young hero; and the Jacobite gentlemen, no longer giving utterance to their treasonable toasts in language of safe and doubtful import, quaffed deeply and enthusiastically to the health of their young and beloved prince, who, in the words of one of their own convivial sentiments, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on pea straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

It was only three hours after the victory that the Camerons reëntered Edinburgh to the exhilarating sound of their own bagpipes, and bearing with them in proud triumph the standards which they had wrested from the recreant dragoons. The remainder of the clans delayed their return

till the following day, when they marched into the Northern capital in long military array, parading through the principal streets to the favourite Jacobite air, "The king shall enjoy his own again." Their wild appearance, their picturesque dresses, the number of their prisoners, and the quantity of captured artillery and baggage which brought up the rear, added to the variety of standards which floated in the air, — comprising the colours of their respective chieftains as well as those which had been captured from the royal army, — rendered it a sight so remarkable and imposing as not easily to be forgotten either by the adherents of the government or by the delighted partisans of the house of Stuart. As the Highlanders passed through the streets of Edinburgh, some of them, in the excess of their triumphant feelings, amused themselves with firing their muskets in the air. It happened that one of them had incautiously loaded his piece with ball, which, passing over the heads of the crowd, grazed the forehead of a Miss Nairn, a devoted Jacobite, who was at the moment waving her handkerchief from one of the adjacent balconies. The young lady was stunned for a few moments, but, on recovering her senses, her first words were those of thankfulness, not so much for her life having been preserved, but that the darling cause of her adoption stood no risk of being injured by the circumstance. "Thank God," she

said, "that the accident has happened to me, whose principles are known! Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

In the course of the evening of this day, Charles returned to Holyrood House, in his progress to which place he was followed, according to the *Caledonian Mercury*, "by the loudest acclamations of the people." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of the Chevalier de Johnstone. "The prince," he says, "returned to Edinburgh, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of the populace, who are always," adds the chevalier significantly, "equally inconstant in every country of the world."

The return of Charles to Edinburgh was followed by the issue of several important proclamations. In one of these, qualified by certain provisos, he granted a general amnesty for all treasons, rebellions, or offences whatever, which had been committed against him or his predecessors since the abdication of his grandfather, James the Second, in 1688. In another he issued a promise of protection, both to the inhabitants of Edinburgh and to the country people, "from all insults, seizures, injuries, and abuses," on the part of his followers; and in a third proclamation, — alluding to a strong wish that had been expressed by many of his friends, that he should celebrate his recent victory by public rejoicings, — he strongly

deprecated a show of triumph, which, he said, had been purchased at the expense of the blood of his father's subjects. How much is it to be regretted, that this generous and noble example of forbearance was not followed by George the Second, or rather his butcher-son, the Duke of Cumberland, when the latter found himself a victor on the field of Culloden! "In so far," proceeds the manifesto of Charles, "as the late victory has been obtained by the effusion of the blood of his Majesty's subjects, and has involved many unfortunate people in great calamity, we hereby forbid any outward demonstrations of public joy; admonishing all true friends to their king and country to return thanks to God for his goodness toward them, as we hereby do for ourselves."

The fact is an indisputable one that, during his brief career of triumph, Charles never missed the opportunity of taking the side of mercy, and on all occasions showed the strongest disposition to make allowances for his adversaries, and to commiserate and forgive. Considering the rancour which has ever proverbially been the characteristic of civil contests, there is, perhaps, in the page of history, no instance in which a young prince, flushed with success and victory, has displayed more praiseworthy forbearance and humanity. Those even who were most violently opposed to his principles and to his cause did justice to the excellent qualities of his heart, uniting grace-

fully as they did with his gallantry on the field of battle and with the charm of his personal demeanour and address. "Everybody," says Maxwell of Kirkconnel, in his memoir of the campaign, "was mightily taken with the prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good nature and humanity that made a great impression on people's minds."

END OF VOLUME I.